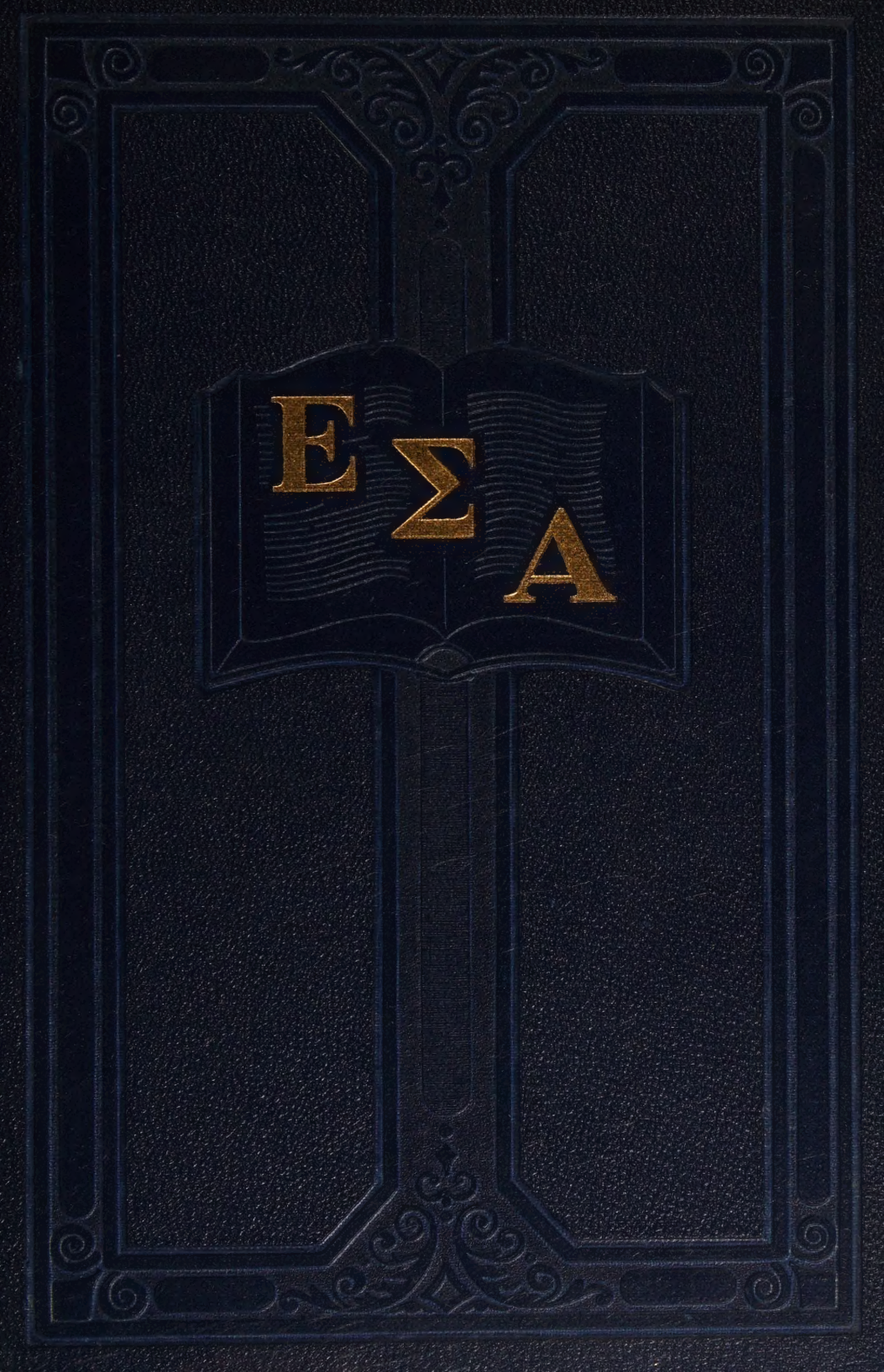
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EGYPT
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CHINA
AFRICA
EAST INDIES
INDIAN OCEAN

THE
WRITINGS OF MANKIND

FAUST AND MARGUERITE

THE WRITINGS OF MANKIND

Selections from the Writings of All Ages, with Extensive Historical Notes, Comment and Criticism, Giving the Customs, Habits, Characters; the Arts, Philosophies and Religions, of Those Nations That Have Contributed Most to Civilization

BY

CHARLES H. SYLVESTER

AUTHOR OF "ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LITERATURE"
"JOURNEYS THROUGH BOOKLAND", ETC.

TWENTY VOLUMES
Illustrated

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CHAPTER IV

EPICS OF THE COURT

CHARACTERISTICS. The so-called court epic had for its chief theme the romance of knight errantry, and toward the end of the twelfth century the Germans were ready for its appearance. They had learned much from the Crusades, and the spirit of chivalry had been incarnated in the romantic figure of their own Frederick Barbarossa. Christianity was still to them largely a matter of form, and their ideals were in our eyes extremely low. The French were more advanced in polite ways than their neighbors at the north, and had already exhibited in the great Arthurian legends a mirror of true chivalry and medieval refinement.

The ideals of Arthurian knighthood were on the whole high and admirable, and little that

has come to us from medieval times can be considered better. There is something really inspiring in the poetic idea of the gentle knight *sans peur et sans reproche* riding through the forest alone on his noble charger, looking eagerly for opportunities to defend the right, succor the needy or rescue a distressed and persecuted damsel. If such a character never existed, that is not the fault of the charming old court poet, who related these acts with such an appearance of truthfulness.

The civilization of Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table was vastly different from that of the sagas and appealed to the Germans as something much finer and more desirable; hence, the immediate popularity of the new court epics when once they crossed the Rhine. Naturally, the early poets who fastened upon the French legends were wary of invention in matters with which they were unfamiliar, and while they Germanized many things and put in extraneous matter, yet their work was so much like the French romances that the German tales must have appeared quite foreign and exotic. However, one must not be led to infer from what has been said that the German epics were mere translations or that they were lacking in originality and the expression of high native talent. Some of the poets exhibited real genius, and while they freely acknowledged their indebtedness to French originals they failed not to fill their productions with German spirit and with their own personality.

II. The German "Aeneid." In some of the later minor epics classified with the national sagas we have already seen the beginnings of the new type, but the father of the court epic in Germany is considered to be Heinrich von Veldeke, who in the last quarter of the twelfth century wrote in short rhyming couplets a German version of the French *Roman d'Eneas*. Before he had completed his manuscript, Heinrich, who lived in the Low Lands, lent it to a duchess, who carried it to Thuringia, whither after a time the poet went also, and there under the patronage of the wise Landgrave Hermann he finished it, about the year 1190. The *Enit* is longer than the French original, and it is probable that the author drew upon the Latin *Aeneid* for some of his incidents, which, however, are all given a genuine medieval cast. Interesting as this old classic revival is, and early as it appeared, it bred few followers, and, as we have stated, the court epics were formed from material prepared some centuries later than Vergil's great work or its French paraphrase. The three leading writers of court epics, Hartmann von Aue, Wolfram von Eschenbach and Gottfried von Strassburg were all from the south of Germany.

III. Hartmann von Aue. A Suabian knight of scholarly tastes, a disappointed lover, a mourner for his lord of Aue, a crusader, and a writer of lyrics and of four long narrative poems, who was alive in 1210, such was Hartmann von Aue, as viewed in the light of the

few facts known to us. His four epics, two of them Arthurian, are his leading works; these vary in excellence, though all are remarkable as being the first German poems of the type.

Erec and *Iwein* are both based on the Arthurian tales of Chretien de Troyes, whom we have studied in French literature, and in the second Hartmann has followed more closely his French original and produced a much more excellent work than the *Erec*. He tells his story in an interesting way, has much more polish than his French master, more thoughtfulness, and a finer style in every respect. Gottfried von Strassburg, his contemporary, says of Hartmann's work: "How admirably he bodies forth in speech the meaning of the adventure! How pure and clear is the flow of his little crystal words! They approach modestly, nestle close in one's heart, and endear themselves to the right-thinking mind."

Gregorius, his third poem, is a Christianized Greek epic, based upon an old French poem, with a strong touch of the asceticism which must have tinged the later years of the author. Like Oedipus of old, Gregorius, the son of a brother and sister, has married his own mother. When he learns the identity of his wife, whom he has rescued from an oppressor, he causes himself to be bound to a lonely rock in the sea, where for seventeen years he does bitter penance for his sin, and by his spiritual abasement and bodily punishment acquires sanctity and hears the voice of God naming him Pope.

Der Arme Heinrich (*The Poor Henry*) is one of the most charming of medieval idyls, and for its composition Hartmann had no French model, but it is more than possible that in the annals of his house he found a Latin version of the story. Heinrich von Aue is a proud and popular knight, who suddenly is stricken with loathsome leprosy; after a long search for a cure, a learned doctor of Salerno tells him that only by the blood of a virgin who will cheerfully die for him can his health be restored. In despair he retires to the home of a farmer, whose little daughter nurses him and is willing to sacrifice herself for him—not only willing, but determined, in spite of the opposition of her parents and even of Heinrich himself. She sees nothing but a moment's pain that will save her master and win heaven for herself, and at last Heinrich yields and they go to Salerno together. At the last moment, however, even as the knife is being sharpened, Heinrich refuses to accept the sacrifice, turns aside the blow of the physician, and resolves to suffer and die. On the way home with her whom he has called his little wife, the disease miraculously leaves him, and afterward he marries the farmer's daughter and regains his station, wealth and honors. From the noble sons which were theirs sprang the long line of the House of Aue.

IV. Wolfram von Eschenbach. Whatever knowledge we have of Wolfram comes from his writings, and this is little more than that

he was a fighting Bavarian knight in humble circumstances, who spent some years at the court of the Landgrave Hermann of Thuringia and visited other courts in the south of Germany. He was enjoying the patronage of Hermann when, a little before 1202, he completed two books of his *Parzival*, and was there when the Landgrave died in 1217. Wolfram von Eschenbach is regarded by critics as the greatest German poet of the Middle Ages, as well as the greatest European poet before the Renaissance; his reputation rests almost entirely upon the *Parzival*, though two other poems, *Titurel* and *Willehalm,* both unfinished, show evidence of his power.

Wolfram had a profound insight into human nature and the problems of the soul, but his genius shows itself best in his deference to nature, in his humor, and in the lighter passages in his work. He loved the forest and its denizens, its deep shadows and sunny openings, and through all his courtly mannerisms this spirit shows. Robertson says:

> The greatness of Wolfram's poetry is to be sought less in its literary art than in the spirit which inspires it: it reflects on almost every page the untarnished nobility of the man. Nowhere in the history of literature is to be found a nature stronger, truer, more sincere than that of Wolfram von Eschenbach. No one saw deeper into the heart of the world, none was ever less blinded by its "falseness." He came nearer than any other medieval poet to a solution of the problems and conflicts of human life; in Wolfram's calm, wise soul, the bitter dissension which had divided Europe since the

rise of the spiritual power in the tenth century has no place.

Titurel, a name given to fragments of a poem solely because it begins with a speech by Titurel, father of Sigune, may have been intended as an introduction to *Parzival*, as it relates to frequently recurring episodes in that poem. Sigune from time to time meets Parzival and gives him instruction, but year after year she clings to the corpse of her lover knight, Schionatulander, who was killed while endeavoring to recover her lost bracelet. The merit of the fragments lies in the charming manner in which Wolfram portrays the dawning and growth of young love. It has seldom been more nobly presented.

Willehalm, epic fragments of a stormy, manly nature, was begun at the request of the Landgrave Hermann, and is a more important work than the preceding. The Landgrave Willehalm has seized and married Gyburg, the wife of a Saracen king, who defeats the Christian army and besieges the castle of the offender. Gyburg defends it heroically, while her husband escapes, goes to France, is aided by the king of that country, and returning, drives off the Saracens with great slaughter. Gyburg, loving, brave and wise, the greatest inspiration of her warrior husband, is Wolfram's finest woman character. The poem was continued by at least two subsequent writers, but the additions are much inferior to the original fragments.

V. "PARZIVAL." The poem *Parzival* is divided into sixteen books, and is nearly twenty-five thousand lines in length. Roughly speaking, the middle two-thirds of the poem corresponds to what exists of the unfinished *Perceval* of Chretien de Troyes, but the long introduction and the noble conclusion are wholly original to Wolfram or are from a source of which we know nothing. True, the poet says that he follows the work of Kyot (Guiot), but investigators have been unable to obtain trace of such a writer, so we are inclined to think that Wolfram used the name merely to mystify his readers. Parzival is the perfect knight, and the story of his career as Wolfram relates it is more than an epic of adventure; it is a study in the development of a soul in its passage through the trials and temptations of life and its ultimate triumph over doubts, sin and despair. Unsophisticated, ignorant, the typical intelligent fool of Christendom, but always pure and good, Parzival blunders along through life acquiring and accomplishing great things through his very artlessness, distinguishes himself among the Knights of the Round Table and at last achieves the distinction sought by all more than by himself.

Parzival resembles the old Welsh tale *Peredur* in the *Mabinogion* almost as closely as it does the *Perceval* of Chretien, and forms a connecting link, as it were, between *Perceval* and the *Parsifal* of Wagner, the great musical presentation of the legend of the Holy Grail.

Parzival is more didactic than the other works, more mystic and more spiritual, a study and glorification of faithfulness in the young knight who is never false to any trust and wavers only for a brief time in his allegiance to God.

The legend of the Grail has been already told in Italian literature as one of the myths of the Middle Ages, but the Grail of *Parzival* is a magic stone, whose significance may be seen in the lines of the old poem, as translated by Jessie L. Weston:

Root and blossom of Paradise garden, that thing which men call "The Grail,"
The crown of all earthly wishes, fair fullness that ne'er shall fail,
For the Grail was the crown of blessing, the fullness of earth's delight,
And Its joys I right well may liken to the glories of Heaven's height.

Thus the Grail Its maidens giveth, in the day and the sight of men,
But It sendeth Its Knights in the silence and their children It claims again,
To the host of the Grail are they counted, Grail servants they all shall be,
So the will of God standeth written on the Grail for all men to see.

Gamuret of Anjou seeks his fortunes in the Crusade, and while in the East wins the hand of Belakane, Queen of Zazamank, but before their son Feirefiz is born the restless King sets out to seek new adventures and arrives at the

court of Herzeleide, Queen of Waleis (Valois), just in time to join in a great tourney, to the victor in which she had promised her love and her lands. Gamuret, clothed in his long cloak of green samite over a white robe, each bearing an anchor embroidered in gold and precious stones and wearing upon his head a helmet decorated with an anchor of gold in which a diamond shines, enters all the contests and proves victor in every one. Queen Herzeleide loves him deeply, and Gamuret puts aside his wife and marries the Queen of Valois, who promises not to detain him from knightly joust, whether undertaken for pleasure, to serve a friend or to punish an enemy. Happy though he is with his wife, yet the old lust for adventure seizes him, and he engages in the service of the King of Bagdad, where he is slain in battle.

The news comes to Herzeleide just before the birth of her lovely boy, whom she calls "Good son," "Dear son," or "Beautiful son," but has no other name to give him who is to be the hero of the epic. To preserve the child Parzival from the temptations that had brought his father to his death, Herzeleide returns with him to a forest and there brings him up alone, in ignorance of the world but devoted to the birds, the flowers and the wild denizens of his beautiful home. Having been told that God it is who brings him the birds and all the joys that are his, he asks his mother, "Who is God?" "How shall I tell thee, dear son," she answered, "since no one knows? He is the

Creator who made everything in the world, the source of all light, with the features of man. When thou art in trouble, call upon Him and He will aid thee, and the evil of the world will not come near thee."

Thus Parzival grows into a strong and noble, but ignorant, youth, until one day while wandering in the woods he sees three knights, and as the sun shines on their armor till everything glitters in light, he thinks that the leader must be God, and prostrating himself before him, asks the simple question, "Art thou God?" "Nay, lad, I am only a humble knight who desires to serve God," replies the horseman. "But what is a knight?" the boy asks in wonder. "Go to King Arthur, and he will show you what it is to be a knight." Parzival cannot rest till he reaches the court of King Arthur and becomes a knight, and Herzeleide consents to his going, but, hoping he will be frightened by ridicule into returning, she clothes him in a fool's dress of coarse sackcloth, with leggings of calfskin, and a fool's cap for his head.

And so with much good advice ringing in his ears Parzival sets forth, while his sorrowful mother knows deep in her heart that her silly scheme will not bring back her boy, and realizing the fact more fully as he disappears from sight, she falls lifeless to the ground.

Parzival's mother had advised him that when he could win a maiden's kiss and take her ring he should be blest, and in consequence of

this he meets his first adventure; for, asleep in a tent he sees Jeschute, and going up to her he kisses her, and takes her ring and the gold buckle from her belt. Jeschute recognizes him for an innocent fool and lets him go on his way, though when her husband, the Duke Orilus, returns, he disgraces her and sets out with her after the knight who had discredited him. The lad, well pleased with himself, rides on and sees a maiden lying by the roadside, clasping the dead body of a knight. The maiden is Sigune, and from her the youth learns that she is his cousin and that his name is Parzival (pierced through), for as his mother's heart was pierced through when she heard of her husband's death, so was it again pierced through when her son left her. Sigune tells him, also, that Orilus has slain her lover, the dead knight, and has stolen part of Parzival's kingdom, and that he must ride to claim his lands. However, when he is about to start, she fears for his safety and directs him the wrong way.

On his way he meets Ither, the red knight, who says he has playfully taken the golden goblet of the King, hoping some knight will come to recover it. Parzival bears the message to King Arthur and asks to be knighted immediately, but Kay, the seneschal, suggests that the youth be sent to recover the goblet and thus win the honor of knighthood. At last Arthur consents; before Parzival starts, Kunnewaare, sister to the Duke, who had been un-

der a vow of silence for years, or until the most noble knight of Christendom came to court, laughed aloud, and when Kay rebuked her roughly, Antanor, a knight who had been under a similar vow, spoke threateningly to Kay. Parzival meets the red knight, demands the cup, and in the combat that follows slays Ither with a javelin in most unknightly fashion. The knight Iwanet comes up and rebukes Parzival for the use of the javelin, and, although mourning for Ither, nevertheless helps Parzival to don the knight's armor, take his horse, and set out on a journey.

Thinking that by this act he has become a full-fledged knight, Parzival meets the old knight Gurnemanz, who recognizes the youth's awkwardness, but sympathizing with his distress, takes him into the castle, teaches him the laws and practices of knighthood, explains his mistake, and sets him on the journey, wiser and sadder, but still not a knight.

Parzival's first adventuring after leaving Gurnemanz brings him to the castle where Queen Kondwiramur is besieged by Klamide, who would wed her, and by his seneschal, Kingron, who slew the son of Gurnemanz. In a fierce joust Parzival overcomes the latter and sends him to King Arthur's court, and that night weds Kondwiramur. In three days comes Klamide to avenge his seneschal and to destroy Parzival, who had won the Queen whom Klamide coveted. This most savage contest lasts for two hours, but in the end Par-

zival overthrows Klamide with a thrust of the spear and sends him likewise to King Arthur's court, to serve the maiden Kunnewaare.

After living for several months with his wife, Parzival sets out to see his mother, of whose death he has not heard. The first night he meets the Fisher-king, who sends him to his castle, where the young man is generously and hospitably received and is finally conducted to his host, whom he finds pale and worn and lying as though he endured the greatest pain. As Parzival stands by the King, he perceives entering the hall a squire, who bears in his hand a spear from which drops of blood fall, while the four hundred knights weep loudly. Then follow two beautiful girls bearing each a golden candlestick; after them two girls carrying ivory stools, which they place before the Fisher's couch; then four who bear tapers, and four who carry a table of jacinth; and as each passes the couch of the Fisher-king she bows reverently. Other maidens come in turn bearing lights, cloths and knives of silver, which they place upon the table. When twenty-four maidens have entered, comes one crowned like a queen, wearing royal robes and more beautiful than any that has yet entered; behind her follow six maidens who carry torches burning a balsam that diffuses a sweet perfume through the hall. On a cushion which the queenly maiden carries and places upon the table is a Stone, from which shines a great light. When the procession is ended, the Fisher-king sends

to Parzival a bowl of water and a silken towel. Squires come forward with napkins and bowls, and as each touches the cushion whereon lies the Stone, the napkin is filled with choice food and the bowl with fragrant wine. Parzival's astonishment is great, but remembering the counsel of Gurnemanz, he fears to offend by being over-curious, and so does not learn the name of the Fisher-king or why he has to suffer from an incurable wound. Nevertheless, the King gives Parzival a sword with a ruby in its hilt, encased in a sheath richly ornamented with jewels.

After a long slumber, tortured by dreams of defeat, he awakes to find the castle deserted, but as he mounts his steed and rides across the drawbridge which rises behind him, a squire calls him a weakling for his silence and tells him that great is his shame because he asked not concerning the distress of his host, and thereby lost the chance of high honor and glory. Only when too late does he learn from Sigune, whom he meets by the way, that he has been at Monsalvage and has seen the Grail at the feast, and that the Fisher-king is Anfortas, guardian of the Grail, who, because of his wrong-doing, suffers day and night. When Parzival tells Sigune that he failed to speak, she dismisses him roughly and returns to weeping for her dead knight.

By overcoming Orilus in a terrible combat Parzival reconciles him to Jeschute, whom he has treated so shamefully, and sends them to

Arthur's court to serve the maiden, who proves to be the sister of Jeschute. Parzival fights Segramor, overcomes him with a single thrust of the spear and kills the horse under him, all in an apparent stupor, but Gawain recognizes him and takes him to the court, where Arthur makes him a knight and all forget his simplicity and blunders, though he is tortured by the memory of his failure at Monsalvage.

About this time a strange-looking maiden rides into the group, and after telling Arthur how his court has been disgraced, turns to Parzival and exclaims:

"Now speak, thou Parzival, and tell me—when thou sawest the Fisher sit there in suffering and sadness, why didst thou not seek to lift his woe? Worthless are thy mouth and tongue; evil-hearted art thou. But thou shalt suffer. Know this, that in the far East in Zassamank, rules one who is King there and thy brother. Strange is he to look upon, for both white and black is he. A heathen is he, yet I think not that he would have remained silent at Monsalvage. Dost think thy father, the noble Angevin, would have lost his honor so? And oh, the grief thou didst bring to thy mother, the gentle Herzeleide."

Now for the first time his guilt and shame are fully realized, and, dishonored, he leaves the court of Arthur to seek the Grail and repair his fatal mistake. Despairing, he cries: "Who is God? Were He mighty, He would not have brought such shame upon me! I have served Him since I learned the meaning of His mercy; now I shall serve Him no longer. If He hateth me, I will bear it. My beloved only shall I serve—her love will guide me right."

Here for some time the interest in Parzival falls into the background, while the epic concerns itself chiefly with Gawain, who is a noble figure, but so different from Parzival as to serve as an excellent foil to our pure, unworldly hero. For five long years Parzival, at war with God, wanders through the woods, discontented, fighting, seeking the Grail and longing for it above everything else, even his devoted wife, whom he loves faithfully, but whom he has agreed not to see until the Grail is found. Through it all, however, he keeps his heart sound and courageous and his character pure and untainted. One day, as he is sadly riding, fearing that never will he find Monsalvage and achieve the Grail, he meets Sigune again and tells her of his woe, of the wife he may not see, and of the twin sons whose faces he may not behold till he has seen the Grail. She intimates that he is close to Monsalvage; and a little later, in a narrow pass, he meets a Templar who chides him for riding so near to the palace. The two fight; the Templar is thrown over the cliff, and Parzival escapes the same fate by springing from his horse, which falls and is killed. Thereupon Parzival mounts the Templar's horse and proceeds on his way.

One morning, in early spring, when a light snow covers the ground, he falls in with an old knight, a lady, and two little girls. The gray-bearded knight with the youthful face chides Parzival for riding armed on so holy a day, but the melancholy young man has been so long

at war with God that he does not know it is Good Friday. Though the knight bids him stay and breakfast with them, Parzival thinks his rich habit will make the poorly-clad family of the knight unhappy. Then, giving his horse the rein, he says, "If it be true that there is a Power that guides us, let it lead me now. Go thou, my steed, as God shall guide thee." The horse takes him to the hut of a hermit, Trevrezent, before whom he kneels and exclaims, "Sir, now give me counsel; I am a man who has sinned." The hermit, who proves to be the brother of Anfortas and Herzleide, Parzival's own uncle, keeps him for fifteen days, during which he confesses freely all his sins and learns of his mother's death and of all that he must do if he will find the Grail. Now for the first time he becomes acquainted with all the mysteries of the Grail and learns that the sin of Anfortas lay in fighting with the magician Klingsor for a lady, when had he been patient, letters would in time have appeared on the Grail and he would have known what wife to choose; that a knight should be led to the Grail, and if he questioned concerning the King's sufferings the latter should be healed and the sorrow ended at Monsalvage; that the maiden who bore the cushion was Repanse de Schoie, Parzival's aunt; that the old man lying crowned in the castle of Monsalvage was Titurel, his own great grandsire and first King of the Grail. The grief of Parzival is uncontrollable when he thinks of his failure, but the

hermit comforts him with the hope that some day he may win back to the Grail.

The trials of Parzival, however, are not ended; as a stranger he must fight and overcome Gawain, and then must he meet his own half-brother Feirefiz, a mighty man, richly appareled and wearing armor decked with gold jewels. Each ignorant of the identity of the other, they fight to a standstill, and as neither will yield they agree to a peace. When they have exchanged names they are greatly surprised, and as they raise helmets they gaze upon each other in astonishment; they are exactly alike in features, but while Feirefiz has light hair and a dark skin, Parzival is wholly light. Great was the joy of the brothers at the meeting, and after exchanging confidences they go to Arthur's court, where Feirefiz is received with high honor.

Then Kondrie, the maiden who had cursed Parzival for his sin in not asking the Question, comes again to court, throws herself before Parzival and begs his forgiveness, which is readily granted, and when she raises her veil she appears no longer ugly, but exceeding fair to look upon. Gawain has released her from the spells of Klingsor, and she has come to announce that the woe of Parzival is past, that he is called again to Monsalvage, where he shall release Anfortas from his pains and become himself King of the Grail, because now compassion dwells in his heart. And so Parzival is reunited to his wife and sons, of whom one,

Lohengrin, is appointed to be the next King of the Grail. With this the poem closes.

VI. Gottfried von Strassburg. *Tristan* is one of the masterpieces of medieval literature, clear, charming, showing a mastery of language equal to that of any other medieval poem; but of its author, Gottfried von Strassburg, we know absolutely nothing except from conjecture. From an acrostic in the poem critics feel certain that he was the author of *Tristan,* and from a discussion of the poets of his age, for which he interrupts the course of his tale, we are led to infer that the date at which the poem was written was the close of the first decade of the thirteenth century.

Nor are we able to determine definitely the sources upon which Gottfried drew. Chretien de Troyes wrote on the same subject in much the same vein, but Gottfried expressly states that he followed a certain Thomas of Brittany, and as some fragments of an epic on this same subject by Thomas the Trouvere of the same date have been preserved, it is probable that this lost epic did furnish Gottfried his material. *Tristan* is the glorification of carnal love, and to the eye of the pessimistic Gottfried nothing but faithfulness between the lover and his mistress mattered much. There are no spiritual crises in this unmoral tale, and a large portion of it is taken up with the tricks and stratagems by which the adulterous Queen evades or allays the suspicions of her simple-minded husband, but Gottfried never seems to

be disturbed lest the reader will resent the depravity of his hero and heroine, even when they make God himself the accomplice of their infamy. At that time, it is true, people so firmly believed in the efficacy of love potions that they might well hold blameless any who suffered from the effect of the drink, however far from virtue they might be led. Compared with *Parzival, Tristan* is as interesting and far more poetical, but in sentiment it is as shadow to sunlight, as a carnal passion to a spiritual ecstasy. But to the story:

Riwalin of Parmenia comes to the court of King Marke of Kurnewal (Cornwall), whence he elopes with the King's sister, Blanchefleur. Shortly afterward Riwalin is killed in battle, and Blanchefleur dies, heartbroken, in giving birth to her son, Tristan. Rual, the faithful vassal of Riwalin, adopts the little orphan and brings him up as his own son. He is no fool or innocent, as Parzival was, but from the very beginning is a prodigy, a lad of manly bearing and precocious parts, so that at the age of fourteen he is well versed in all the accomplishments of chivalry. In a foray by Norse pirates he is carried off and landed on the coast of Cornwall, whence he finds his way to King Marke's castle of Tintajoel (Tintagel), where he astonishes the knights by his manly accomplishments. After a search of four years, Rual finds his foster son and discloses to him and to King Marke the true story of his parentage, whereupon King Marke adopts him as his son,

and in the festival which follows makes him a knight with all due ceremony.

Naturally, the young knight's first duty is to avenge his father's murder, so Tristan goes to Parmenia, conquers the country, leaves it to Rual and his sons, and returns to his uncle Marke. Here he is immediately engaged in the great undertaking of freeing Cornwall from the intolerable tributes imposed upon it by King Gurman of Ireland and his brother-in-law, Morold. Tristan undertakes to fight Morold single-handed as the only means of freeing Cornwall, and in the combat he overcomes the Irish prince, but is himself wounded and is told by the dying Morold that the wound can be healed only by the Irish Queen. Morold's body is taken back to Ireland, and in his wound the Queen finds a splinter of Tristan's sword, which she preserves carefully.

Disguised as a minstrel, Tristan now finds his way to Ireland, and meeting with the young Princess Isolde, is engaged to give her instruction in his art, in return for which the Queen mother cures his wound. Then, on the plea that he has left a beloved wife at home, he returns to Cornwall. Here his influence becomes so high in the court that the Cornish nobles, resenting it, persuade Marke to marry, so that an heir may prevent Tristan's securing the crown at the death of his patron. Tristan has said so much about the young Isolde that she is selected as a suitable bride for the King, and Tristan is sent as envoy to Dublin to bring

her back. She recognizes him as the musician who has taught her, and she loves him, but when by means of the sword splinter which her mother has preserved she discovers that he is the murderer of her uncle, her love turns to hate, and she is about to kill him with her own sword when her mother intervenes and a reconciliation is brought about through Isolde's attendant, Brangaene. Tristan explains his mission, Isolde's father consents to her marriage, and she is sent to Cornwall with Tristan.

Her hatred for him has not lessened at all, when on the way the two drink by mistake a love-potion which had been sent by the Queen of Ireland to King Marke to secure his affection for her daughter. The extracts in this section are from the translation of Jessie L. Weston:

Now, beside the Queen was there no one on board save little maidens, and one spied the flask where Brangoene had laid it, and said: "See, here is wine in this flask." But it was not wine that was therein, though like unto it, but bitter pain and enduring sorrow of heart, of which the twain at last lay dead. Yet the little maiden might know nought of this, so she took the flask from its hiding-place, and brought it to Tristan, and he gave forthwith of the drink to Iseult (Isolde). She drank of it unwillingly enough, and after a space passed the cup to Tristan, and he too drank of it, and neither knew that it was other than wine. And even as it was done Brangoene entered, and saw well what had chanced. For very terror she became white as death. Cold at heart, she took the vessel of ill chance, and bearing it forth flung it into the wild and stormy sea. "Woe is

me," she said within herself, "that ever I was born into this world! Miserable that I am, I have lost mine honor and failed in my trust. Would to God I had never come on this journey. I must ever bemoan that death took me not ere I pledged myself to sail with Iseult on this evil voyage. Alas, Tristan and Iseult, for this drink shall be your death!"

Now, when the man and the maid, Tristan and Iseult, had drunk of the potion, Love, who never resteth but besetteth all hearts, crept softly into the hearts of the twain, and ere they were ware of it had she planted her banner of conquest therein, and brought them under her rule. They were one and undivided who but now were twain and at enmity. Gone was Iseult's hatred, no longer might there be strife between them, for Love, the great reconciler, had purified their hearts from all ill will, and so united them that each was clear as a mirror to the other. But one heart had they—her grief was his sadness, his sadness her grief. Both were one in love and sorrow, and yet both would hide it in shame and doubt. She felt shame of her love, and the like did he. She doubted of his love, and he of hers. For though both their hearts were blindly bent to one will, yet was the chance and the beginning heavy to them, and both alike would hide their desire.

When Tristan felt the pangs of love, then he bethought him straightway of his faith and honor, and would fain have set himself free. "Nay," he said to himself, "let such things be, Tristan; guard thee well, lest others perceive thy thoughts." So would he turn his heart, fighting against his own will, and desiring against his own desire. He would and would not, and a prisoner, struggled in his fetters. There was a strife within him, for ever as he looked on Iseult and love stirred his heart and soul, then did honor draw him back. Yet he must needs follow Love, for his liege lady was she, and in sooth she wounded him more sorely than did his honor and faith to his uncle, though they strove hard for the mastery. For Love looked smiling upon his heart, and

led heart and eyes captive; and yet if he saw her not, then was he even more sorrowful. Much he vexed himself, marveling how he might escape, and saying to his heart: "Turn thee here or there, let thy desire be other, love and long elsewhere." Yet ever the more he looked into his heart the more he found that therein was nought but Love—and Iseult.

Even so was it with the maiden: she was as a bird that is snared with lime. When she knew the snare of Love and saw that her heart was indeed taken therein, she strove with all her power to free herself, yet the more she struggled the faster was the hold Love laid upon her, and, unwilling, she must follow whither Love led. As with hands and feet she strove to free herself, so were hands and feet even more bound and fettered by the blinding sweetness of the man and his love, and never half a foot's length might she stir save that Love were with her. Never a thought might Iseult think save of Love and Tristan, yet she fain would hide it. Heart and eyes strove with each other; Love drew her heart towards him, and shame drove her eyes away. Thus Love and maiden shame strove together till Iseult wearied of the fruitless strife, and did as many have done before her—vanquished, she yielded herself body and soul to the man, and to Love.

Shyly she looked on him, and he on her, till heart and eyes had done their work. And Tristan, too, was vanquished, since Love would have it none otherwise. Knight and maiden sought each other as often as they might do so, and each found the other fairer day by day. For such is the way of Love, as it was of old, and is to-day, and shall be while the world endures, that lovers please each other more as love within them waxeth stronger, even as flowers and fruit are fairer in their fullness than in their beginning; and Love that beareth fruit waxeth fairer day by day till the fullness of time be come.

Love doth the loved one fairer make,
So love a stronger life doth take,

Love's eyes wax keener day by day,
Else would love fade and pass away.

A passion in which both envoy and bride-elect forget all honor is stimulated by the potion, and from this point the epic becomes the story of love's intrigues. Tristan and Isolde have no laws or principles except those of faithfulness to each other and realize only the necessity for secrecy. Again and again they are on the brink of being discovered, but escape by some cunning device. At one time King Marke, harassed by suspicion, declares that Isolde must undergo the ordeal of God by taking in her hand a red-hot iron:

Iseult remained alone, sorrowful and sore dismayed at heart, for much she feared that her unfaithfulness must now be made manifest, and she knew not what to do. So with prayer and fasting she made supplication to Heaven to aid her. And a thought came into her mind. She wrote a letter to Tristan, bidding him be at Caerleon early on the morn of the day she must arrive there and await her on the shore. And this Tristan did, journeying thither in pilgrim's guise, his face stained and soiled, and his appearance changed.

Now, Marke and Iseult came thither by water, and as they drew to shore the Queen saw Tristan and knew him. As the ship cast anchor in the stream Iseult commanded they should ask the pilgrim if he were strong enough to carry her to shore, for on that day she would have no knight to bear her.

Then all the folk cried: "Come hither, thou holy man, bear our lady, the Queen, to land."

Tristan came at their call, and took the Queen in his arms and bore her to the shore; and as he held her Iseult whispered in his ear that as he set foot on land he should

fall with her. And this he did; as he stepped out of the water on to the shore the pilgrim sank down on the earth as if he could not help himself, so that the Queen fell from his clasp and lay beside him on the ground.

Then the folk came swiftly with sticks and staves, and would do the pilgrim an harm. "Nay, nay, let be," cried Iseult, "the pilgrim could not help himself; he is sick and feeble, and fell against his will."

Then they all praised her much that she was not wrathful with the pilgrim, but Iseult spake, smiling a little: "Were it then so great a wonder if the pilgrim had thought to mock me?" And as Marke stood near and hearkened, she spake further: "Now I know not what shall befall me, for ye have all seen well that I may not swear that no man save the King ever held me in his arms or lay at my side!"

Thus they rode gayly, jesting the while of the palmer, till they came into Caerleon. There were many nobles, priests and knights, and of lesser folk a great crowd. Bishops and prelates were there, ready to do their office and bless the ordeal. They had all things in readiness, and the iron was brought forth.

The good Queen Iseult had given in charity her silks and her gold, her jewels and all she had, horses and raiment, praying that Heaven would look favorably on her, forgive her what she had done amiss, and preserve her honor. Herewith she came to the Minster with good courage to face her ordeal.

She wore next her skin a rough garment of hair; above it a short gown of woollen stuff, a hand's breadth above her ankles; her sleeves were rolled up to her elbows, and her hands and feet bare. Many hearts and many eyes beheld her with pity.

Herewith they brought forth the relics, and bade Iseult swear her innocence of this sin before God and the world. Now had Iseult committed life and honor to Heaven, so hand and heart did she proffer reverently to the relics and the oath.

Now were there many there who would fain from ill will have had the Queen's oath turned to her shame and downfall. The envious seneschal, Marjodo, strove to harm her in every way he might; while there were many who honored Iseult, and would fain see her come off scatheless; so there was great strife among them as to the manner of the Queen's oath.

"My lord the King," spake Iseult, "whatever any may say, I must needs swear in such wise as shall content thee. Say thyself what I shall speak or do. All this talk is too much. Hearken how I will swear to thee. No man hath touched this my body, hath held me in his arms, or lain beside me other than thou thyself and this man whom I cannot deny, since ye all saw me in his arms—the poor pilgrim! So help me God and all the saints, to the happy issue of this ordeal! If this be not enough, my lord, I will better mine oath as thou shalt bid me!"

"Lady," said King Marke, "methinks 'tis enough. Now take the iron in thine hand, and God help thee in thy need."

"Amen," said fair Iseult. Then in God's name she seized the iron, and carried it, and it burnt her not.

The comments of Gottfried on this incident seem blasphemous unless they are considered to ridicule trial by ordeal as a means of determining guilt: "The truth made manifest to all by this valid test is that the worshipful Christ in Heaven is adjustable like a sleeve that adapts itself to any shape, and is ready to help saint or liar at his wish."

Finally Tristan and Isolde are banished from the court, and they live and love supremely in the seclusion of the *minnegrotte*, where they take refuge. The passage which immediately follows is one of the most poetic in the epic:

The cavern was round, large, and lofty; the walls snow-white and smooth; the vault above bare in the center, at the keystone, a crown richly wrought in metal work and adorned with gems; the floor below was of polished marble, its hue green as grass.

In the center was a couch, carved out of a crystal stone, with letters engraven all around, saying 'twas dedicated to the goddess of Love. High in the wall of the cavern were little windows hewn in the rock, through which the light might enter. Before the entrance was a brazen door, and without there stood three lindens, and no more; but all around the hill and towards the valley were countless trees, whose boughs and foliage gave a fair shade. On one side was a little glade and a spring of water, cool and fresh and clear as sunlight, and above the spring were again three lindens, which sheltered it alike from sun and rain; and all over the glade the bright blossoms and green grass strove with each other for the mastery, each would fain overcome the brightness of the other.

In the branches the birds sang sweetly, so sweetly that nowhere else might one hear the like. Eye and ear alike found solace. There were shade and sunshine, air and soft breezes.

From this hill and this grotto for a good day's journey was there nought but rocks, waste and wild and void of game. Nor was the road smooth and easy, yet was it not so rough but that Tristan and his true love might make their way thither and find shelter in the hill.

. . . . . .

Many have marveled wherewith the twain might support their life in this wilderness, but in truth they needed little save each other, the true love and faith they bare the one to the other, such love as kindles the heart and refreshes the soul, that was their best nourishment. They asked but rarely for other than the food which giveth to the heart its desire, to the eyes their delight; therewith had they enough.

Nor did it vex them that they were alone in the wild woodland; what should they want with other company? They were there together, a third would but have made unequal what was equal, and oppressed that fellowship which was so fair. Even good King Arthur never held at his court a feast that might have brought them greater joy and refreshment. Search through all the lands, and ye might not have found a joy, however great, for which these twain would have bartered a glass finger ring.

They had a court, they had a council, which brought them nought but joy. Their courtiers were the green trees, the shade and the sunlight, the streamlet and the spring; flowers, grass, leaf and blossom, which refreshed their eyes. Their service was the song of the birds, the little brown nightingales, the throstles, and the merles, and other wood birds. The siskin and the ring-dove vied with each other to do them pleasure; all day long their music rejoiced ear and soul.

Their love was their high feast, which brought them a thousand times daily the joy of Arthur's Round Table and the fellowship of his knights. What might they ask better? The man was with the woman and the woman with the man; they had the fellowship they most desired, and were where they fain would be.

In the dewy morning they got them forth to the meadow where grass and flowers alike had been refreshed. The glade was their pleasure ground—they wandered hither and thither, hearkening each other's speech and waking the song of the birds by their footsteps. Then they turned them to where the cold clear spring rippled forth, and sat beside its stream, and watched its flow till the sun grew high in heaven, and they felt its heat. Then they betook them to the linden: its branches offered them a welcome shelter, the breezes were sweet and soft beneath its shade, and the couch at its feet was decked with the fairest grass and flowers.

There they sat side by side, those true lovers, and told each other tales of those who ere their time had suffered and died for love. They mourned the fate of the sad

Queen Dido; of Phyllis of Thrace; and Biblis, whose heart broke for love. With such tales did they beguile the time. But when they would think of them no more they turned them again to their grotto and took the harp, and each in their turn sang to it softly lays of love and of longing; now Tristan would strike the harp while Iseult sang the words, then it would be the turn of Iseult to make music while Tristan's voice followed the notes. Full well might it be called the Love Grotto.

At times they would ride forth with the crossbow to shoot the wild game of the woodland, or to chase the red deer with their hound Hiudan, for Tristan had taught him to hunt hart and hind silently, nor to give tongue when on their track. This would they do many days, yet more for the sake of sport and pleasure than to supply themselves with food, for in sooth they had no care save to do what might please them best at the moment.

Again reconciliation with the King follows; again the lovers are exposed, and this time Tristan has to flee. Taking refuge at the court of the Duke of Arundel, he hopes to forget Isolde, and, in fact, meets there an "Isolde with the white hands," the daughter of the Duke, for whom he is seized by a new passion, with which his love for the "blond Isolde" of Cornwall seems to mingle.

At this point the epic of Gottfried breaks off, incomplete, and for the remainder of Tristan's life we are compelled to turn to two poets, Ulrich von Tuerheim, who wrote in Suabia about 1240, and Heinrich von Freiburg, who penned a more successful version about 1300. Although Tristan marries "Isolde of the white hands," the love potion is not subdued, and he

still loves the Queen and returns to Cornwall to engage in more adventures. Later he is reunited to his wife, but in a fight is wounded by a poisoned spear, and only Isolde of Cornwall can cure the wound. Accordingly, a messenger is sent across the sea to bring her, and it is arranged that if she returns with the messenger the boat will raise a white sail, while if she is not there the sail shall be black. Isolde of Cornwall starts in the ship under the white sail, but Tristan's wife, in a jealous passion, deceives him and tells him that the sail is black, and the unfortunate knight dies before the ship reaches the shore. When the "blond Isolde" discovers his fate, she, too, perishes of grief. King Marke has learned the secret of the potion and has the bodies of the two brought back to Cornwall, where he buries his wife by the side of Tristan: the roses planted upon the graves intertwine as they grow.

VII. "Lohengrin." *Lohengrin*, sometimes attributed to Wolfram, was probably written toward the end of the thirteenth century and, like most of the work of that period, is distinctly inferior to its predecessors. Yet, because of the use that has been made of the tale, it seems worth while to present an outline of it.

Lohengrin is closely connected with *Parzival*, for its hero is the son of the King of the Grail, appointed to be his father's successor. In the kingdom of Brabant dwells Elsa, a gentle and beautiful Princess; though many noble knights come to woo her, they ride sor-

rowfully away, because she refuses to marry any one. Telramud, one of her most persistent suitors, whom she has refused many times, grows so angry that he brings charges against her before King Henry of Germany, and she is ordered to appear before him. The distressed maiden, having prayed in solitude, is consoled by a falcon which lights on her hand, and after nestling a moment, flies away, leaving with her a little tinkling silver bell, and it seems to her that the bird has said that if ever she is in need of help, she has but to ring the bell. Elsa is now brought before the King charged with having broken the laws by marrying one of her vassals, and to prove her innocence she must find a knight who will fight against her accuser. None dares face the Count Telramud, but, even though the trumpets have twice sounded, Elsa, praying steadfastly, does not fear, for she has rung the silver bell. At the third sound of the trumpets a voice cries out, "Behold the Swan; he brings a champion for the Princess." All can now see a small boat drawn by a large white swan and preceded by a white dove rapidly approaching across the sea. Standing in the boat is the Swan Knight, clothed in silver armor that glistens in the sun; upon the armor are doves of silver drawn with precious stones, and on his helmet a dove of silver. The dove flies straight to Elsa and then hovers over the knight's head as he steps from the boat and thanks the Swan, which, circling around, slowly flies away with the dove.

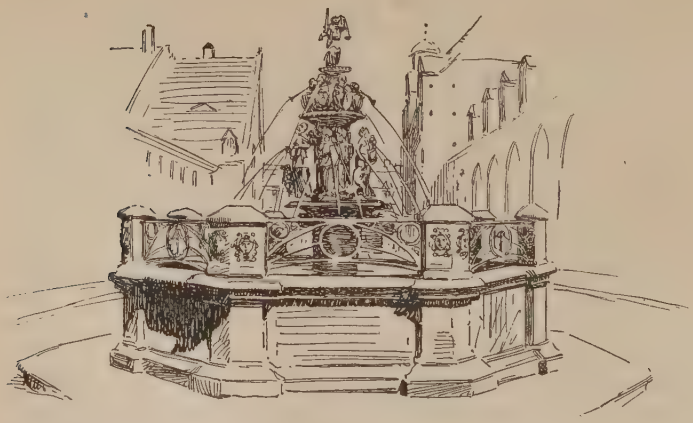
The knight offers himself as Elsa's champion upon a condition which makes the tale turn upon a question, as does *Parzival*. "God hath sent me to be thy champion, lady," says the knight; "I love thee, and thy lord would I be, but a promise I require: Never must thou ask my name nor anything concerning my race and country. Perchance I may tell thee, but until then thou must wait trustfully." So Elsa promises; the battle is fought, Telramud is defeated, and is compelled to apologize. The same day Elsa returns to Brabant, and with her the Knight of the Swan, to whom she is married. For many years they live happily, and two little boys are born to them, but jealous and suspicious people begin to intimate that Elsa won her lord through sorcery, and beg her to tell his real name and condition. A jealous woman taunts Elsa, and urges her to ask the knight to discover his name and lineage, asserting that it is withheld from her for some evil cause. Driven almost to distraction by her persecutors, in a moment of fear and distrust, she breaks her word and asks the question.

The Knight of the Swan, calling all the people together and standing beside Elsa and his children, tells them that he is Lohengrin, the son of Parzival, King of the Grail, who dwells in a temple sacred to the Gift of God to Men, whence the Templars who guard the Grail are often called to service. When one day there appeared upon it a direction for Lohengrin to go to the rescue of Elsa, he had started at once,

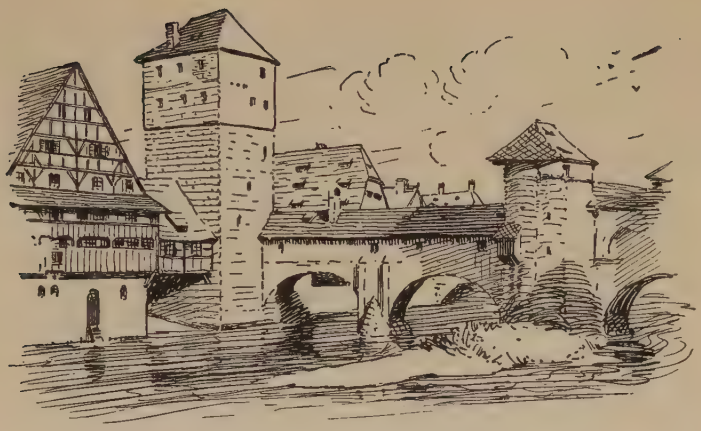
after having received from his father a silver horn, which he was bidden to sound when he desired to return to the temple. He then continues: "One great sorrow came to us at Monsalvage through a Question. Therefore the Grail commanded us not to tell at first when we dwelt in the world either our name or our nation. Soon now would I have disclosed these things to Elsa and revealed to her the mysteries of the temple, but now that she has spoken, the Grail calls me, and I must go. Guard my wife and children, and one day let my son Godfrey rule in my place, and perhaps my other son will come to the temple to serve." Then as Elsa kneels before him begging forgiveness, Lohengrin raises her gently to her feet, and having kissed her in sorrow, blows the horn and the Swan-boat comes to take him away. Lohengrin kisses his boys, gives to one his silver horn and to the other his sword, and having embraced his wife and placed upon her finger a ring marked with the dove of Monsalvage, he enters the boat and kneels in prayer while the Swan swims down the river, and Elsa sinks unconscious at the feet of her children.

VIII. Conclusion. The imitators of the three great poets whom we have mentioned were numerous; there remain in existence a number of epics of varying degrees of excellence, none of which, however, can approximate those we have mentioned, and it is unnecessary for the average student to acquaint himself with them. In this later work, however, is seen

evidence of a tendency on the part of the writers to depreciate the importance of the Arthurian or chivalric romance and to substitute in its place a more realistic treatment of events. Besides, in many of the narratives the knight and the lady occupy a less important position among the characters, while every-day men and women of the common classes appear more frequently and are of greater importance in the plots. After the beginning of the fourteenth century the Arthurian legend scarcely appeared in literature. It had served its purpose in depicting chivalry; as that order passed away the interest of the listeners failed, and the court epic ceased to be more than a small factor in the literature of any time.



THE FOUNTAIN OF VIRTUE, NUREMBURG



CHAPTER V

THE MINNESINGERS AND THE MEISTERSINGERS

CHIVALRY IN GERMANY. The introduction into Germany of chivalry as a national institution may be said to date from 1184, when Frederick Barbarossa, in the most imposing festival that had ever been seen in that country, had his two sons, Heinrich and Frederick, raised to knighthood. Before this time chivalry had been adopted by many of the German rulers, who had gained the knowledge of its precepts from France, but from this time on it became a Germanic institution, and German manners and customs were rearranged in consonance with the new ideas.

German literature was quick to respond to this new order, which showed a more marked influence upon lyric poetry than upon any other department. In fact, there are few, if

any, genuine lyrics in existence which date prior to the event we have just mentioned; but immediately after that the *Minnesang* appeared, and soon was sung in all its glory throughout Germany.

II. The "Minnesang." The German word *minne* was in those times used to characterize the baser sort of love or to stand for the whole code of rules which governed the relations between a lover and his mistress, while the word *liebe* referred to a higher type of love; in still earlier times the meanings of these words were reversed, and after the beginning of the fifteenth century *minne* dropped almost entirely from use. The *Minnesang,* then, was the lyric of love which corresponded in most respects to the early Provençal models which had found their way northward and westward into the new countries, many of them brought by wandering troubadours from France, and others by the German knights who had visited in Provençe or the Low Countries. But at the time which we might call the official introduction of chivalry into Germany, a group of native writers arose who were able to produce something quite different from the French models they followed and in time to create an indigenous style of lyricism that possesses all of the true German characteristics.

The minnesinger himself was at first one of the upper and cultivated classes of knights, who sang as an amateur for his own amusement and that of his friends, but it was not

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CASTLE NEUSCHWANSTEIN

THE MAGNIFICENT CREATION OF LUDWIG II IN THE BAVARIAN ALPS.

long before a professional class arose, who, like the troubadours, traveled from one wealthy family to another and sang before audiences, expecting of course, a suitable reward for their services. It should be remembered that the *Minnesang* was intended to be heard and not to be read, and moreover, to be sung to the accompaniment of some instrument, probably a kind of small harp, or, on other occasions, a violin and a bow. That the singer delivered his song and played its accompaniment simultaneously is probable where an instrument was used which permitted it, or when the singer could not afford to take with him an accompanist. Sometimes, possibly, he played the music or suggestion of the tune and then laid aside his instrument and sang his songs, but probably two performers traveling together was the more common sight, one the singer and the other the accompanist. This certainly might be expected whenever the minnesinger was of the better class and could afford the assistance of a mate.

So, in criticizing the *Minnesang,* we must remember that perhaps the greater half of its effect is missing, even when we read it aloud, and we have reason to believe that in many instances the singer considered the melody of even more consequence than the text. Walther, the greatest of the German minnesingers, appears to have been equally eminent as musician and poet, if we may believe comments made by his contemporaries.

Just the relations which existed between the poet and the lady whose praises he sings cannot be determined with certainty, but it appears in most cases that the object of the poet's extravagant devotion was a married woman, who was quite probably not the wife of the poet himself. Girls played a small part in the social life of the times, and it is not probable that the German love ditties were addressed to them, though some critics have endeavored to prove that such was the case. Perhaps it is not incumbent upon us to judge of the morality of those relations in that far-away time, and as one reads the songs many of them sound a little ridiculous and like the overstrained efforts of lovers gone mad. On the whole, the new worship of women was quite sincere, and there seems no reason for doubting that its character might vary with the individual who offered it, as devotion varies in our own time. No matter how passionately the poet sang, the lady might or might not "reward" him, and she was quite likely to show him first some trivial favor and only yield to him when he had performed some weighty task, which often verged on the edge of absurdity and required years for its accomplishment. From this entire period there has come down to us the name of no woman singer, and it is probable that the sentiment of the age prevented any outpouring of affection on the part of the female, and although there have been verses written which pretend to speak for womankind, yet it is prob-

able, according to most critics, that the poet was in every case a man.

III. The Minnesingers. Whatever may be the verdict on the minnesongs by international critics, the general sentiment in Germany is vastly in favor of them, though foreigners have been widely divided, some seeing in them "the most varied and charming lyrics of the Middle Ages." and others thinking, as did our own Lowell, who says in his essay on Chaucer, "On the whole it would be hard to find anything more tediously artificial than the Provençal literature, except the reproduction of it by the minnesingers." It is possible that this wide divergence in opinion is occasioned by the writers not having read the same selections, for in one collection there are upwards of a hundred fifty writers and a very great number of poems. Of course, among such a multitude there must have been many of inferior rank, while there were undoubtedly some who possessed the true lyrical spirit and could write verses that charm us now in spite of the limitations which surrounded them at the time of their composition. Four or five poets of real eminence may be noticed, and at least one who in the opinion of modern critics outweighs all the host of his fellow-singers.

Heinrich von Veldeke and Friedrich von Hausen, from the Rhine, the latter a crusader with Barbarossa; the Thuringian, Heinrich von Morungen, gifted and original; Hartmann von Aue, the writer of epics; Wolfram von

Eschenbach, the greatest of medieval epic poets; and, above all, Walther von der Vogelweide, are the group in whose lyrics we have special interest.

IV. Heinrich von Veldeke. Present at Barbarossa's great festival was Heinrich von Veldeke, earliest of the minnesingers, the epic poet whose work we have considered. Naïve and light-hearted, Heinrich delighted in birds and flowers, the coming of spring and other natural objects, and having learned from the French the art of lyric poesy, he wrote some fifty minnesongs which still exist.

1. The following translation of the song named *April* gives an illustration of his spirit:

When April's the season and blossoms are springing,
When limes bud all over and green grow the beeches,
The birds with good reason fall gayly a-singing,
For love, they discover, again in their reach is,
Each finds a mate: then their mirth is great,
Whereat I wax elate,
For all their songs were hushed by winter's treason.

The sight of the treasures of leaves and of blossoms
On all the boughs springing delighted them dearly.
Their manifold measures once more with glad bosoms
They started a-singing full loudly and clearly,
Both high and low: and I am minded so
To bid farewell to woe.
Meet it is that I should boast my pleasures.

Would that with favor my lady would hear me
And duly admit me, reversing her sentence!
By mine own endeavor I'll perish, I fear me,
Unless she acquit me and take my repentance.
Kind let her be and let my life go free;
'Twas never God's decree
Any man should find death sweet of savor.

2. *Winter Discontent* is a pretty little lyric, exceedingly delicate for the age in which it was written:

Since the sun's bright beams are bent
Toward the time of chilly days,
And in grief and discontent
Little birds have hushed their lays,
Sad at heart I make lament,
For on us will soon be sent
Winter, who his might displays
On the blossoms once so bright.
Dull and duller
Grows their color.
I feel at that sight
Dole and no delight!

V. Friedrich von Hausen. Friedrich was a noble from the middle Rhine district, an excellent type of the noble minnesinger of his time, intimate more or less with Barbarossa and his son, one or the other of whom he accompanied to Italy or France. In 1190 he was killed in a battle with the Turks in Asia Minor. It is a plain, straightforward language which Friedrich used and one that brings the reader in close relationship with the man. It is noteworthy that one who lived such a wandering and military life should follow as the one most prominent theme in his writings the yearning of an absentee for his own home.

1. The following poem, *Home Thoughts,* was composed in Italy; the hills to which he refers are the Alps:

If I might live until mine eyes
Should look upon that land again,

Where on a lovely lady lies
My whole delight and long hath lain,
Never man's nor maiden's eyes
In my face should see arise
Any trace of grief or pain.
Then many a thing would make me glad,
Whereat of old my heart was sad.
Now I should think myself right near,
Tho' then her place seemed far from mine.
My heart ne'er felt such bitter cheer,
For at our parting sore I pine.
It shows its duteous service clear;
A different story I might hear
If I were somewhere by the Rhine!
Ah, no such tidings could I claim
Since hither o'er the Hills I came.

2. *The Vision:*

In my dream I saw clear,
All night till morning broke,
A lady passing fair:
Thereafter I awoke.
Then was she ta'en from me, alas!
Nor knew I where was she
From whom my bliss should come to pass.
'Twas mine eyes worked this woe on me
And blind I fain would be!

3. *Faith Unfaithful:*

Some deem that they have 'scaped from death,
Who take false vows for God's crusade;
Forsooth the heart within me saith
That this will give them sorry aid.
Who promised, then drew back dismayed,
Will prove it at his latest breath,
When at the gate he shall be stayed,
Which for His folk God openeth.

VI. HEINRICH VON MORUNGEN. Heinrich spent the latter part of his life in Leipzig. He selected for the themes of his poetry a narrow range of subjects, all of which show the influence of the troubadours, but contain more originality and a greater facility in expression than those of Friedrich von Hausen. In fact, in his verses language and similes are often strangely modern, and flashes of humor lighten the strong individuality of the work.

1. *Love's Tyranny* is one of his prettiest lyrics:

Alas, why do I follow hope so vain,
Whereby in trouble I am often led?
I parted from her, filled with bitter pain,
That still she left me all uncomforted.
Yet was her face like lilies white and roses red,
And there she sat before me fair and fain:
Like the full moon she showed her beauty plain,
Whereat mine eyes were glad, my heart struck dead!

My constant heart resembles not the wind,
Nor, since she left me, have I changed my will.
From childhood I have kept a steadfast mind,
Tho' oft and often she hath used me ill.
And hidden hope all silently I cherish still:
My folly in her presence I would bind
And store of pretty speeches fain would find;
Yet then to speak one word is past my skill.

So often have I said and sung my thought,
I am hoarse and weary with my long lament.
My labor goes for nought and less than nought,
Since she will not believe my words' intent,
How that toward her my heart in homage true is bent.
Forsooth, I have not prospered as I ought.
Had I to God half such hard service brought,
He would take me to Him ere my days be spent!

2. *Nay and Yea* is a novel and original rendering:

Lady, wouldst thou save my life,
Give me one little look, but one!
No more may I endure the strife;
I needs must wholly perish soon.
With a wounded heart I pine;
Lady, this mine eyes have done,
Mine eyes and that red mouth of thine!
Lady, now my sad case see,
Before I perish thus in pain!
Thou didst speak one word to me:
Prithee, take it back again!
Thou speakest ever "nay" and "no,"
"Nay, nay, nay," and "no, no, no!"
That breaks my heart in twain for woe.
Couldst thou for once but speak me "yea,"
"Yea, yea, yea, yea, yea, yea, yea!"?
That would delight my heart for aye!

3. *The Vision:*

As a little child, that catches sight
Of its pretty face within a glass shown plain,
Grasps at its own image in delight,
Till at last it breaks the mirror, 'tis so fain;
Then its joy turns all to grief and bitter pain,—
When my love I saw, such was my plight.
Then I thought my bliss could ne'er take flight;
Yet much grief, no less than joy, from her I gain.
Love, by whom the world is ever blest,
Lo you, brought my lady to me in a dream,
When by sleep my body was possessed.
Thereupon I saw a sight of joy supreme,—
Saw her, o'er all women held in high esteem,
Fairest of them all and worthiest,
Save that her sweet mouth did manifest
Grief . . . and had been hurt, as it would seem.
With great fear my heart is pierced through,

That her mouth may now grow pale, that was so red.
And for sorrow I lament anew
(Ever since my heart was filled with such a dread)
Such a grievous vision to mine eyes was sped;
As a fond and foolish youth might do,
Who his shadow in a stream doth view
And must fall in love with it till he be dead.
Nobler ladies and of higher heart
Heaven containeth not from pole to pole.
I am ever with her, tho' apart
I must bide far from her to my bitter dole.
Out, alas! I thought that I had reached the goal
And in her sweet love had gained a part.
Now I see I am scarcely at the start:
Wherefore all my hopes are fled and bliss of soul.

VII. HARTMANN VON AUE. The purity and crystalline clarity of Hartmann's epics manifested themselves in his lyrics, where, however, there is more of a personal note than in the narratives.

1. Probably the most heartfelt and sincere expression of sorrow in the early *Minnesang* is the elegy which he wrote on the death of his liege-lord:

Chaste manners for the Cross are meet
And virtuous mind.
So may we win us bliss complete
Of every kind.
And for young men it is a chain
Of no frail mesh,
Who are not able to restrain
The lusts of flesh.
Who wears it, must not be
Of conduct loose and free;
If in the heart it fail,
What can it on the dress avail?

A sacrifice, ye knights, now make
Of life and soul
To Him who suffered for your sake
Both death and dole!
Whoe'er was prompt his shield to use
For worldly fame,
He is not wise if he refuse
To God the same.
If Fate shall grant him, there
To speed with issue fair,
A double gain is his—
The world's renown, the soul's true bliss.
To me the world doth beckon back
And falsely smile.
I have followed, like a fool, her track
Too long a while.
Full many and many a day I've run
Her lure to taste:
Where faith and truth are found by none,
There would I haste.
Lord Christ, now help Thou me,
That from the foe I flee
Who sets for me his snare,
Thro' this Thine emblem, which I wear.
Since death hath stol'n my lord away
And left me lone,
No heed unto the world I pay,
Now he is gone.
The best part of my joys he hath ta'en
With him from hence;
Salvation for my soul to gain
Were now sound sense!
If I by this Crusade
Can bring him any aid,
I'll yield him half the store.
May I see him in heaven once more!

2. *Divided Labor* is a clear-cut little song of but seven lines:

That lady who with upright heart
Her love on this Crusade sends forth,
Gains of his meed an equal part,
If she at home preserve her worth
And keep her fame and honor fair.
Here let her pray for both, while he
For both of them sails over there!

VIII. WOLFRAM VON ESCHENBACH. With one exception, the greatest of the minnesingers was probably Wolfram von Eschenbach, whose genius, however, manifested itself more naturally and more freely in the epic than in the eight choice songs which he has left. With a deeper insight into life than most of his fellows, his songs are less superficial, and some of them reveal unusual imagination and dramatic force.

1. The following *Daysong,* a type which he particularly favored, is one of the best of his few lyrics:

Warder. "Day's talons, driven
Through the clouds, have come to sight;
It mounts on high in all its strength.
I see the heaven
Paling in the dawning light
Of day, the day that will at length
From dalliance draw the gallant man
Whom I let in with anxious heed;
I'll bring him hence now, if I can;
His manifold valor urged me to the deed."
Lady. "The song thou singest,
Warder, robs me of great bliss
And maketh me to sorrow sore.
Tidings thou bringest
That, alas, are much amiss,

When day is dawning, evermore!
'Twere best no word of such to say;
I charge thee by thy fealty,
And I'll reward thee as I may.
So shall my dear love bide a while with me."

Warder. "Nay, he must get him
Hence; he must not linger on.
Sweet lady, give him leave to go!
So may'st thou let him
Love thee all in stealth anon,
And save his life and honor so.
Trust in my fealty did he place,
To bring him hence secure from harm.
'Tis day; 'twas night when thy embrace
And kiss won me to bring him to thy arm."

Lady. "Sing as thou choosest,
Warder, but let him still remain
Who brought love with him, found love here.
Ever thou usest,
Ere the morning-star be plain,
With din to make us start in fear.
Yet never shone the light of day
On him who came to play love's part.
Oft hast thou stolen him away
From my white arms, but never from my heart!"
But when day darted
Bright beams through the glass, and when
The warder sung his warning strain,
In fright she started
For his sake who was with her then.
Her breast on his she pressed amain.
Well did the knight his valor prove
(The warder's song gave cause for dread):
In haste they won the meed of love
With kiss and with caress ere thence he sped.

IX. Walther von der Vogelweide. Although Walther (Walter) was Germany's greatest lyric poet before Goethe, but few facts

of his life are ascertainable. His name, Vogelweide, means little more than a cleared space where birds were fed, and in Austria and Bavaria there are many places that have borne that name. It has been thought more recently that he was born in what was Southern Austria prior to 1198, perhaps in Styria. He grew up in the country, we may assume, and loved the birds, the spring sunshine and other beauties of nature. His circumstances, however, must have been rather poor, for he was obliged to shift for himself at an early date, and while still quite young became a partisan of Philip, Duke of Suabia, who had been chosen King in 1198. After Philip's assassination he was for a time at the court of the Landgrave Hermann of Thuringia. The influence of St. Elizabeth of Hungary seems to have been deep and lasting on his character. In about 1220 the Emperor granted him a small estate near Würzburg, and the poet showed his appreciation in this joyful lyric:

I have got my fief, good people all, I have got my fief!
No fear now that the frost will bring my toes to grief;
And little will I beg of niggard lords for my relief.
The noble King, the generous King, hath so supplied me
That in the summer I have air, and heat in winter cold.
My neighbors think me far more handsome than of old:
No more they eye me like a bogey now, as once they eyed me.
Do what I would, I was too poor this long while past;
I had a stinking breath, I railed so thick and fast.
The King hath made it sweet again, aye, and my song, at last.

His death occurred about 1230, and he was buried at Würzburg, where his grave is still shown.

In the lyrics of Walther the German *Minnesang* reached its highest stage, and in his able hands passed from the dainty, careless, extravagantly complimentary stanza from a lover to his mistress and took upon itself so much more serious purpose that his later poems are ethical and strongly religious or didactic. In considering the extracts from the minnesingers, with which this chapter abounds (all of which are from the translation of F. C. Nicholson), the reader must remember that the best have been carefully selected from each writer, so that the collection as a whole does not give much idea of the character of the numberless love songs which gave their name to the epoch. The same fact holds in regard to the work of Walther. There are lighter poems than those we give below, but they were not in his best vein. He was a lover of women, and praised them graciously, and in some of his songs conveyed the idea that the best reward a lover can earn is the ennoblement of his own character. How much of a personal note there is in his love songs is difficult to ascertain, but his best lyrics of that character were inspired by a girl in humble circumstances, and thus he opened a way to his successors to idealize the life of the lower classes and so make poetry more universally popular than when the objects of its verse were solely knights and ladies of

aristocratic lineage. Walther's religion, direct and positive, was that of an independent who felt called upon to criticize Pope and clergy alike when they did not act according to his standards. Moreover, he was a political agitator and possessed unflinching courage, though his contemporaries accused him of being a demagogue and striving to advance his own interests by trying to curry popular favor.

1. One of his finest songs is the *Kreuzlied,* or *Crusader's Song,* which follows. It was written, as were most of the poems of the type, to be sung by the whole company of crusaders, and though some critics have assumed from the poem that Walther himself went on a Crusade and wrote the poem in Palestine, there is no positive proof of it:

Life's true worth at last beginneth,
Now my sinful eyes behold
The holy land, the earth that winneth
Fame for glories manifold.
I have won my lifelong prayer:
I am in the country where
God in human shape did fare.
Lands, the greatest, goodliest, fairest,
Many such mine eyes have seen;
O'er them all the crown thou bearest.
Think what wonders here have been!
From a Maid a babe did spring,
O'er the angel hosts a King;
Was not that a wondrous thing?
Here He was baptized with water,
That men might be pure as He.
Here He let them sell Him later,
That we thralls might so be free.

We had else been lost, I wis.
Spear, Cross, thorn, your praise it is!
Heathens, woe! ye rage at this.
Down to hell the Son descended
From the grave wherein he lay.
Him the Father still attended
And the Ghost, whom no man may
E'er disjoin; the three are one:
Shaft so smooth and straight there's none,
As to Abraham it was shown.
When He quelled the fiend and ended
Such a fight as king ne'er fought,
Here to earth He reascended.
Sorrow to the Jews it brought;
Through their guard He broke amain;
Living was He seen again,
Whom their hands had pierced and slain.
Here a day of dreadful summons
He appointed for this land.
Orphan's wrongs and widowed woman's
Shall be righted by His hand.
Then the poor man may declare
All the violence he must bear.
Penance here brings blessing there!
That this land they do inherit
Christians, Jews, and heathens claim.
God adjudge it where the merit
Lieth, in His threefold name!
All the world strives here, we see;
Yet we hold the rightful plea:
God will grant it rightfully.

2. The following brief lyric is well named *Confession:*

Most blessèd God, how seldom dost Thou hear me praying!
Since 'tis from Thee I have my singing and my saying,
How dare I wanton thus beneath the scepter of Thy swaying?

I do not work good works; I have not true affection,
Lord Father, either for my fellow-Christians or for Thee.
I never felt such love for any as—for me!
Lord, Son and Father, let Thy Spirit give my heart correction!
How should I ever love a man who treats me ill?
To him who's kind I needs must bear a better will.
Forgive my other sins!—in this I'll keep the same mind still.

3. The *May Festival* follows:

When from the grass the flowers thrust forth amain,
As though they laughed the flickering sun to greet,
At early morn upon a day in May,
And the little birds in many a strain
Snig as best they can their carols sweet,
What equal joy can all the earth display?
Oh, half and half a heaven is this;
Yet, if I must name an equal bliss,
I'll tell you what I oft have seen
That brought mine eyes yet more delight,
Aye, and would bring them still, I ween.
When a lady high-born, chaste, and fair,
Decked with wreath and raiment doth advance,
Blithe at heart and courteous, not alone,
Midst the throng, to find her pastime there,
And now and then about her casts a glance,
Even as the sun among the stars is shown,—
Though all his marvels May should bring,
Where among them is so sweet a thing
As her most lovesome form and face?
We leave all flowers unheeded then,
And gaze upon the lady's grace.
Come, then, would ye see the truth made clear,
Let us to the festival of May!
For May hath come and with him all his train.
Look on him, look on gentle ladies here!
Which surpasseth which, I bid ye say!

Have I not chosen the better of the twain?
Alack, if I were bidden so:—
"Take the one and let the other go!"
How very quickly I should choose!
Sir May, ye must be March again
Before my lady I would lose.

4. Wherever his travels led him, Walther never lost his love for Germany and German women, as the following stanzas show:

Many lands I've seen and still
Gladly sought the best in every part.
May I meet with nought but ill
If I found that I could bring my heart
Ways of foreign nations
Ever to commend!
What would it avail me falsely to contend?—
Best of all are German fashions.
There, from Elbe to Rhine and then
Back once more here to Hungarian ground,
Surely dwell the best of men
That in all the world I yet have found.
Sweet ways and fair faces,—
If I'm judge of both,
Women here are better, I will take my oath,
Than they are in other places!
German men are gently bred;
Fair as angels are the maids designed.
He who blames them 's off his head!
There's no other reason I can find.
Love and worth excelling,—
If ye seek that pair,
Come into our land; 'tis ever merry there.
There I fain would make my dwelling!

5. *Crumbs of Consolation:*

Musing I sat, and out of heart,
And thought the while, such grief constrained me,

That from her service I would part,
But yet one comfort still detained me.
"Comfort" 's a name, alack, of which 'tis scarcely worth;
'Tis but the tiniest scrap of comforting,
So tiny that you'll laugh to hear me tell the thing.
Yet no one's glad unless he hath some cause for mirth!
A blade of grass has cheered me now:
It says she'll deign to do my pleasure.
As children oft had shown me how,
Of that small straw I took the measure.
List, now, and mark if what it says of her be true!
"She will, she won't, she will, she won't, she will."
As often as I tried, it came out rightly still.
That comforts me,—although some faith is needed too!

6. Seriousness and humor, sternness and grace, seemed to mingle in the character of Walther, but as he grew older weightier thoughts prevailed. The following on *Winter and Discontent* is curious from the restrictions which he placed upon his verse, and which Nicholson has imitated in his translation. The *Vokalspiel* is a play upon the vowels, each of the five stanzas in the poem being rhymed upon one of the vowels:

With gold, red, blue, the world was gay;
The woodland stood in green array,
And little birds sang many a lay
Where croaks the hoodie-crow to-day.
And are its colors different? Yea!
Now is it grown all pale and gray;
Wherefore folk frown in sore dismay.
I sat upon a verdant lea,
And there, betwixt a lake and me,
Sprang flowers and clover fair to see.
'Tis long since those delights did flee,
For snow and frost now lie where we

Once gathered wreaths from off the tree.
That robs the birds of all their glee.
"Snow, snow away!" the foolish cry.
"Alas, alack!" poor people sigh,
And heavy as lead thereat am I.
Three winter-cares upon me lie,
Yet these and more I could defy
And soon would bid them all good-bye,
If only summertide were nigh.
I'd sooner eat crabs raw, I trow,
Than pass my days much longer so!
O Summer, mirth on us bestow!
You deck the country high and low;
I'd play then with the flowers that blow;
Up to the sun my heart I'd throw,
Which now is pent in winter-woe.
A sloven I've grown, as Esau grew;
My rough hair's tangled through and through.
O sweet Summer, where are you?
Planted fields I fain would view.
Rather than live, as now I do,
Cramped and confined, I tell you true,—
I'd turn me monk at Toberlu!

7. One more extract and we will close this account. The Host mentioned in the first verse of *Farewell, Proud World, I'm Going Home* is the Devil, who is imagined as keeping an inn, where the part of the attendant and temptress is played by Lady World:

Dame World, go tell our Host from me
That I have paid him all his claim.
The debt is canceled; say that he
Must from his ledger strike my name.
Who owes him aught hath cause to sorrow.
Rather than be his debtor long, I'd turn me to the Jews and borrow.

He is quiet till a certain day,
And then he presses for a pledge, if the poor debtor cannot pay.
"Walther, bide here a while with me!
Indeed, thou hast no cause for ire.
Think how of old I honored thee
And gave thee all thy heart's desire,
As thou wouldst earnestly implore me.
It grieved me to the heart that I so seldom saw thee come before me.
Thy life is sweet; bethink thee, then!
For, once declare thyself my foe, thou never shalt know mirth again."
Dame World, too long I've sucked thy breast;
I will wean me ere it be too late.
So sweetly have I been caressed
It near beguiled me to my fate.
When face to face I saw thee fairly,
I needs must own without a lie, the sight of thee did please me rarely.
But I beheld such things of shame
When I had marked thee from behind, I have no word for thee but blame.
"Since, then, I may not hinder this,
One last request for me fulfill!
Think upon many a day of bliss,
And come to see me sometimes still,
When hours are dull and slow in running."
In sooth, I should be wondrous glad, save that I fear thy snares and cunning,
From which no man may guard his breast.
God give ye, Dame, a fair good-night! I will betake me to my rest.

X. The Meistersingers. We have noted in the court lyrics of the minnesingers a tendency to change to a more popular form, or rather, toward a peasant lyric, if it might be so called. In the years which followed the death of Wal-

ther this tendency became confirmed; the court lyric died with knighthood, and the peasant, or popular, lyric took its place. It was merely the transition from medieval to modern thought, which, of course, manifested itself in literature as well as elsewhere, but is seen most clearly of all in the history of the German lyric. As late as the beginning of the fifteenth century, however, there were poets still maintaining the old traditions, but their songs are little more than echoes of the past, tinged with sadness, or formal lyrics that have lost their spontaneity in the rules that the poets had prescribed for form.

Out of this change came a curious development which was seen nowhere else as characteristically as in Germany. The poets, usually of noble birth, who cultivated poetry as an art and wrote by rule and form in contradistinction to those who were content with the old folk-songs of their ancestors, gradually formed a guild, or caste, whose origin was variously traced by some to Moses or to David and Solomon. However, associations may have existed as early as 1200, but the first regular school of which we have any certain knowledge was founded in Augsburg in 1450; the last, located at Memmingen, ceased to exist in 1844.

The school had inside and outside members and a director. Meetings were held on festivals, and very often the singers met at an inn, where prizes were awarded to those who produced good poetry and fines were assessed

upon those who failed. That these contests dated back to medieval times we feel quite certain from the description of one that was held in the court of the Landgrave Hermann the Thuringian, but the greatest development and the most exacting control of genius was found rather in the sixteenth century. Such a reduction of art to artificiality could not possibly be favorable to the development of a true poetic spirit, and we are not surprised to find that none of the meistersingers, with possibly one exception, ever took first rank among the poets of the nation, and that little of real poetry was produced by the schools. Their greatest value to literature is that they did assist in extending a knowledge of the art among the people and in carrying the interest of poetry from the noble to the middle class, which was at the time of the rise of the meistersingers just becoming important in the realm.

Heinrich von Meissen, usually called the Frauenlob, the most important of the meistersingers, if we except Sachs, flourished near the end of the thirteenth and the beginning of the fourteenth century, when he wandered from court to court all over Germany. He displayed his learning at every opportunity and mingled mysticism and scholasticism with his verse, so that the meaning is often obscure. When, however, he sang praises of homely virtues, and above all, friendship and chaste love, he was at his best, but even his work shows the decay that had set in to literature and proved again

what had been many times demonstrated before, that the guild of the meistersinger was no encouragement to genius.

XI. Folk-Songs. Germany, more than any other nation, has produced an almost continuous stream of folk-songs, which during the period we are considering were the most popular form of poetry. Nowhere has the German genius expressed itself more purely than in those *Volkslieder,* which were undoubtedly rather the source than the outgrowth of the lays of the minnesingers. As these songs were kept alive among the people mostly of the middle or lower classes, not many of them were committed to writing; and accordingly, it is difficult to assign any of them to the authorship of any poet, nor is it probable that many of them as they appear in the present form are exclusively the work of any one man. Communicated from one person to another, they were not always perfectly understood, and every singer felt privileged to change or modify the song in any way that his taste directed. Not frequently was any attempt made to collect them, but in 1471 we know that Klara Hatzerlin, a nun of Augsburg, committed many of them to writing and formed a collection which was subsequently published.

While the number surviving is large, it must be but a small portion of the whole. Every subject of human interest was touched upon by the folk-songs, which not infrequently in ballad form related the historical happenings

of other days, the strange adventures of daring men, tales of crime, vengeance and remorse, mingled, however, with light, humorous lyrics, passionate love songs and mystic expressions of religious feeling. Toward the close of this epoch the most common form of *Volkslied* was the historical ballad, which in a variety of forms communicated the events of more recent times to the ears of the listening populace. After having served their purpose, these ballads and the folk-songs generally were lost to the memory of the Germans, and it was not until sometime in the nineteenth century that they were rediscovered in any considerable number. Now, however, although many of those which are known are inferior and of little general interest, there are among the survivals some poems of great beauty which justify the pride and enthusiasm with which medieval folk-songs are regarded.

XII. The Beast-Fable and Satire. During the centuries over which we are passing so hastily another form of literary narrative came into prominence in the shape of the beast-fable, which we have considered heretofore as it developed in France. About the middle of the fourteenth century Ulrich Boner, a Dominican monk of Bern, translated into fresh, humorous verse a hundred Latin fables, to which he gave the title of *Der Edelstein* (*Jewel*), which is shown to have been popular by the interesting fact that it was the first German book printed (1461). Other collections of

fables were made, but we must look to the Low German lands for the development of the beast-epic proper.

About the middle of the thirteenth century Willem, an East Flemish poet, turned into good German that portion of the French *Roman de Renard* which describes how the lion held his court. A second version appeared in 1375, remodeling and extending the first. In their original form we are not well acquainted with these versions, but in 1498 under the name of *Reyneke de Vos*, an unknown poet made a translation which has become the most famous literary work the Low German people have produced, and its literary influence has been great because of its wit, sly satire, the naturalness of its style and the skill of characterization shown in drawing the various animals. By a version made by Goethe its popularity has continued widespread even beyond the limits of Germany. Didactic in its nature, the beast-fable is also satirical, particularly in the hands of the Germans, but it did not furnish a sufficiently flexible medium for the satire which ran riot in this age.

Das Narrenschyff, by Sebastian Brant, the most famous German poem of its time, was published in 1494. All fools typical of human vices and follies are put to sea in a ship steered by fools. Accordingly, as they drift aimlessly on, Brant in a collection of short rhymed satires directs his shafts at every type of folly that the fifteenth century had to show. A

figure of importance in that epoch, he was instrumental in turning popular sentiment toward the abuses in the monasteries and among the priests, but he remained to the end a faithful servant of the Church.

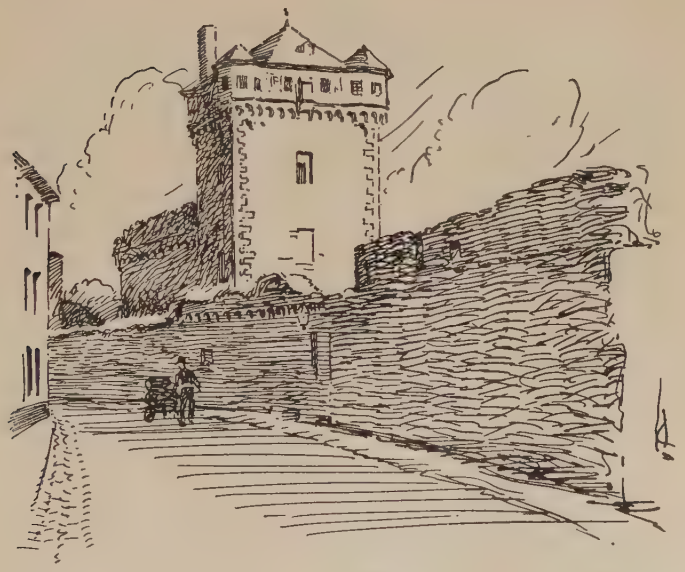
For centuries, too, the Germans had exhibited a great fondness for Spruch poetry, that is, the sharp, pithy sayings or satiric jibes expressed in a few lines pointed at the follies of the day. In the later periods these developed into light, half-moralizing anecdotes and stories that served the same purpose. While many of these have been preserved, naturally a much larger number were lost; the total production is mere conjecture.

XIII. Prose. Prior to the fifteenth century there was in Germany very little prose that is worthy of mention from a literary standpoint. Most of it consisted of political and religious documents which, having served their purposes, were forgotten or filed away as part of the records of Church or government. However, with the fifteenth century the medieval verse epic began to give way to the prose romance, and as the epic of chivalry died out prose stories upon the same subjects began to appear; these in turn were followed by romances of a more popular and commonplace type, which foreshadowed the picaresque novel of later times. Comic romances and anecdotes were common, but prior to the Reformation none of importance to modern eyes had appeared.

XIV. The Last Knight. Emperor Maximilian, who died in 1519, who is often spoken of as "The Last Knight," spent immense sums on tournaments and in attempting to revive chivalry, but himself was responsible for its decay by putting a stop to neighborhood wars and by hiring bodies of trained soldiers to do his fighting. Interested in literature and the arts, he caused famous manuscripts of medieval classics to be copied, and thus were preserved some of the most treasured documents of the present time. This strange composite of expiring knighthood and approaching humanism was, naturally enough, extremely popular among the singers and literary people of his age, and his name quickly became enshrined in legend and tale.

The famous poem, *Teuerdank*, is in the form of an allegorical romance, though principally a kind of autobiography of Maximilian which was probably not altogether his own work, though at least the construction is largely to be attributed to him and his confidential councilor, Melchior Pfinzing. In his wooing of the Princess Ehrenreich (Mary of Burgundy) the hero Teuerdank (Maximilian) meets and overcomes three powerful enemies, namely, Unfallo (Accident), Furwittig (Insolence) and Neidelhart (Malignity), but even when these are all overthrown the Princess Ehrenreich requires him to undertake a campaign against the Infidels before she will accept him in marriage. The virtuous hero overcomes

all manner of trials and temptations and safely passes through countless realistic and almost ridiculous adventures, such, for instance, as walking on a rotten piece of scaffolding or ascending a broken stair; so puerile, in fact, as to give to the *Teuerdank* no value as literature at the present time, except from the fact that it was the last poem modeled on the court epic and a perpetual evidence of the depths to which the court epic had fallen in the passage of time.



DUNGEON TOWER, NEAR COBLENZ GATE

CHAPTER VI

THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY

MYSTICISM AND HUMANISM. Two phases of thought in Germany should be considered before undertaking a study of the Protestant Reformation, namely, mysticism and humanism. As we have seen, at the close of the thirteenth and beginning of the fourteenth century German religious life was fervidly mystic. Meister Eckhart demanded a purely personal faith and intimate communion of the soul with God, and pleaded with such eloquence that he is regarded as the first and greatest of the German mystics. The poet Seuse and the preacher Tauler followed him, and to the demands which these three made for a change in the religious life we owe the first German Bible, a translation

of the *Vulgate,* which was published at Strassburg in 1466. In the early part of the fifteenth century, Geiler, another Alsatian mystic, interpreting his faith in a practical humanistic way, demanded the abolition of abuses within the Church no less vigorously than he pleaded for the spiritual life of the individual. The University of Prague was founded in 1348 and gave the first impetus, so far as Germany was concerned, to the humanistic movement by introducing the literary culture of the Italian Renaissance, but even the Gutenberg Bible (1452-1456), the first book printed from movable metal types, is in Latin and not the German tongue. In fact, as a vehicle for humanism, German was regarded by classic students as base and vulgar. Nevertheless, the introduction of the learning of the Renaissance was a great factor in preparing Germany for Luther and the Reformation.

II. Martin Luther. Most great movements in the world have centered around an individual, and in Martin Luther was combined the spirit of both mystic and humanist. The son of a poor miner at Eisleben, Saxony, Martin Luther, born in 1483, was distinctly of the people whose champion he was to become. Of his birth and career he at one time wrote: "I am a peasant's son, and my father, grandfather and great-grandfather were all common peasants. My father went to Mansfeldt, where he got employment in the mines; and there I was born. That I should ever become bachelor of

arts, doctor of divinity, and what not, seemed not to be written in the stars. How I must have surprised folks by turning monk; and then, again, by changing the brown cap for another! By so doing I occasioned real grief and trouble to my father." At twenty he was graduated as a master of philosophy at Erfurt in Thuringia: "I was twenty years old before I had ever seen the Bible. I had no notion that there existed any other gospels or epistles than those in the service. At last I came across a Bible in the library of Erfurt, and used often to read it to Dr. Staupitz, with still increasing wonder." Afterward, at the wish of his parents, he studied law, but was led out of this profession by an event which he considered an admonition. One day, while walking in the fields with a friend, the two were struck by lightning; his companion was killed, and he was thrown to the ground. He was so affected by this that he withdrew from the world; in 1505 he entered the Augustinian monastery at Erfurt, and two years later was consecrated priest. His patron, Staupitz, district vicar of the order, secured Luther's appointment as professor of philosophy in the new University of Wittenberg, and his success here was so pronounced that he was engaged to preach regularly in the monastery church. By 1517 he had risen to the position of district vicar and was working zealously for his religion.

Just at this time a church dedication was being celebrated at Wittenberg, and following

Photo: Ewing Galloway

GUTENBERG AND PRIMITIVE PRINTING PRESS

CONTEMPLATION OF A WINE PRESS GAVE HIM HIS FIRST NOTION FOR A MACHINE FOR PRINTING.

the custom of attaching to the door of the church bulletins of general interest, Luther nailed upon it the ninety-five theses which were drawn forth by the acts of a Dominican priest, Johann Tetzel, who had recently appeared in the vicinity of Wittenberg for the purpose of raising funds toward the building of St. Peter's. Rather moderate as his theses were in tone, they did not appear to contemplate a break with the Church, but they attracted universal attention and were quickly published throughout Europe by means of the new art of printing. Meanwhile, Luther devoted himself to other studies, and by his talk and his writings wandered still further from his professions, until he was attacking the entire system and teachings of the Church of Rome. Finally, Luther's ideas were brought to the notice of the Pope, who considered the reformer as dangerous, and issued a bull against the offender, by the provisions of which Luther's writings were condemned as heretical and he was ordered to recant his heresies within sixty days or be seized and taken to Rome for trial. This communication Luther burned in public.

In 1521 Emperor Charles V convened the princes, nobles and clergy in a diet, which met at Worms, to consider particularly the great religious controversy. Summoned to appear before this body, Luther was called upon to recant his errors. Refusing to do this, he was declared a heretic and an outlaw, but was permitted to depart in safety, and Frederick,

Elector of Saxony, secluded him in Wartburg Castle, where for ten months he remained engaged upon a translation of the New Testament into German.

In the meantime, some who had professed themselves as followers of Luther had sacked monasteries and perpetrated horrible outrages. Luther came forth from his retirement, and quieted the tumult, and although a legal outlaw, continued his work in the Church and university. When, several years later, trouble again broke out, he made a tour through the neighboring towns, preaching against the image breakers. Luther's doctrine, aided by his hymns and his eloquent preaching, spread rapidly, and the Reformation became well established in Germany.

In 1524 he married Catherine von Bora, whom he calls a runaway nun, and in the same year he established a school at Eisleben. Thereafter he prepared a new church service, and in 1534 published his translation of the Bible, but from then until his death in 1546 there is little in his life to command public interest.

III. Luther's Writings and Influence. Luther was a voluminous writer and an eloquent preacher, but it was through the former medium that his ideas were most successfully spread; nevertheless, in the vast quantity of his output, there is very little that would be read now because of its literary interest. Yet his influence upon the literature of Germany has been tremendous, for in the first place,

while he was a good classical scholar and well acquainted with the Latin language, he stood firmly for the German tongue against all who pleaded for the humanities. Again, so popular were his writings that the printing of his books multiplied rapidly, and a general increase in reading among the Germans resulted; finally, he not only centered German culture in Leipzig in Saxony, but, using the dialect of that region, he may be said to have established the accepted literary language of Germany. In fact, on the language his influence was so telling that we can scarcely give him too high a rank in the development of the German literary tongue. It must be remembered that the poetic language which was so highly perfected in the hands of Walther von der Vogelweide and his fellows in the thirteenth century had been in a large measure forgotten, and union in Germany was hampered by an excessive number of dialects, the differences between which were often considerable, and even so great as to make it difficult for a person of one province to understand one from another. None of these influences is affected in any way by the merits of his controversy with the mother Church, and the student of literature is not concerned with his attitude toward the Church nor with the controversies which raged so widely throughout the Empire concerning his character and that of his opponents.

Luther's Bible had in German an influence perhaps quite as great as that of the King

James' version in English literature. In his translation the scholarly man, with the efficient aid of Melanchthon, worked faithfully to make a correct and idomatic translation: "One must not, as these asses do, ask the letters of the Latin language how to speak German, but one must ask the mother in the house, the children in the street, the common man in the market-place; one must ask *them* about it, and watch their mouths to see how *they* talk, and then translate accordingly. Then they will understand you and note that you are talking to them in German." He says that while engaged upon this work he sometimes occupied several weeks in hunting out a word and meditating upon its correct significance. Finally, he says: "I sweat blood and water in my efforts to render the Prophets into the vulgar tongue. Good God! what a labor to make these Jew writers speak German. They struggle furiously against giving up their beautiful language to our barbarous idiom. 'Tis as though you would force a nightingale to forget her sweet melody and sing like the cuckoo." Goethe, Schiller and many other famous German writers have cheerfully acknowledged their indebtedness to this translation, and phrases known to all the people have been drawn from it as freely as the English have drawn from their translation.

His hymns are no less popular, and many of them are universally known, as, for instance, the one commonly known as *A Mighty Fortress is Our God,* translated by Thomas Carlyle:

A safe stronghold our God is still,
A trusty shield and weapon;
He'll help us clear from all the ill
That hath us now o'ertaken.
The ancient Prince of Hell
Hath risen with purpose fell;
Strong mail of craft and power
He weareth in this hour—
On earth is not his fellow.

By force of arms we nothing can—
Full soon were we down-ridden;
But for us fights the proper man,
Whom God himself hath bidden.
Ask ye, Who is this same?
Christ Jesus is his name,
The Lord Zebaoth's Son—
He, and no other one,
Shall conquer in the battle.

And were this world all devils o'er,
And watching to devour us,
We lay it not to heart so sore—
Not they can overpower us.
And let the Prince of Ill
Look grim as e'er he will,
He harms us not a whit:
For why? his doom is writ—
A word shall quickly slay him.

God's work, for all their craft and force,
One moment will not linger;
But spite of hell shall have its course—
'Tis written by his finger.
And though they take our life,
Goods, honor, children, wife,
Yet is their profit small:
These things shall vanish all—
The City of God remaineth.

Luther had two friends and disciples, Antony Lauterbach and John Aurifaber (Goldschmidt), who acted as the literary Boswells of their master by setting down his utterances upon all subjects and ultimately publishing them in a book which they called *Table-Talk*. This book was ordered to be burned, and most copies were destroyed, but one at least survived, and from it a new edition was made. The following extracts will show the character of these discourses and meditations:

These two sins, hatred and pride, deck and trim themselves out, as the devil clothed himself, in the Godhead. Hatred will be godlike; pride will be truth. These two are right deadly sins: hatred is killing; pride is lying.

. . . . . .

Upright Christians pray without ceasing; though they pray not always with their mouths, yet their hearts pray continually, sleeping and waking; for the sigh of a true Christian is a prayer. As the Psalm saith: "Because of the deep sighing of the poor, I will up, saith the Lord," etc. In like manner a true Christian always carries the cross, though he feel it not always.

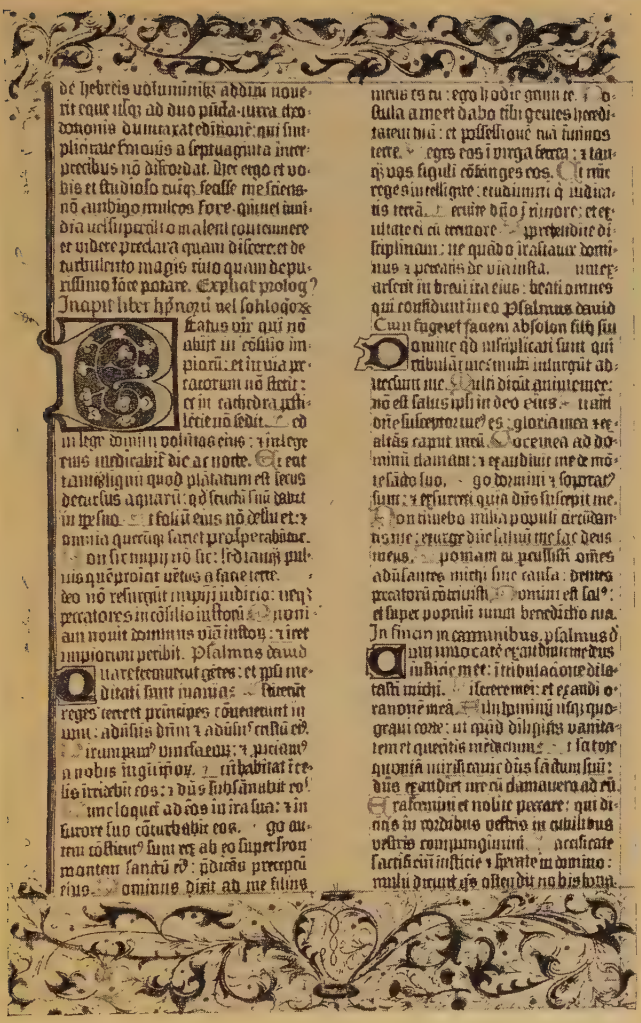
. . . . . .

The devil plagues and torments us in the place where we are most tender and weak. In Paradise, he fell not upon Adam, but upon Eve. It commonly rains where it was wet enough before.

. . . . . .

Ye that are studying under lawyers, follow not your preceptors in abuses or wrong cases, as if a man could not be a lawyer unless he practiced such evil. God has not given laws to make out of right wrong, and out of wrong right, as the un-Christianlike lawyers do, who study law only for the sake of gain and profit.

. . . . . .



FACSIMILE PAGE FROM GUTENBERG BIBLE

GIVING THE LATIN VERSION OF THE FIRST, SECOND AND THIRD PSALMS. PRINTED 1455. ORIGINAL IN COLOR.

A lawyer is wise according to human wisdom, a divine according to God's wisdom.

. . . . . .

I always loved music; whoso has skill in this art, is of a good temperament, fitted for all things. We must teach music in schools; a schoolmaster ought to have skill in music, or I would not regard him; neither should we ordain young men as preachers, unless they have been well exercised in music.

. . . . . .

Singing has nothing to do with the affairs of this world, it is not for the law; singers are merry and free from sorrow and cares.

. . . . . .

Music is one of the best arts; the notes give life to the text; it expels melancholy, as we see in King Saul. Kings and princes ought to maintain music, for great potentates and rulers should protect good and liberal arts and laws; though private people have desire thereunto and love it, yet their ability is not adequate. We read in the Bible, that the good and godly kings maintained and paid singers. Music is the best solace for a sad and sorrowful mind.

. . . . . .

There was a miser, who, when he sent his man to the cellar for wine, made him fill his mouth with water, which he was to spit out on his return, to show he had drunk no wine. But the servant kept a pitcher of water in the cellar, wherewith, after taking his fill of the better drink, he managed to deceive his master.

. . . . . .

Dr. Luther heard, one day, a nightingale singing very sweetly near a pond full of frogs, who, by their croaking, seemed as though they wanted to silence the melodious bird. The doctor said: "Thus 'tis in the world; Jesus Christ is the nightingale, making the gospel to be heard; the heretics and false prophets, the frogs, trying to prevent his being heard."

. . . . . .

Greek and Latin are the scabbard which holds the sword of the Spirit, the cases which inclose the precious jewels, the vessels which contain the old wine, the baskets which carry the loaves and fishes for the feeding of the multitude.

. . . . . .

Be temperate with your children; punish them if they lie or steal, but be just in what you do. It is a lighter sin to take pears and apples than to take money. I shudder when I think what I went through myself. My mother beat me about some nuts once till the blood came. I had a terrible time of it; but she meant well.

. . . . . .

Never be hard with children. Many a fine character has been ruined by the stupid brutality of pedagogues. The parts of speech are a boy's pillory. I was myself flogged fifteen times in one forenoon, over the conjugation of a verb. Punish if you must; but be kind too, and let the sugar-plum go with the rod.

. . . . . .

If a man could make a single rose, we should give him an empire; yet roses, and flowers no less beautiful, are scattered in profusion over the world, and no one regards them.

From what has been said it is evident that lengthy extracts from Luther's writings will in no wise help us, but we cannot leave the subject without printing one at least of his personal letters, which reflects something of the family life of the great reformer. It is a letter written from Coburg to his little son Hans, who was then six years old. The Lippus alluded to in the letter was the son of Melanchthon:

Grace and peace in Christ, my dear little son. I hear with great pleasure that you are learning your lessons

so well and praying so diligently. Continue to do so, my son, and cease not. When I come home I will bring you a nice present from the fair. I know a beautiful garden, where there are a great many children in fine little coats, and they go under the trees and gather beautiful apples and pears, cherries and plums; they sing and run about and are as happy as they can be. Sometimes they ride on nice little ponies, with golden bridles and silver saddles. I asked the man whose garden it is, "What little children are these?" And he told me, "They are little children who love to pray and learn and are good." When I said, "My dear sir, I have a little boy at home; his name is little Hans Luther: would you let him come into the garden, too, to eat some of these nice apples and pears, and ride on these fine little ponies, and play with these children?" The man said, "If he loves to say his prayers and learn his lessons, and is a good boy, he may come; Lippus and Jost, also; and when they are all together, they can play upon the fife and drum and lute and all kinds of instruments, and skip about and play with little crossbows." He then showed me a beautiful mossy place in the middle of the garden for them to skip about in, with a great many golden fifes and drums and silver crossbows. The children had not yet had their dinner, and I could not wait to see them play, but I said to the man: "My dear sir, I will go away and write all about it to my little son John, and tell him to be fond of saying his prayers, and learn well and be good, so that he may come into this garden; but he has a grand-aunt named Lehne, whom he must bring with him." The man said, "Very well: go write to him."

Now, my dear little son, love your lessons and your prayers, and tell Philip and Jodocus to do so too, that you may all come to the garden. May God bless you. Give Aunt Lehne my love, and kiss her for me. Your dear father, Martinus Luther. In the year 1530.

IV. For and Against. By the end of the sixteenth century Luther's German had be-

come quite thoroughly established in all the northern regions and had made progress at the south. In Switzerland, however, the change did not come until the latter part of the seventeenth century. The literary accomplishment of the sixteenth century, then, was the establishment of a language and not the production of a great literature. In fact, the century seems barren, indeed, from a literary viewpoint. It is true that writing was carried on voluminously, and for a period after Luther it centered about him, the reformers championing his ideas and the Catholics opposing his language as vigorously as they did his doctrine. Among the great mass of mediocrity, the work of two or three writers stands out conspicuously, arrayed either for or against Luther.

Philipp Melanchthon (1497–1560), Luther's fellow-laborer in the Reformation, was educated at Heidelberg and in 1518 became professor of Greek at Wittenberg; it was here that he became acquainted with Luther. His numerous works consisted of theological treatises, commentaries on the Latin classics and some philosophical writings. He is known best, however, as the author of the *Augsburg Confession*, which crystallized the creed of the reformers.

Ulrich von Hutten (1488–1523), the eldest son of a noble family, was destined from childhood for the Church because of his feeble health. Educated in a monastery, he fell under

the influence of humanistic ideas, but, having become prejudiced against the intellectual claims of the Church, he attacked the evils which he noticed before Luther began his agitation. However, he was not heartily in sympathy with Luther, nor with Erasmus, but gave himself wholly up to the political work of the Reformation, and, throwing aside his classics, began to write ringing verses in the German tongue, calling his fellow-men to arms against the Church. Some of these poems are almost fanatical: "I will not desert the truth," he said, "not for armed resistance, nor ban, nor banishment, nor for the tears of my mother—God comfort her!" Driven into exile, he found refuge in Switzerland, but died in 1523 in the prime of his life, leaving his admirers to believe that had his life continued he would have become one of the great literary powers of the ages.

Thomas Murner (1475–1536), a Franciscan friar from Alsace, having visited England in the vain idea of securing aid against Luther, became a scholarly wanderer, going from one center of learning to another and showing always high literary power in his virulent attacks upon Luther and the Reformation. He was a restless, energetic individual, but possessed of a fund of biting sarcasm and vitriolic invective which he employed freely on the least occasion to advance his ends. Even in his preaching it was his wit and his satiric invective that gave him popularity. His literary

method was similar to Brant's, whose *Narrenschyff* Murner had evidently read with more than passing interest. The *Guild of Rogues, Muster of Fools, Meadow of Fools* and *Exorcism of Fools* are titles of books, all of which, it may be seen, hark back to Brant's style of satire. In 1522, however, appeared his most celebrated work, *Of the Great Lutheran Fool,* in which he exceeded his previous high accomplishments in abuse. In the great Lutheran Fool Murner sees not Luther himself but the personification of all those who had been led astray by Luther's teachings, and from this giant Murner brings a number of little fools, who, under the captaincy of Luther attack a secular fortress, where they capture only a hog. Next, when they attack the ancient stronghold of the faith, Murner defends it. In the end the great Lutheran Fool has been so weakened by the little fools that have been extracted from him that he dies from exhaustion, and in the scramble that follows for his possessions Murner carries away the fool's-cap.

V. The Drama. Church plays did not reach the height of their development in Germany until toward the close of the sixteenth century, and only trifling beginnings had been made in the secular drama before the Reformation; but under its influence dramatic literature began to be cultivated with a spirit and intelligence that promised well for the future. All that was accomplished, however, was swept away amid the horrors and devastations of the

Thirty Years' War, for in such a disorganized state of society the people could not be induced to gather to see plays, even if writers could be found competent to compose them.

In Switzerland, however, Nikolus Manuel (1484–1530), portrait painter, poet and reformer, produced moralities and mysteries, and among them a secular play full of effective satire against the extravagance of the Pope and his servants, as contrasted with the simple life of Christ and His disciples. His language is gross and his satire as coarse and ruthless as that of any of his opponents.

Burkard Waldis in 1527 produced a play in Low German which was acted at Riga. This *Parable of the Prodigal Son* is a vigorous production which shows the influence of the classics, but is thoroughly German in every respect, and while coarse in its incidents and language, defends the Lutheran doctrine vigorously. That it was popular is proved by the fact that no fewer than twenty-five other *Prodigal Sons* were written and produced, sometimes with great splendor, throughout Germany and other countries.

During the last years of the sixteenth century and for fifty years thereafter, Germany, like France, was visited by companies of strolling English players, the so-called *Englischen Comoedianten*. On their first appearance the plays were produced in English, and the players depended upon gestures and pantomimes to carry the plot, but even if this was not well

understood, the music, the bright costumes, the blood-curdling scenes acted upon the stage and the horse-play of the clown made up for many disadvantages; in fact, the clown, who was known in Germany as *Pickelhering,* became immensely popular. Some of the brighter pantomimists began to improvise in broken German, and soon the plays were translated into the German tongue. Naturally, the English troupes were imitated by native-born Germans, who, however, still called themselves "English actors" for the advertisement there was in the name. None of the translations has literary merit, and no good original plays were produced. In the drama, then, as elsewhere, it seems that the sixteenth century and a large part of the seventeenth were merely a period of preparation. One dramatist, Hans Sachs, however, of the earlier part of this period, achieved such distinction that he deserves a more extended notice.

VI. Hans Sachs. One of the most voluminous of writers, the chief of the meistersingers, but more distinguished, however, as a dramatist, was Hans Sachs, the cobbler poet of Nuremburg. He was born in 1494 in that city, and his father, a well-to-do tailor, gave him what was considered a good education for the times. In 1509 he was apprenticed to a shoemaker, but quickly began to show his skill in versification, so at about nineteen he was initiated into the art of the *Meistergesang* and made an excellent reputation in his lessons in

HANS SACHS
1494–1576

singing and verse-making. In due time he came to be a *Meister* and spent his *Wanderjahre* (years of travel) in studying the life of the people as far north as Aachen. In 1516 he returned to his native city; three years later he was married, and spent his time cobbling shoes and writing poetry until his death in 1576.

Although trained by the meistersingers, and himself a member of the guild, Sachs could not be said to have submitted tamely to the rules of his fellows, but, on the other hand, he set about reforming their practices and achieved his greatest distinction outside of their ranks. His scholarship was excellent, his reading wide in every department of literature, and his learning of such a type that he is usually regarded as the forerunner of the Renaissance in Germany. As a matter of fact, he was at one time so violently pro-Lutheran that he was in danger of serious trouble with his fellow-townsmen. In *Die Wittenbergisch Nachtigal (The Wittenberg Nightingale)* he praises Luther, the nightingale, with enthusiasm, and welcomes the Reformation.

It is not, however, to his activity in the Reformation nor to his work as a meistersinger that Sachs is indebted for his fame. His greatest achievements lay in the drama, but viewed from our standpoint, his gifts were not surpassing. He wrote dialogues, plays for Shrovetide (Eastertide), tragedies and comedies. At that time the distinction between a tragedy and a comedy was merely one of fighting; if

there was fighting in the play, it was a tragedy. In his longer and more ambitious plays he seemed unable to handle the plot with skill or dramatic force and allowed the dialogue to run along tiresomely, but some of the Shrovetide plays are excellent and show his genius at its best. However, his popularity is confined to Germany, and is greatest in his home town, Nuremburg, which still honors her two greatest citizens, Albrecht Dürer, the painter, and Hans Sachs, the cobbler poet.

One of the best of his religious plays is *The Children of Eve: How God the Lord Talks to Them.* The first act begins with the entrance of a herald, who bows and in his invocation tells that the comedy was first written in Latin speech by Philipp Melanchthon, but is now made into good plain speech by the author. Continuing, he outlines the plot of the drama.

In the next scene Eve laments her hard lot, and when Adam inquires the cause of her unhappy looks she bemoans the unending curse of God under which they must live. Adam comforts her by saying that after due penance they will be forgiven, and that on the next day the Lord will pay them a visit. Thereafter the act continues along the line of the herald's speech.

In the second act Abel interviews Cain, and both Adam and Eve join in urging him to wash and make ready for the coming visit. Cain declines and Eve admonishes him, turning, however, to Abel to say:

Then, Abel, come and washèd be
With the other sons, obediently.
And when the Lord God shall come in,
Stand you before him pure and clean.
And then the Lord will find out Cain,
Where he all careless doth remain,
With those who to rebel incline,
And live as stupid as the swine:
There be they in the straw and rot,—
A ragged, miserable lot.

Abel, the obedient son, obeys with grace.

The third act shows Adam and Eve and their children and grandchildren in readiness for the great visit, and the Lord, entering with two angels, blesses Adam and all the rest. Adam, raising his hand, says:

O Father mine, who art in heaven,
We thank Thee for this mercy given,
That Thou in all our need and pain
Shouldst deign to visit us again.

And Eve follows:

O thou true Father and true God,
Wherein have we deserved this lot?
That Thou so graciously shouldst come
And visit this our humble home?

All the children give welcome to the Lord with zealous speech, each one in turn repeating a petition from the Lord's Prayer. When Cain's turn comes, he gives the Lord his left hand and does not raise his hat. The Lord then catechizes them, first on the Lord's Prayer and then on the Ten Commandments. For instance, the Lord asks, "Abel, what is the first com-

mandment?" and Abel answers, "To one God only shalt thou bow and pray and have no strange God in thy mind." When the Lord asks him what he finds in that commandment, he says, "We must honor, fear and love God and trust in him more than in any other." In a similar manner the creed is recited and explained, and at the end of the act the angel Raphael speaks:

> To God arise your praises let
> With harp and song and glad quintette,
> The while His grace and mercy stand
> Displayed to man on every hand,
> To guide you to the heavenly land.

The fourth act shows Cain with his evil companions and the Devil taking counsel how they who have always held God in contempt shall answer his questions. Satan tells them that if they will follow his advice he will endow them with worldly goods and all pleasures. When the Lord enters with Adam and Eve, Satan hides himself. Then Cain and his companions answer in irreverent and Godless manner, showing ignorance and disregard for the Lord's Prayer, the commandments and the Creed. The Lord rebukes them sharply and warns them of the awful results of such wickedness. Moreover, he gives to Abel the task of instructing his wicked brother, and the act is closed with the humble acceptance by Abel of this difficult task.

At the beginning of the fifth act, Satan and Cain enter, the former showing the latter that

being the first born he has the right to rule, and advising him to kill Abel, which Cain admits that he has long wished to do. When Abel enters and asks Cain if he will go and offer sacrifice, the Lord admonishes Cain and departs while Abel kneels by his sacrifice. At a signal from Satan, Cain kills his brother and Satan assists in concealing the body.

The Lord enters and speaks: "Cain, tell me where thy brother is."

Cain: Shall I be my brother's keeper; what is my brother's lot to me?

The Lord: Ah, Cain, what hast thou done? The voice of blood runs through the heavens; the earth has understood the curse when she drank the blood of thy brother.

Satan (whispering in Cain's ear): Now, Cain, thou art for ever mine. Endless pain and the bitter lot of the martyr shall ever more be thine. For thee the world is all too small, and accursed art thou by every one. God and mankind alike are thy foe, for thou hast thy brother slain, and no deed of thine can shake thy doom.

Cain: Too great by far is my sin for me to ask for God's forgiveness. Wander on for ever I must with my life the prey of every one.

The Lord: Not so, Cain, upon any one who shalt strike thee shall come seven times the misery that thou dost suffer, and so I put the mark on thy brow that none may do thee injury

Satan (leading Cain away): Go, hang thyself upon a tree or drown thyself in the water, so that from pain thou mayst save thyself.

Both go out, and Adam and Eve enter, lamenting the death of their son, but the Lord

comforts them, as the herald had predicted, by foretelling the birth of Seth and the comfort he will be to them.

After the play the herald enters again and moralizes on the lesson of the drama.

VII. Satiric Humor. At the same time that the German drama was coming into existence we see prose taking the form of fiction, and while no novels, in the common acceptance of the term, were produced, there were many tales separate from the satire and didacticism of the age and markedly different from medieval romance. Wickram, an Alsatian, who wrote plays and meistersongs as well, told stories in a happy manner. His first attempt, *Galmy,* was little more than a romance of knighthood; after that he confined himself to writing simple adventures of a perfectly proper character, in which usually, as in *Goldthread,* a poor shepherd boy, by means of industry, thrift and virtue, gains wealth and marries the daughter of a count. The importance of this tale lies in the fact that its hero is taken from common life. More important is the *Knabenspiegel (Mirror for Boys),* expressly intended to teach good morals.

Wickram's work was not of a satiric vein, but his successor, Ringwalt, who found many readers, was caustic, and lashed the immorality of the lower nobility without ceasing. His *Faithful Eckhart* is a poem in which he visits hell and makes the sinners describe the sins for which they were condemned.

Other writers of almost equal merit appeared, but it is unnecessary to speak of any of them excepting perhaps the Alsatian Johann Fischart, who followed along in the same line that Brant and Murner had made famous. Satirical, coarse and reckless of the feelings of others, he was just the character to translate from Rabelais the first two books of *Gargantua,* but he possessed enough originality to make them three times as large as they were originally and to Germanize the setting. There is no improvement in cleanliness or in wit, and it seems to have been the author's only purpose to multiply the things which Rabelais had invented. The result was cumbersome and tiresome, but there were excellent pictures of contemporary German life, and the book shows an immense amount of erudition, while its satire contributed not a little to attract attention, not only to the vices of those in power, but also to the language in which the book was written.

VIII. "DOCTER FAUST." Before leaving this chapter we must speak of the little chapbook which appeared in 1587 from the pen of an unknown author and was published by Johann Spies at Frankfort-on-the-Main. This was the history of Doctor Johann Faust, the earliest of the numerous stories of him that have appeared in the literature of modern Europe. Faust is always a dreamer who seeks for truth by means of alchemy and magic, and who, to further his studies, makes a pact with

the Devil that in return for some years of indulgence he will give up his soul when called upon. Satan then enables him to travel to Italy and the East, conjuring up before him the fair women of all time, amongst whom Helen of Troy, with whom he lives for a year, is one of the most beautiful. At the end of twenty-four years, the termination of the pact, the Devil appears and carries Faust's soul in triumph to perdition. The book is not original, but is rather a collection of genuine folk stories, retold with the setting of demonology. That it had a moral purpose is evident, but its style was poor, and the tale as a whole is so uninteresting that it is remarkable the book should have had so much popularity and have been the parent of so many masterpieces. Marlowe dramatized the story, but it was brought back to Germany and later made immortal by the genius of Goethe.

CATHEDRAL AT WORMS

CHAPTER VII

THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

THE RENAISSANCE. Occupied with the Reformation and the wars and persecutions that grew out of it, Germany's progress was slow, and the seventeenth century, which was so brilliant in France and other lands, was in Germany a period of darkness, or at least of rest. As we have often stated, it is impossible to draw lines sharply, and in the preceding chapter some things have been treated that were really of later development than the sixteenth century, and now, although the Renaissance belongs to the seventeenth century, we must go back of its beginning to find the first fruits of the new birth. The literature of the Reformation had exhausted itself, or at least had reached the highest development of which it was capable, and during the terrors of the Thirty Years' War there was little opportu-

nity for culture to spread among the masses. In fact, any literature which was dependent upon the people for its existence was crushed and destroyed by the same forces that wrecked the homes and made destitute the inhabitants.

However, the Renaissance appeared in Germany, just as in other countries, from Latin sources, and while it was neither so fruitful nor far-reaching in Germany as elsewhere, yet it passed through practically the same stages. Under the influence of classic learning there was a vigorous outburst of new life, which in time dissipated its spirit and finally was bound by the rules of classic structure. The immediate inspiration to Germany were the poets of the French Pleiade, under which a number of scholarly writers translated into German not only the French version of the *Psalms* by Clement Marot, but also much of the original poetry of pleasing French writers. But none of this group could really be considered among the leaders of the Renaissance, a position which should be given to Martin Opitz.

II. Opitz. Rather cold and formal in style and showing some power of reflection but less of imagination, the poems of Martin Opitz contain only an unimportant message for us, and we could pass them by almost unnoticed were it not for the fact that for nearly one hundred fifty years his writings were the criterion of literary style in Germany, and his followers were the only writers of any note in that country.

Martin Opitz (1597–1639) was born in Silesia, a country already famous for its excellent schools. Patriotic, capable and ambitious, he rose rapidly in public favor, was crowned poet laureate in 1625 and granted a patent of nobility in 1629. His last public office of importance was that of historiographer to Vladislav IV of Poland. His *Aristarchus,* written when he was twenty years old, sounded the keynote of his theory, namely, that the German language had fallen from its original nobility by the introduction of the offscourings of other languages, and so great were these excrescencies that no thoughtful and patriotic German could be happy under the conditions. He thought, however, that there were Germans who could do for their native tongue what Petrarch and other famous writers had done for theirs. Then followed some verses of his own composition, designed to show what might be accomplished.

At Heidelberg he found himself in the congenial society of other young men and wrote fluently a large number of poems, but the progress of his work was interrupted by the Thirty Years' War, which drove him from Heidelberg to Leyden, where he fell under other influences. The best of his longer poems is *Consolation in the Adversities of War,* but soon after its publication he became satisfied that some of the poetic theories of his youth were crude, and accordingly wrote in a very few days his *Book of German Poetry,* which was published

in 1624 and is regarded by the Germans as an epoch-making work, the first of the new German literature. This essay is original only in the sense that it was the first successful attempt to adapt classical principles scientifically to the German tongue, but it was certainly the most influential book of the century, although produced by a man of such mediocre talents as Opitz. The book contains eight short chapters, taken very largely from other writers, the most effective portions being the sixth and seventh chapters, which treat of poetic diction, rhyme and meter. So, we may sum up his gift to Germany as the establishment of exacting rules in poesy and the advocacy of purity in the German tongue. That his poetic rules became intolerable fetters that cramped the poetic spirit is no less true than that in the beginning they were immensely beneficial in establishing a real school.

Optiz centralized literary Germany in the northeast, and his immediate followers hailed principally from that region. In the numbers who wrote during his life and immediately following his death there were some who were more gifted than their master, and some who seemed competent only to increase the exactions and make poetry even more formal and dead. None of the writers, however, is interesting except to the close student of that epoch.

III. Epigrams. Opitz wrote many epigrams, but they were formal and lacked trenchant wit.

Friedrich von Logau (1604–1655), the son of a poor but noble Silesian family, studied law, but his course was checked and his life saddened by the horrible war, of which he saw the whole. Under such forbidding circumstances, however, he kept a clear vision and, though sometimes cynical, was never really bitter in the countless witty epigrams which he wrote and which may perhaps be considered the greatest accomplishment of the seventeenth century outside of the literary theory propounded by Opitz.

His chief work was not published until 1654, though he had previously printed a smaller collection of similar character. The author appeared as Salomon von Golau, and it was not until the lapse of more than a hundred years that Lessing discovered Logau's name in the anagram "Golau." The book, *Deutscher Sinngedichte Drei Tausend (Three Thousand German Epigrams),* was not received with the credit it deserved, and its real popularity only commenced with Lessing's discovery.

IV. Psalmody. The *Volkslied* had begun to lose its popularity at the end of the sixteenth century, and from that time until well into the beginning of the eighteenth century the best lyric poetry was found in the Protestant hymns. Neither the war nor religious differences stopped the steady production of hymns, modeled more or less directly upon those of Luther but treating of a variety of subjects

in a highly devotional manner. Although there was an almost uninterrupted succession of hymn writers, most of them were not poets in the ordinary acceptation of the term, but were preachers and scholars who wrote little else.

The one name which stands out above the others is that of Paul Gerhardt (1607–1676), whose hymns appeared first in a collected edition in 1667. Even yet they form the major portion of the Protestant Hymnal. Trust in God in adversity, a belief that He doeth all things well, the blessedness of Christ, hope, gratitude for Christ's intercession and Christ's pathetic appeal are the chief subjects upon which Gerhardt's tenderly sympathetic soul enlarged.

V. "Simplicissimus." The leading German novel of the seventeenth century was written anonymously by a man of whose personal history we know very little and whose authorship of the book was not known for a hundred fifty years, so carefully did he conceal it. Hans Jakob Christoffel von Grimmelshausen (1625?–1676) was born in Hesse-Cassel and saw all the horrors of the Thirty Years' War. As a boy of ten he was carried off by soldiers, and undoubtedly a large part of his famous novel is autobiographical. At the end of the war he settled down in Baden and became magistrate of Renchen. His leisure was devoted to literature, in which he succeeded best in his novels, none of which, however, is the

equal of the one whose title heads this section. Prior to the appearance of his book, the tendency in fiction seemed still toward the chivalric or extravagant romance, in which hyperbole ran wild. Grimmelshausen appreciated the bad taste of such novels and began to ridicule it. *Simplicissimus* is a picaresque romance which purports to be "the life of a singular vagabond named Melchior Sternfels von Fuchshaim." The hero appears as the foster-child of a poor peasant living in Spessart Wood, where he plays his bagpipe and herds his cattle in happy innocence: "Instead of pages, lackeys and hostlers, my sire had sheep, goats and pigs, each dressed elegantly in his own natural livery; and they often waited upon me on the chase until I drove them home. His armory was well provided with ploughs, mattocks, axes, hoes, shovels, dung-forks and hay-forks, wherewith he practiced every day; for hoeing and digging were his *disciplina militaris,* just as with the ancient Romans in time of peace; the yoking of oxen was his captain's *commando,* drawing out manure his science of fortification, holding the plough his strategy, cleaning out the stable his knightly diversion, his tournament."

His first glimpse of a different life comes when soldiers, rough cuirassiers, fall upon the village, burn the houses and carry off the little Melchior, who clings to his bagpipe as his most precious possession. The boy flees from the soldiers and, like Parzival, comes to a hermit

in a forest, who, he discovers long afterwards, is his own father, and with him he stays for two years, learning all the time something of God and religion. The hermit dies, and Melchior once more falls into the hands of the soldiers, who bring him to the governor of Hanau, who learns that he is his own nephew and makes him a page, but Melchior is so poorly adapted to this life that he becomes the butt of all the courtly jokers, who try to make him the court fool, and the governor calls him "Simplicius Simplicissimus." Again he is carried away by marauding soldiers and lives with them, taking part in all the barbarism of their wild life and becoming himself a thief and an adventurer. Two comrades, Olivier and Herzbruder, are his good and bad angels. For a time fortune seems to favor him, for, having been captured by the Swedes, he finds a large treasure, puts on the style of a gentleman, and goes to Cologne and Paris, where he cuts a great dash among the ladies.

Meanwhile, however, he has lost his fortune and, returning to Germany, is woefully disfigured by the smallpox and has no option but to become a soldier again. Olivier, his old comrade, a bloodthirsty outlaw, tempts him to engage in open brigandage, but Herzbruder leads him back to his true self, and he finds his way to the home of his childhood. His wife is dead and he turns studious, repents of his sins, and intends to become a hermit, like his father. Having bought a farm, he marries

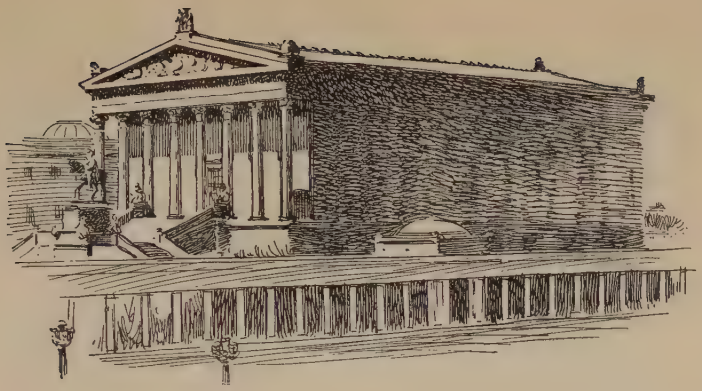
again, but this second venture is more unfortunate than the first, and to escape from his unhappiness he goes away upon three years more of adventure, during which time he wanders as far east as Asia. At the end of this period, however, he returns once more to Spessart Wood, finds that his foster-father is dead, and finally settles down to a life of quiet meditation among his books.

While some critics have regarded *Simplicissimus* as negligible, it nevertheless achieved an immediate popularity which became quite permanent, and there certainly are interesting passages in the book. Grimmelshausen pictures the atrocities of war, the humors of the life of wandering adventure, the wickedness of a dissolute society and the manners and customs of the various people whom Melchior met with a vivid realism which gives us a brilliant picture of life in Germany during that troubled period.

VI. The Decay of Poetry. During the latter years of the seventeenth century the art of writing poetry had fallen to an extremely low level, and even to be called a poet was discreditable. The narrow-minded and formal poetry of Opitz had borne abundant fruit, and every cultured gentleman had felt it incumbent upon himself to write verses, whose mechanical quality made them short-lived and unpopular. All literature suffered the blight which rested upon poetry, and a darker and more unpromising period it would be difficult to find.

In that time, however, Johann Christian Guenther (1695–1723), the son of a Silesian doctor, who hated the name of poet, made himself noted and might have accomplished much if he had not worn his life out by his wild excesses and constant tortured repentance. Unable to tame himself, as Goethe said, he hurried through his brief life the plaything of his vices, but his verses are more artistic than those of any other writer of his time, and some of his love poems were the best that had been written in many a year. However, his work, limited as it was, belongs rather to the succeeding century than to the closing years of the one in which he was born, and we may consider him as the unfortunate forerunner of Klopstock.

VIEW ON THE RHINE



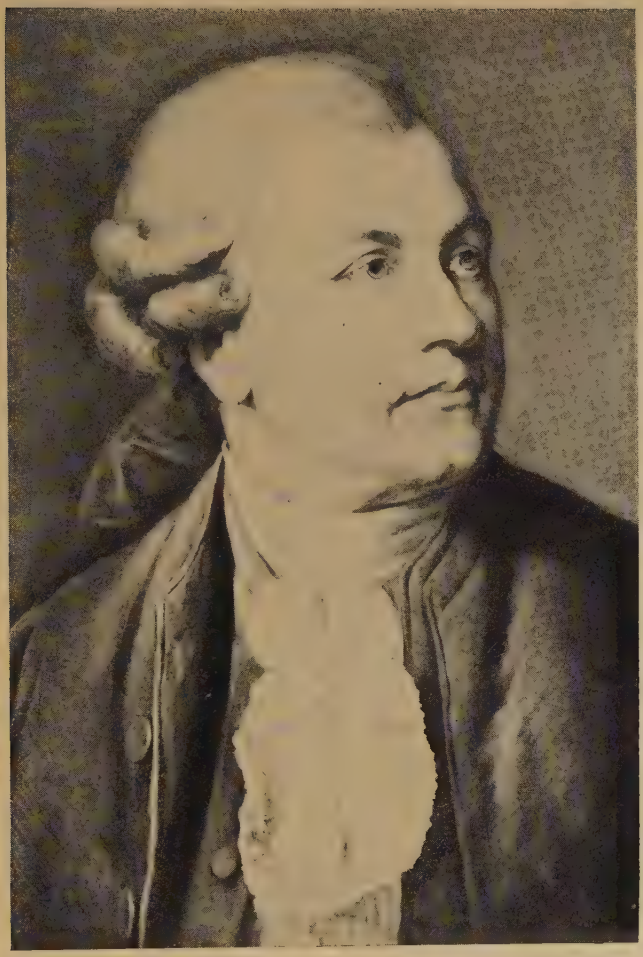
CHAPTER VIII

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY
KLOPSTOCK AND WIELAND

INTRODUCTORY. Even when the eighteenth century was in its second decade the position of Germany in the European world of letters was among the most humble, and intellectually speaking, there was none which seemed so insignificant as the nation which spoke the German language. England and France were glorying in the results which the Renaissance had brought them, but the real beginnings of a national literature which had been established in Germany had been swept away in the cataclysm of warring hosts. In the year 1700 France had not yet reached the height of her *grand siecle,* and England had still before her years of achievement. The rationalism and empiricism of Bacon and Locke had established themselves thoroughly in France, and a few years later Rousseau was forcing his theory of individual-

ism into the heart of all France. At this time Germany had nothing to show for her previous efforts except a weak imitation; but, coincident with the rise of Prussia as a world power, literature began to feel the change, and within the space of a hundred years she became one of the leading intellectual powers of Europe. Such a phenomenal growth has rarely been equaled, and the rapidity with which Germany passed through the various stages of thought that had required centuries for development can scarcely be understood, except by constant reference to her astonishing recuperative power and her genius for imitation, adaptation and improvement.

The eighteenth century produced six powerful writers, no one of whom concerned himself particularly with politics or public affairs, and so far as their work shows might have produced their writings anywhere and under any conditions. Yet, Goethe has said that it was the Seven Years' War which first brought real import into German literature, and probably the quickening of human interest, the birth of a national spirit, the wonder of growth and expansion, all contributed to the intellectual awakening. Wieland and Schiller were born in Suabia, Goethe in the imperial city of Frankfort, Herder and Klopstock on Prussian soil, and Lessing in Upper Lusatia. Yet, wherever their careers led, they carried with them unbounded faith in Germany, the German tongue and the development of her lit-



KLOPSTOCK
1724–1803

erature. Friedrich II became a national hero, and although German unity in the broad sense was not then dreamed of and the wars were among Teutonic races, the king was considered representative of a new Germany, and his accomplishments gave luster to the name.

II. KLOPSTOCK. Before the Seven Years' War, however, there were premonitions of a literary change, in the writings of Friedrich Gottlieb Klopstock, who was born in 1724. In the universities of Jena and Leipzig he studied philosophy and theology and engaged in the production of the earlier cantos of his *Messias.* In 1748, while he was a tutor in Langensalza, he unfortunately fell in love with his cousin, Marie Sophie Schmidt, whom he celebrates under the name of Fanny in his odes, and his after life was clouded by the affair. In 1750 he visited the Swiss poet Bodmer in Zurich, but the former was disappointed in the frivolities of the young man, who, as the author of the *Messias,* should, the Swiss doctor thought, have been more dignified. But as Klopstock was already famous and enjoying the first fruits of his wonderful popularity, he was not easily turned from his amusements, and after seven months with Bodmer very willingly accepted the invitation of King Frederick V of Denmark to make his home at Copenhagen and there at his leisure complete the *Messias.*

On his way northward, at Hamburg in 1751, he met Margaret Möller, the "Meta" of his poems and letters. The effect of this meeting

upon him he describes in a letter to his friend Gleim:

You may perhaps have heard Gisecke mention Margaret Möller of Hamburg. I was lately introduced to this girl, and passed in her society most of the time I lately spent at Hamburg. I found her, in every sense of the word, so lovely, so amiable, so full of attractions, that I could at times scarcely forbear to give her the name which is to me the dearest in existence. I was often with her alone; and in those moments of unreserved intercourse, was insensibly led to communicate my melancholy story. Could you have seen her in those moments, my Gleim! how she looked and listened—and how often she interrupted me, and how tenderly she wept! and if you knew how much she is my friend; and yet it was not for *her* that I had so long suffered. What a heart must she possess to be thus touched for a stranger! At this thought I am almost tempted to make a comparison; but then does a mist gather before mine eyes, and if I probe my heart, I feel that I am more unhappy than ever.

At a later date he writes:

I have re-read the little Möller's letters; sweet, artless creature she is! She has already written to me four times, and writes in a style so exquisitely natural! Were you to see this lovely girl, and read her letters, you would scarce conceive it possible that she should be mistress of the French, English and Italian languages, and even conversant with Greek and Italian literature.

But Meta has given a touching account of the pathetic love story, in the Richardson letters, written by her in quaint English:

You will know all what concerns me. Love, dear sir, is all what me concerns, and love shall be all what I will tell you in this letter. In one happy night I read my

husband's poem—the *Messias*. I was extremely touched with it. The next day I asked one of his friends who was the author of this poem? and this was the first time I heard Klopstock's name. I believe I fell immediately in love with him; at the least, my thoughts were ever with him filled, especially because his friend told me very much of his character. But I had no hopes ever to see him, when quite unexpectedly I heard that he should pass through Hamburg. I wrote immediately to the same friend, for procuring by him means that I might see the author of the *Messias* when in Hamburg. He told him that a certain girl in Hamburg wished to see him, and, for all recommendation, showed him some letters in which I made bold to criticize Klopstock's verses. Klopstock came, and came to me. I must confess, that, though greatly prepossessed of his qualities, I never thought him the amiable youth that I found him. This made its effect. After having seen him two hours, I was obliged to pass the evening in company, which never had been so wearisome to me. I could not speak; I could not play; I thought I saw nothing but Klopstock. I saw him the next day, and the following, and we were very seriously friends; on the fourth day he departed. It was a strong hour, the hour of his departure. He wrote soon after, and from that time our correspondence began to be a very diligent one. I sincerely believed my love to be friendship. I spoke with my friends of nothing but Klopstock, and showed his letters. They rallied me, and said I was in love. I rallied them again, and said they must have a very friendshipless heart, if they had no idea of friendship to a man as well as a woman. Thus it continued eight months, in which time my friends found as much love in Klopstock's letters as in me. I perceived it likewise, but I would not believe it. At the last, Klopstock said plainly that he loved; and I startled as for a wrong thing. I answered that it was no love, but friendship, as it was what I felt for him; we had not seen one another enough to love; as if love must have more time than friendship!

This was sincerely my meaning; and I had this meaning till Klopstock came again to Hamburg. This he did a year after we had seen one another the first time. We saw, we were friends; we loved, and we believed that we loved; and a short time after I could even tell Klopstock that I loved. But we were obliged to part again, and wait two years for our wedding. My mother would not let me marry a stranger. I could marry without her consentment, as, by the death of my father, my fortune depended not on her; but this was an horrible idea for me; and thank Heaven that I have prevailed by prayers! At this time, knowing Klopstock, she loves him as her son, and thanks God that she has not persisted. We married, and I am the happiest wife in the world. In some few months it will be four years that I am so happy; and still I dote upon Klopstock as if he was my bridegroom. If you knew my husband, you would not wonder. If you knew his poem, I could describe him very briefly, in saying he is in all respects what he is as a poet. This I can say with all wifely modesty; I am all raptures when I do it. And as happy as I am in love, so happy am I in friendship;—in my mother, two elder sisters, and five other women. How rich I am! Sir, you have willed that I should speak of myself, but I fear that I have done it too much. Yet you see how it interests me.

Their sympathetic relationship is shown in the following extract from a subsequent letter:

It will be a delightful occupation for me to make you more acquainted with my husband's poem. Nobody can do it better than I, being the person who knows the most of that which is not published; being always present at the birth of the young verses, which begin by fragments here and there, of a subject of which his soul is just then filled. He has many great fragments of the whole work ready. You may think that persons who love as we do, have no need of two chambers; we are always in the same: I, with my little work,—still—still

—only regarding sometimes my husband's sweet face, which is so venerable at that time, with tears of devotion, and all the sublimity of the subject, my husband reading me his young verses, and suffering my criticisms.

Four brief years of happiness, and the first shadows of coming tragedy appear:

I not being able to travel yet, my husband has been obliged to make a voyage to Copenhagen. He is yet absent; a cloud over my happiness! He will soon return; but what does that help? he is yet equally absent. We write to each other every post; but what are letters to presence? But I will speak no more of this little cloud, I will only tell my happiness. But I cannot tell you how I rejoice!—A son of my dear Klopstock's, O when shall I have him?

She was apprehensive, foreseeing the fatal termination of her confinement:

I well know that all hours are not alike, and particularly the last, since death in my situation must be far from an easy death; but let the last hour make no impression on you. You know too well how much the body then presses down the soul. Let God give what he will, I shall still be happy. A longer life with you, or eternal life with Him! But can you as easily part from me as I from you? You are to remain in this world, in a world without *me!* You know I have always wished to be the survivor, because I well know it is the hardest to endure; but perhaps it is the will of God that you should be left; and perhaps you have most strength.

Mrs. Jameson, in her *Loves of the Poets,* relates the last scenes of this most affecting of poetic loves in the following words:

This last letter is dated September 10th, 1754. Her confinement took place in November following; and after

the most cruel and protracted sufferings, it became too certain that both must perish—mother and child.

Klopstock stood beside her, and endeavored, as well as the agony of his feelings would permit, to pray with her and to support her. He praised her fortitude: "You have endured like an angel! God has been with you! He will be with you; were I so wretched as not to be a Christian, I should now become one." He added with strong emotion, "Be my guardian angel, if God permit!" She replied tenderly, "You have ever been mine!" He repeated his request more fervently: she answered with a look of undying love, "Who would not be so!" He hastened from the room, unable to endure more. After he was gone, her sister, who attended her through her sufferings, said to her, "God will help you!" "Yes, to heaven!" replied the saint. After a faint struggle, she added, "It is over!" her head sunk on the pillow, and while her eyes, until glazed by death, were fixed tenderly on her sister—thus with the faith of a Christian, and the courage of a martyr, she resigned into the hands of her Creator, a life which had been so blameless and so blessed, so intimate with love and joy, that only such a death could crown it, by proving what an angel a woman *can* be, in doing, feeling and suffering.

Klopstock remained in Copenhagen until 1770, when he left Denmark and returned to Hamburg without the loss of his Danish pension. In his sixtieth year he married Johanna von Wentham, nearly related to Meta, and her affectionate care doubtless prolonged the poet's life. When he died in 1803 he was buried near Hamburg with great ceremony, by the side of Meta and her child.

III. The "Messias." Klopstock's greatest work is his *Messias,* the plan of which he conceived while he was merely a youth and two

cantos of which were written long before the remainder. Having read Bodmer's translation of *Paradise Lost,* Klopstock was seized with the idea that Germany should have her great religious epic, and he took the Christ as his subject. The first three cantos appeared in 1748, and the furor they created can scarcely be conceived at the present time. Germany was ready for a change from the weakness of her previous poetic accomplishments, and the dignity of Klopstock's verse, the seriousness of his purpose, the grandeur of his imagination and the fervor of his religious sentiment all combined to charm the imagination of the awakened young Germans, all of whom turned their eyes to him as the prodigy of the age. His appointment at the court of Denmark confirmed and enhanced his reputation, but by the time his long poem of twenty cantos, running through nearly twenty thousand verses, had been completed, public interest had decreased and comparatively few readers finished it; but the reputation of the man continued on his earlier work, aided materially by the beautiful odes which he composed at intervals.

The theme of the *Messias* is Christ's redemption of mankind. Beginning in the New Testament narrative at a point where Christ ascends the Mount of Olives, he closes with Christ in his kingdom at the right hand of God. Like Milton, Klopstock does not confine himself to the scriptural narrative, nor to events that pass upon earth, but allows his imagination

to revel in the domains of heaven and hell and to surround himself with angels and devils; nor does he hesitate to call in the Trinity to carry out his purpose to give everything a spiritual significance. Despite this profusion of material, the *Messias* is an uninteresting work, largely because the genius of Klopstock was lyric, and he never acquired the art of forcible narration. The modern reader finds his chief interest in the awe-inspiring immensity of the poet's imagination, though the early cantos were created with a high enthusiasm, which dies out before the poet has reached the final cantos. The finest of his work is found in the first three cantos, though there are elegant passages in the remainder; in fact, the speeches of the principal characters are little lyrics in themselves. The following is an extract:

To Gabriel then a sign the Almighty made,
And swift the seraph to the throne advanced,
And secret charge received to bear behest
To Uriel, the sun's regent, and to those
Who o'er the earth bear rule, of high import,
Touching the Savior's death. Their golden seats
Meantime the high seraphic powers now left,
By Gabriel followed. Ere he yet approached
The mystic altar of the earth, his ear
Caught the deep murmured sighs, which low were breathed,
In fervent wishes for the expected hour
Of man's salvation. There distinct arose
The voice of Adam, who through ages wept
His hapless fall. This was the altar seen
By him in Patmos, the high-favored seer

Of the new covenant: thence he heard the voice
Of martyred saints descend, whose plaintive cries
Mourned the delay of vengeance. Toward this spot
Gabriel advanced; when swift the first of men,
Eager to meet the coming seraph, flew.
A form impalpable of luster clear
Enveloped Adam's spirit, beautiful
As that fair thought which the creative mind
In model imaged for the form of Man,
When, from the sacred earth of Paradise,
Fresh from his Maker's hand, youthful he sprung.
With radiant smile, which o'er his beaming brow
Celestial light diffused, Adam drew near,
And earnest spoke. "Hail, gracious messenger!
While I thy lofty mission heard, my soul
In joy was rapt. May I then view the form
Of manhood by the Savior worn, that form
Of mercy, in whose meek disguise he deigns
My fallen race to save! Show me the trace,
O seraph, of my Savior's earthly path:
My eye with awe shall view the distant track.
But may the first of sinners tread the spot
Whence the Messiah raised his face to heaven
And swore to ransom man? Maternal earth,
How do I sigh once more to visit thee!
I, thy first habitant! Thy barren fields
By God's dread curse defaced, where now in garb
Of frail mortality, such earthly frame
As in the dust I left, the Savior walks,
Would lovelier meet mine eyes than thy bright plains,
Thou long-lost Paradise!" Adam here paused.
To whom the seraph: "I will speak thy wish
To the Redeemer: should his will divine
Grant thy petition, he will summon thee
His lowliest humiliation to behold."
Now had the angelic host all quitted heaven,
Spreading to distant spheres their separate flight.
Gabriel alone descended to the earth,
Which by the neighboring stars, as each rolled by

Its splendid orb, was hailed with joyful shouts.
The salutations glad reached Gabriel's ear
In silver tones: "Queen of the scattered worlds,
Object of universal gaze! Bright spot,
Again selected for the theater
Of God's high presence! Blest spectatress thou
Of his Messiah's work of mystery!"
Thus sung the spheres; and through the concave vast
Angelic voices echoed back the sounds.
Gabriel exulting heard, and swift in flight
Reached earth's dim surface. O'er her silent vales
Refreshing coolness and deep slumber hung
Yet undisturbed; dark clouds of mist still lay
Heaped heavily upon her mountain-tops.
Through the surrounding gloom Gabriel advanced
In search of the Redeemer. Deep within
A narrow cleft which rent the forked height
Of sacred Olivet, oppressed by thought
The Savior sleeping lay; a jutting rock
His resting-place. With reverence Gabriel viewed
His tranquil slumber, and in wonder gazed
On that hid majesty which man's frail form,
By union with the Godhead, had acquired.
Still on the Savior's face the traces beamed
Of grace and love; the smile of mercy there
Still lingered visible; still in his eye
A tear of pity hung. But faintly showed
Those outward tokens of his soul, now sunk
In sleep profound. So lies the blooming earth
In eve's soft twilight veiled; her beauteous face,
Scarce recognized, so meets the inquiring eye
Of some close-hovering seraph, while aloft
In the yet lonely sky, the evening star
Shoots her pale radiance, calling from his bower
The contemplative sage. After long pause,
Gabriel thus softly cried: "O Thou, whose eye
Omniscient searches heaven! who hear'st my words,
Though wrapped in sleep thy mortal body lies!
I have fulfilled thy mission. While my course

Returning I pursued, a fervent prayer
Adam implored me to convey. Thy face,
O gracious Savior, he on earth would see!
Now must I hasten, by Jehovah sent
On glorious ministration. Be ye hushed,
All living creatures! Every moment's space
Of this swift-flying time, while here yet lies
The world's Creator, dearer must ye deem
Than ages passed in duteous zeal for man.
Be still, ye whispering winds, as o'er this hill
Of lonely graves ye sweep, or sighing breathe
Your gentlest melodies! Descend, ye clouds,
And o'er these shades drop coolness and repose,
Deep and refreshing! Wave not your dark heads,
Ye tufted cedars! Cease, ye rustling groves,
While your Creator sleeps!'' The seraph's voice
In whispers low now sunk; and swift he flew
To join th' assembled watchers, who, with him
(The faithful ministers of God's high will)
Governed with delegated rule the earth.
Thither he hastened to proclaim the approach
Of man's atonement by his Savior paid.

IV. KLOPSTOCK'S LYRICS. The mysticism and occultism which found their way so freely into the later cantos of the *Messias* tinged many of the lyrics of Klopstock and made them difficult to understand, except by the initiated. Despite this fault, however, there are many beautiful odes and lyrics of other types that are real poetry, and among the best that German pens have produced, but their coldness and lack of passion has withheld from them a very extended popularity. Moreover, Klopstock's egoism and his sublime confidence in the importance and excellence of his own work tended to subject him to criticisms and to

weaken his hold upon people, and it is not surprising that from being the literary idol of a nation he sank into a partial oblivion, from which the critics finally rescued him as a leader in modern German poesy.

1. The following is an ode to the English poet Young, the author of *Night Thoughts,* taken from the translation of W. Taylor:

Die, aged prophet! Lo, thy crown of palms
Has long been springing, and the tear of joy
Quivers on angel-lids
Astart to welcome thee!
Why linger? Hast thou not already built
Above the clouds thy lasting monument?
Over thy *Night Thoughts,* too,
The pale free-thinkers watch,
And feel there's prophecy amid the song
When of the dead-awakening trump it speaks,
Of coming final doom
And the wise will of Heaven.
Die! Thou hast taught me that the name of death
Is to the just a glorious sound of joy!
But be my teacher still;
Become my genius there!

2. *The Rose-Wreath:*

I found her by the shady rill;
I bound her with a wreath of rose:
She felt it not, but slumbered still.

I looked on her; and on the spot
My life with hers did blend and close:
I felt it, but I knew it not.

Some lisping, broken words I spoke,
And rustled light the wreath of rose;
Then from her slumber she awoke.

She looked on me; and from that hour
Her life with mine did blend and close;
And round us it was Eden's bower.

3. *My Recovery:*

Recovery,—daughter of Creation too,
Though not for immortality designed,—
The Lord of life and death
Sent thee from heaven to me!
Had I not heard thy gentle tread approach,
Not heard the whisper of thy welcome voice,
Death had with iron foot
My chilly forehead pressed.
'Tis true, I then had wandered where the earths
Roll around suns; had strayed along the path
Where the maned comet soars
Beyond the armèd eye;
And with the rapturous, eager greet had hailed
The inmates of those earths and of those suns;
Had hailed the countless host
That throng the comet's disk;
Had asked the novice questions, and obtained
Such answers as a sage vouchsafes to youth;
Had learned in hours far more
Than ages here unfold!
But I had then not ended here below
What, in the enterprising bloom of life,
Fate with no light behest
Required me to begin.
Recovery,—daughter of Creation too,
Though not for immortality designed,—
The Lord of life and death
Sent thee from heaven to me!

4. *The Summer Night:*

When o'er the woods that sleep below,
The moonbeam pours her gentle light,
And odors of the lindens flow
On the cool airs of night,—

Thoughts overshade me of the tomb,
Where my beloved rest. I see
In the deep forest naught but gloom;
No blossom breathes to me.

Such nights, ye dead, with you I passed!
How cool and odorous streamed the air!
The moonbeam then, so gently cast,
Made Nature's self more fair!

V. Wieland. Johann Jakob Bodmer was in the midst of his fame as a teacher of history in the University of Zurich, where he had founded a weekly periodical in criticism, whose purpose was to free poetry from its arbitrary rules and from futile exhibitions of learning. We have seen that Klopstock spent some time with him, but failed to satisfy him because of his gayety and immorality. Bodmer's second remarkable student, Christoph Martin Wieland, profited by the mistakes of his predecessor and stayed at Zurich for five years, for six or seven months enjoying the hospitality of Bodmer himself and after that in employment as a tutor. At the time he went to Zurich, the young man, who had been born in 1733, was nineteen years of age and susceptible to the influences that surrounded him. It is said that when but seventeen he had formed a platonic attachment for his cousin, Sophie von Gutermann, and that while walking with her one Sunday afternoon and having fresh in his mind a sermon of his father's on the text, "God is Love," he conceived the project of writing a long philosophical poem on *The Nature of*

Things which should confute the errors of Lucretius and the pagan philosophers. This was published as early as 1751. The product of his life with Bodmer was a number of poems and two publications in prose, which show him the sentimental dreamer who had been an ardent reader of Young's *Night Thoughts* and acquainted with the novels of Richardson.

From Zurich he went to Berne, and in intimacy with friends of Rousseau imbibed the doctrines of that philosopher and reflected them at once in his style. At Biberach, which was virtually his native town, he enjoyed the patronage of Count Stadion, and in the wife of Laroche, the overseer of the Count's estates, he found his old sweetheart. In the library of Count Stadion, Wieland discovered books that he had never met before, and as the influence of the English deists and the French encyclopedists began to take the place of Klopstock he discovered that his real favorites and masters in literature were Ariosto, Cervantes, Voltaire and men of that type. Through Voltaire he became acquainted with Shakespeare and began and completed the translation of twenty-two of his plays, but while Wieland's work in this direction was barely creditable, yet he did succeed in making the Germans acquainted with Shakespeare and in creating a taste for his works. His *Golden Mirror* having attracted the attention of the Duchess Amalia of Weimar, Wieland was soon after 1772 appointed tutor for her son, Karl August,

then a boy of fifteen, who after he came to his majority, took especial pains to retain his tutor; and thus the first of the group of literary men which made the city eternally famous was established at Weimar. Here Wieland resided most of the time until his death in 1813.

VI. The Works of Wieland. After his Shakespearean translations were completed, Wieland wrote *Don Sylvio von Rosalva,* a prose tale suggested evidently by *Don Quixote.* The hero is a Spanish knight who has read so much that he moves about the world obsessed with the idea that there are fairies in existence and that he finds them everywhere. While the adventures seem childish, they are charmingly told, with more than an occasional touch of humor. Few of the incidents are indecent, and the tone of the tale is better than that of some of the writings of Klopstock or the subsequent ones of Wieland himself and, in fact, better than any other fiction of that date.

His next novel, *Agathon,* was the one which really established his fame; it is a much more purposeful and masterly production than its predecessor. Thrown against a Greek background, which, however, except in costume and scenery never enters the story, the characters are seen Germanized and with the sentiments and beliefs of the eighteenth century. Agathon himself is a beautiful Athenian youth of the time of Pericles who has been educated among the priests and priestesses in the temple of Delphi and become an idealist and a dreamer.

His love episode with Psyche, who is found afterwards to be his sister, is pure and beautiful. Having gone to Athens to engage in politics, he is banished, captured by pirates and carried off to Smyrna, where Hippias, an Epicurean, tries to convert him to his own sensual philosophy. He is not moved by this teaching, but he does fall under the spell of a beautiful and learned courtesan, Danaae. When he learns exactly what she is, he flees from her to the court of Dionysius of Sicily, where his education in politics is continued; but unfortunately he incurs the enmity of the Prince and is thrown into prison, to be set free later on by the Pythagorean Archytas, who initiates him into rationalistic eighteenth-century philosophy. In the meantime, he has once more met Danaae, who has turned virtuous, and she converts him to her doctrines. While *Agathon* is not a clever novel, it enjoys the distinction of being the first romance of the mind in the German tongue and the influential precursor of the modern German novel, with its strong leaning to psychological analysis.

The *Golden Mirror,* to which reference was made in the last section, is a curious collection of tales and moralizing platitudes in a setting which was evidently suggested by the *Arabian Nights.* The idea is that every night after the Hindu Prince Gebal has gone to bed the wise men of Sheshian, where he is staying, read to him until he yawns three times. A sage, the sultana and a girl called Mirza all attend the

readings and take part in the discussions. The opportunity which this scheme affords for conversation and comment on kingcraft and statecraft was not lost to Wieland, and it was his contribution to such topics that in particular attracted the attention of the Duchess Amalia.

Die Abderiten, eine sehr wahrscheinliche Geschichte (The Abderites, a Very Probable History) is Wieland's most attractive work from a modern standpoint, but even that is now interesting principally as a satire. The inhabitants of ancient Abdera are famed for their great stupidity, and, using them as dummies, Wieland satirizes German provincial life of that epoch. The inability of the Abderites to understand anything, to draw proper inferences, or to do anything right is the constant theme, which may be illustrated by the following instances: They build a beautiful fountain, but neglect to supply it with water; having purchased an exquisite statue of Venus by Praxiteles, they put it on so high a pedestal that nobody can see it; they build a theater and believe that a performance of the *Andromache* of Euripides which is given by their actors cannot be improved upon, and when a stranger in the audience ventures to laugh at it, he escapes with his life only by admitting that he is the author and showing them how it ought to be performed. Another episode is laughable enough: A dentist hires an ass to take him to a neighboring town, and on the

way, while crossing a treeless plain, he protects himself from the fierce rays of the sun by lying down in the shadow of the ass. The owner of the animal objects and demands more pay, because, as he claims, the dentist hired only the ass, not its shadow. The lawsuit which ensues divides the whole town into two parties, the "asses" and the "shadows," and the excitement grows so high that it can only be quelled by the slaughter of the ass. As a final act of folly, the inhabitants decline to kill the frogs, which they say are sacred to Latona, and permit them to take possession of everything.

Oberon, a metrical romance, contains his finest poetry, but with the modern public it has not been especially popular, although it did meet with unbounded praise from Goethe. Huan of Bordeaux, to expiate a crime he had no intention of committing, must go to Bagdad, enter the caliph's hall, kiss his daughter and claim her as a bride, besides carrying off four of the caliph's molars and a handful of his beard. Even the activities of Oberon, who assists Huan to perform his tasks, and the account of the breaking of his vow and the unspeakable sufferings he brings upon his bride, Rezia, do not suffice to make the story entertaining or to give a reasonableness to its puerile incidents.

It appears, then, that little of Wieland's work has lived to posterity, and it might reasonably be asked why he is deserving of so

much consideration. It is because of the fact that his work is a characteristic feature of the development of a German literature and was influential at the time in building up the greater work which followed. Whether seen in the enthusiasm of his dreamy youth or in the coarser and more sensual thoughts of his later life, Wieland himself is an interesting figure, and his works are worthy of commemoration. However, even in his own day he had opponents, and not a few of them ridiculed his style and his thought and opposed violently the influence which he was supposed to be wielding upon literature. A number of these, who met frequently and formed themselves into a little association known as the Silvan League, were particularly violent in their opposition and carried it so far as to tear his books to shreds, use the fragments for pipe-lighters and burn his pictures. Such extravagances, however, were only the part of the excitable spirit of the age, and it is mentioned merely to show how vital a thing literature was then becoming to the youth of Germany.

LESSING STATUE, BERLIN

CHAPTER IX

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY (CONTINUED)
LESSING

BIOGRAPHY OF LESSING. The earliest of the three great classical writers of Germany and perhaps the greatest performer of them all, Gotthold Ephraim Lessing, was born at Kamenz, in January, 1729. His father, a preacher, attended closely to the boy's early education and then sent him to a famous grammar school at Meissen, where he completed a six-year course in five years. When his father asked about his son's progress, the rector wrote, "He is a horse that needs double fodder; the lessons which are hard for others are nothing for him. We cannot use him much longer."

At seventeen Lessing went to the University of Leipzig and soon became antagonistic to the cut-and-dried methods of the critics. "I realized," he wrote, "that books might make me learned, but would never make me a man. I sought society to learn life." Accordingly, he took lessons in dancing, fencing and riding, and learned much from the French plays, which he translated for theater tickets. His first verses were printed at eighteen, and two years later he produced *The Young Scholar*, a play which showed little promise of future genius. It met with sufficient favorable criticism, however, to make Lessing feel that he was not intended for a preacher, and accordingly he went to Wittenberg and to Berlin, where he made a somewhat precarious living by writing literary criticism and doing hack work. Here, however, he made one acquaintance, Voltaire, whose influence upon him was marked, though the two soon quarreled. At the same time, Lessing was reading widely in half a dozen different languages and laying the foundation for that broad view which was to mark all his thinking. Almost from the beginning he addressed himself directly to the German people, and by 1755 had made himself the leader in the reform literary movement and created a great demand for his works.

From that time Lessing labored incessantly and produced one after another the great works for which he is famous. He was frequently engaged in bitter controversies, but nearly al-

ways met with unqualified success. When in 1770 he was appointed court librarian for the Duke of Brunswick, he was famous, but poor, and felt hampered by his lack of means, for recently he had fallen in love with Eva Koenig, widow of a silk manufacturer at Hamburg, and wished to marry and make a home of his own. That year he went to Italy as tutor to the Duke's son, and on his return married and began to look forward to a happy life. A son was born to him on Christmas Eve of 1777, but the infant, who survived but a few days, cost the life of his mother, and Lessing was again left alone. The following three years were among the most active of his life: it seemed as though he plunged into work to forget his sorrow.

Lessing's ideas were so free and untrammeled that he was constantly offending narrow-minded people of every persuasion, and some of his utterances, such, for instance, as "It is better to teach error than that freedom of thought should be stifled," and "The letter is not the spirit nor is the Bible religion," caused Pastor Goeze of Hamburg to attack him; Lessing sustained his side of the controversy in witty letters that have great satiric power, are remarkably dramatic and show the improvement in German prose. The controversy brought also strange and delightful fruit in the shape of *Nathan the Wise*, of which more will be said hereafter.

Lessing's mind still seemed at the height of its activity and his powers of expression

stronger than ever, but partly from grief at his wife's death and partly from overwork his health had become undermined, and after a brief illness he died, in February, 1781, while visiting at Brunswick.

II. The Work of Lessing. Though Lessing's learning was great, yet he never was pedantic in its exhibition, and he used his scholarship merely as an aid in expressing his thoughts. He never wrote upon a subject to which he did not make important additions, and while much of his work, especially in criticism, has ceased to be of interest, it is because the world had adopted and become so thoroughly acquainted with the principles which he first advocated that they seem trite and uninteresting.

His first play, *The Young Scholar*, met with considerable success, and critics spoke so highly of it that it is no wonder the young man was delighted. During the next two years he finished four other plays, *The Misogynist, The Old Maid, The Jews* and *The Freethinker,* all of which show more than a mere imitation of the French, are borrowed art, in fact. Even the names are alien and un-German, and while the plays have a serious purpose, their chief merit lies in their excellent dialogue.

The first work of historic importance is *Miss Sara Sampson*, which was written in 1755. Of this we shall give a more complete study. In his *Letters Concerning the Newest Literature*, a journal which ran from 1759 to 1765, ap-

peared the best literary criticism that the German language had produced and began a classical period on national lines. To-day the letters would not attract much attention, for they deal with minor authors and unimportant subjects, but the fierce arraignment which met them created only a greater furor of enthusiasm for their far-reaching conclusions.

In 1766 appeared his *Laokoön,* a work in art criticism which we shall have occasion to discuss further; in 1767 the *Hamburgische Dramaturgie* (*Hamburg Dramatic Notes*), another work that deserves more careful consideration, and *Minna von Barnhelm*, the first great comedy in the German language. The result of one of his controversies was a letter *On How the Ancients Represented Death*, a complete monograph on the subject, so effectively written that "from that time forward the skeleton and the hour-glass as insignia of death disappeared from German art." The year 1772 was marked by the appearance of his noble tragedy, *Emilia Galotti,* while his last great play, *Nathan the Wise,* appeared in 1779.

His lyrics are not of the highest order and have not achieved great reputation, but while they are narrow and restricted in thought, some are artistically perfect. We quote the two stanzas on *Names:*

I asked my maiden fair one day:—
"What shall I call thee in my lay?
Wilt thou be as Daphne famed?
Wilt thou Galatea, Chloris,

Phyllis, Lesbia, or Doris
By posterity be named?"

"Ah!" replied my maiden fair,
"Names are naught but empty air.
Choose the one that suits the line:
Call me Galatea, Chloris,
Phyllis, Lesbia, or Doris,—
Call me anything, in fine,
If thou only call'st me Thine."

A short poem, *Thunder*, is characteristic:

Ho, friends! it thunders! Let us drink!
Fill up the bowl! For what care we?
Let hypocrites and villains shrink,
And minions bend the servile knee!
It thunders! drain the glasses dry!
Nor start like women with affright:
Just Jove may lash the sea-surge high,
His nectar he will never smite.

Some of his epigrams are keen and not considerate of the objects, as, for instance, when he wrote of a young poet:

That you're a poet, sir, I'm very glad;
But are you nothing more? Ah! that's too bad.

III. "Miss Sara Sampson." Lessing wrote *Miss Sara Sampson* in 1755, and the same year it was produced under the personal supervision of the author at Frankfurt-on-the-Oder. It was immensely successful, and the manner in which it was received seriously affected his future, for it determined him to remove to Leipzig and again to engage in dramatic composition. *Sara Sampson* is a tragedy of the common people, written in prose and in a style

utterly at variance with established convention, besides being revolutionary in other ways. It is a tragedy, a drama of tears, of human sympathy, somewhat in the overdrawn and inflated style of Richardson's novels, but still sufficiently real to the common human heart to make it acceptable to listeners. We might consider it sentimental, think the speeches too long and too full of platitudes and that the characters are mechanical and overdrawn; still we would always confess it to contain a certain amount of power.

Miss Sara has been seduced by Mellefont, a shallow, sensuous man of good intentions when not under the stress of passion. He is now repentant for what he has done, and when Miss Sara urges marriage, he promises it at the first opportunity. In the meanwhile, her affectionate father, Sir William Sampson, has learned where she is and has come ready to forgive her. Marwood, formerly Mellefont's mistress, appears, and as he shows no further interest in her, even when she brings their child Arabella to her aid, plots her revenge and carries it out dramatically. Seeking an audience with Sara under the guise of being a relative of Mellefont, she does not hesitate to describe to Miss Sara all the faults in his character and finally to disclose her own identity. Nothing she can say will destroy the confidence and affection of Miss Sara, although the latter is in a fainting condition when she hears the harrowing recital. Seeing no hope of breaking off the affair be-

tween her former lover and Miss Sara, Marwood surreptitiously administers poison to the young woman and flees across to France, taking Arabella as a hostage and leaving a note explaining what she has done. Before Sara dies her father comes in and forgives her and Mellefont, who, however, is unable to endure his loss and stabs himself by the body of his lady-love.

We quote below, from the translation of Miss Helen Zimmern, Lessing's account of *Miss Sara Sampson*, as it appeared in his *Dramatic Notes*. The extract will serve also as an example of his prose style:

On the eleventh evening *Miss Sara Sampson* was performed.

It is not possible to demand more from art than what Mdlle. Henseln achieved in the *rôle* of Sara, and indeed the play altogether was well performed. It is a little too long and it is therefore generally shortened at most theaters. Whether the author would be well satisfied with all these excisions, I almost incline to doubt. We know what authors are, if we want to take from them a mere bit of padding they cry out: You touch my life! It is true that by leaving out parts the excessive length of a play is clumsily remedied, and I do not understand how it is possible to shorten a scene without changing the whole sequence of a dialogue. But if the author does not like these foreign abbreviations, why does he not curtail it himself, if he thinks it is worth the trouble and is not one of those persons who put children into the world and then withdraw their hands from them for ever.

. . . . . .

Domestic tragedies found a very thorough defender in the person of the French art critic who first made *Sara* known to his nation. As a rule the French rarely approve

anything of which they have not a model among themselves.

The names of princes and heroes can lend pomp and majesty to a play, but they contribute nothing to our emotion. The misfortunes of those whose circumstances most resemble our own, must naturally penetrate most deeply into our hearts, and if we pity kings, we pity them as human beings, not as kings. Though their position often renders their misfortunes more important, it does not make them more interesting. Whole nations may be involved in them, but our sympathy requires an individual object and a state is far too much an abstract conception to touch our feelings.

"We wrong the human heart," says Marmontel, "we misread nature, if we believe that it requires titles to rouse and touch us. The sacred names of friend, father, lover, husband, son, mother, of mankind in general, these are far more pathetic than aught else and retain their claims for ever. What matters the rank, the surname, the genealogy of the unfortunate man whose easy good nature towards unworthy friends has involved him in gambling and who loses over this his wealth and honor and now sighs in prison distracted by shame and remorse? If asked, 'Who is he?' I reply: 'He was an honest man and to add to his grief he is a husband and a father; his wife whom he loves and who loves him is suffering extreme need and can only give tears to the children who clamor for bread. Show me in the history of heroes a more touching, a more moral, indeed a more tragic situation! And when at last this miserable man takes poison and then learns that Heaven had willed his release, what is absent, in this painful terrible moment, when to the horrors of death are added the tortures of imagination, telling him how happily he could have lived, what, I say, is absent to render the situation worthy of a tragedy?' 'The wonderful,' will be replied. 'What! is there not matter wonderful enough in this sudden change from honor to shame, from innocence to guilt, from sweet peace to despair; in brief, in the ex-

treme misfortune into which mere weakness has plunged him!' ''

But no matter how much their Diderots and Marmontels preach this to the French, it does not seem as though domestic tragedies were coming into vogue among them. The nation is too vain, too much enamored of titles and other external favors; even the humblest man desires to consort with aristocrats and considers the society of his equals as bad society. True, a happy genius can exert great influence over his nation. Nature has nowhere resigned her rights and she is perhaps only waiting there for the poet who is to exhibit her in all her truth and strength.

. . . . . .

The objections raised by the above critic against the German *Sara* are in part not without foundation. Yet I fancy the author would rather retain all its faults than take the trouble of entirely rewriting the play. He recalls what Voltaire said on a similar occasion: ''We cannot do all that our friends advise. There are such things as necessary faults. To cure a humpbacked man of his hump we should have to take his life. My child is humpbacked, but otherwise it is quite well.''

IV. ''Minna von Barnhelm.'' The chief of Lessing's comedies, *Minna von Barnhelm,* enjoys the further distinction of being the first German drama that bears the stamp of literary immortality. Its spirit, its humor, the realism of its action and the remarkable character-drawing are all traits which only the great drama knows, and which in this instance are not only far above anything that had previously been produced in Germany, but are the equal of similar traits in other great dramas of the world. The language of the conversations is not theatrical nor conventional, but real men

and women speak in the language of their daily lives. A genuine comedy, it never degenerates into farce, nor does the sentiment seem overdrawn or trivial. Besides this, there is the universality in time and place which bids for long life; that is, any reader anywhere will read *Minna,* understand it and appreciate it. There is nothing unkind or caustic in the lines, and no partisanship that confines its popularity to a given class in a given locality. Thoroughly patriotic, it caught the spirit of the times, but the patriotism is not narrow and is so expressed that it fits admirably into the feelings of citizens of every nation. Laughter, peace, happiness and good will are the keynotes of the whole play.

The principal characters are Major von Tellheim, a discharged officer; Just, his servant; Paul Werner, the Major's friend and an old sergeant from his company; Minna von Barnhelm; her maid, Franziska; the landlord of the inn; a French gambler, Riccaut. Each has a personality which cannot be mistaken.

The first act shows the eccentric Major, wounded, poor, discredited by his government, and turned out of his room by the landlord to make room for a young lady. Just protests to the landlord against such treatment, but the latter is obdurate. The Major, who was absent at the time the change was made, returns, refuses to take another room and insists that he will immediately leave the inn. This worries the inquisitive landlord, who has seen in

the Major's desk a roll of money sealed in a package and thinks the Major is quite able to pay his bill. After the landlord's departure, Just and the Major discuss the situation. The extracts we make from *Minna von Barnhelm* are taken from the translation of Holroyd:

Just (*stamping with his foot and spitting after the* LANDLORD). Ugh!

Maj. T. What is the matter?

Just. I am choking with rage.

Maj. T. That is as bad as from plethora.

Just. And for you, sir, I hardly know you any longer. May I die before your eyes, if you do not encourage this malicious, unfeeling wretch. In spite of gallows, axe, and torture I could. . . yes, I could have trottled him with these hands, and torn him to pieces with these teeth!

Maj. T. You wild beast!

Just. Better a wild beast than such a man!

Maj. T. But what is it that you want?

Just. I want you to perceive how much he insults you.

Maj. T. And then——

Just. To take your revenge. . . . No, the fellow is beneath your notice!

Maj. T. But to commission you to avenge me? That was my intention from the first. He should not have seen me again, but have received the amount of his bill from your hands. I know that you can throw down a handful of money with a tolerably contemptuous mien.

Just. Oh! a pretty sort of revenge!

Maj. T. Which, however, we must defer. I have not one heller of ready money, and I know not where to raise any.

Just. No money! What is that purse then with five hundred dollars' worth of louis d'ors, which the Landlord found in your desk?

Maj. T. That is money given into my charge.

Just. Not the hundred pistoles which your old sergeant brought you four or five weeks back?

Maj. T. The same. Paul Werner's; right.

Just. And you have not used them yet? Yet, sir, you may do what you please with them. I will answer for it that——

Maj. T. Indeed!

Just. Werner heard from me, how they had treated your claims upon the War Office. He heard——

Maj. T. That I should certainly be a beggar soon, if I was not one already. I am much obliged to you, Just. And the news induced Werner to offer to share his little all with me. I am very glad that I guessed this. Listen, Just; let me have your account, directly too; we must part.

Just. How! what!

Maj. T. Not a word. There is some one coming.

(*Enter* LADY *in mourning*)

Lady. I ask your pardon, sir.

Maj. T. Whom do you seek, Madam?

Lady. The worthy gentleman with whom I have the honor of speaking. You do not know me again. I am the widow of your late captain.

Maj. T. Good heavens, Madam, how you are changed!

Lady. I have just risen from a sick bed, to which grief on the loss of my husband brought me. I am troubling you at a very early hour, Major von Tellheim, but I am going into the country, where a kind, but also unfortunate friend, has for the present offered me an asylum.

Maj. T. (*to* JUST). Leave us. [*Exit* JUST.

Maj. T. Speak freely, Madam! You must not be ashamed of your bad fortune before me. Can I serve you in any way?

Lady. Major——

Maj. T. I pity you, Madam! How can I serve you? You know your husband was my friend; my friend, I say, and I have always been sparing of this title.

Lady. Who knows better than I do how worthy you were of his friendship—how worthy he was of yours? You would have been in his last thoughts, your name would have been the last sound on his dying lips, had not natural affection, stronger than friendship, demanded this sad prerogative for his unfortunate son, and his unhappy wife.

Maj. T. Cease, Madam! I could willingly weep with you; but I have no tears to-day. Spare me! You come to me at a time when I might easily be misled to murmur against Providence. Oh! honest Marloff! Quick, Madam, what have you to request? If it is in my power to assist you, if it is in my power——

Lady. I cannot depart without fulfilling his last wishes. He recollected, shortly before his death, that he was dying a debtor to you, and he conjured me to discharge his debt with the first ready money I should have. I have sold his carriage, and come to redeem his note.

Maj. T. What, Madam! Is that your object in coming?

Lady. It is. Permit me to count out the money to you.

Maj. T. No, Madam. Marloff a debtor to me! That can hardly be. Let us look, however. (*Takes out a pocket-book, and searches.*) I find nothing of the kind.

Lady. You have doubtless mislaid his note; besides, it is nothing to the purpose. Permit me——

Maj. T. No, Madam; I am careful not to mislay such documents. If I have not got it, it is a proof that I never had it, or that it has been honored and already returned by me.

Lady. Major!

Maj. T. Without doubt, Madam; Marloff does not owe me anything—nor can I remember that he ever did owe me anything. This is so, Madam. He has much rather left me in his debt. I have never been able to do anything to repay a man who shared with me good and ill luck, honor and danger, for six years. I shall not forget that he has left a son. He shall be my son, as soon

as I can be a father to him. The embarrassment in which I am at present——

Lady. Generous man! But do not think so meanly of me. Take the money, Major, and then at least I shall be at ease.

Maj. T. What more do you require to tranquillize you, than my assurance that the money does not belong to me? Or do you wish that I should rob the young orphan of my friend? Rob, Madam; for that it would be in the true meaning of the word. The money belongs to him; invest it for him.

Lady. I understand you; pardon me if I do not yet rightly know how to accept a kindness. Where have you learnt that a mother will do more for her child than for the preservation of her own life? I am going——

Maj. T. Go, Madam, and may you have a prosperous journey! I do not ask you to let me hear from you. Your news might come to me when it might be of little use to me. There is yet one thing, Madam; I had nearly forgotten that which is of most consequence. Marloff also had claims upon the chest of our old regiment. His claims are as good as mine. If my demands are paid, his must be paid also. I will be answerable for them.

Lady. Oh! Sir. . . . but what can I say? Thus to purpose future good deeds is, in the eyes of heaven, to have performed them already. May you receive its reward, as well as my tears. [*Exit.*

Maj. T. Poor, good woman! I must not forget to destroy the bill. (*Takes some papers from his pocket-book and destroys them.*) Who would guarantee that my own wants might not some day tempt me to make use of it?

Just comes back crying and presents his bill, which, however, shows a big credit on the Major's side, and when the Major resents this and still insists that Just must go, the latter refuses to leave, saying:

Just. Make me as bad as you will, I shall not think worse of myself than of my dog. Last winter I was walking one evening at dusk along the river, when I heard something whine. I stooped down, and reached in the direction whence the sound came, and when I thought I was saving a child, I pulled a dog out of the water. That is well, thought I. The dog followed me; but I am not fond of dogs, so I drove him away—in vain. I whipped him away—in vain. I shut him out of my room at night; he lay down before the door. If he came too near me, I kicked him; he yelped, looked up at me, and wagged his tail. I have never yet given him a bit of bread with my own hand; and yet I am the only person whom he will obey, or who dare touch him. He jumps about me, and shows off his tricks to me, without my asking for them. He is an ugly dog, but he is a good animal. If he carries it on much longer, I shall at last give over hating him.

The Major relents after this:

Maj. T. Just! see that we get out of this house directly! The politeness of this strange lady affects me more than the churlishness of the host. Here, take this ring—the only thing of value which I have left—of which I never thought of making such a use. Pawn it! get eighty louis d'ors for it: our host's bill can scarcely amount to thirty. Pay him, and remove my things. . . . Ah, where? Where you will. The cheaper the inn, the better. You will find me in the neighboring coffee-house. I am going; you will see to it all properly?

Just. Have no fear, Major!

Maj. T. (*come back*). Above all things, do not let my pistols be forgotten, which hang beside the bed.

Just. I will forget nothing.

Maj. T. (*comes back again*). Another thing: bring your dog with you too. Do you hear, Just?

Paul Werner, in conversation with Just, says that he has sold his property and has brought all his money to the Major, while he himself

intends to go to Persia and enter the campaigns of Prince Heraclius. Together they plot revenge against the landlord.

The second act discloses Minna as the young lady in the Major's room, searching for her lover, Major Tellheim, who has disappeared from view:

Min. And do you know why I consider it so good? It applies to my Tellheim.

Fran. What would not, in your opinion, apply to him?

Min. Friend and foe say he is the bravest man in the world. But who ever heard him talk of bravery? He has the most upright mind; but uprightness and nobleness of mind are words never on his tongue.

Fran. Of what virtues does he talk then?

Min. He talks of none, for he is wanting in none.

Fran. That is just what I wished to hear.

Min. Wait, Franziska; I am wrong. He often talks of economy. Between ourselves, I believe he is extravagant.

Fran. One thing more, my lady. I have often heard him mention truth and constancy towards you. What, if he be inconstant?

Min. Miserable girl! But do you mean that seriously?

Fran. How long is it since he wrote to you?

Min. Alas! he has only written to me once since the peace.

Fran. What—A sigh on account of the peace? Surprising! Peace ought only to make good the ill which war causes; but it seems to disturb the good which the latter, its opposite, may have occasioned. Peace should not be so capricious! . . . . How long have we had peace? The time seems wonderfully long, when there is so little news. It is no use the post going regularly again; nobody writes, for nobody has anything to write about.

Min. "Peace has been made," he wrote to me, "and

I am approaching the fulfillment of my wishes." But since he only wrote that to me once, only once——

Fran. And since he compels us to run after this fulfillment of his wishes ourselves. . . . . If we can but find him, he shall pay for this! Suppose, in the meantime, he may have accomplished his wishes, and we should learn here that——

Min. (*anxiously*). That he is dead?

Fran. To you, my lady; and married to another.

Min. You tease, you! Wait, Franziska, I will pay you out for this! But talk to me, or I shall fall asleep. His regiment was disbanded after the peace. Who knows into what a confusion of bills and papers he may thereby have been brought? Who knows into what other regiment, or to what distant station, he may have been sent? Who knows what circumstances—There's a knock at the door.

Fran. Come in!

(*Enter* LANDLORD)

Land. (*putting his head in at the door*). Am I permitted, your ladyship?

Fran. Our landlord?—Come in!

Land. (*A pen behind his ear, a sheet of paper and an inkstand in his hand*). I am come, your ladyship, to wish you a most humble good-morning; (*to* FRANZISKA) and the same to you, my pretty maid.

Fran. A polite man!

Min. We are obliged to you.

Fran. And wish you also a good-morning.

Land. May I venture to ask how your ladyship has passed the first night under my poor roof?

Fran. The roof is not so bad, sir; but the beds might have been better.

Land. What do I hear! Not slept well! Perhaps the over-fatigue of the journey——

Min. Perhaps.

Land. Certainly, certainly, for otherwise. . . . Yet, should there be anything not perfectly comfortable, my lady, I hope you will not fail to command me.

Fran. Very well, Mr. Landlord, very well! We are not bashful; and least of all should one be bashful at an inn. We shall not fail to say what we may wish.

Land. I next come to. . . . (*taking the pen from behind his ear*).

Fran. Well?

Land. Without doubt, my lady, you are already acquainted with the wise regulations of our police.

Min. Not in the least, sir.

Land. We landlords are instructed not to take in any stranger, of whatever rank or sex he may be, for four-and-twenty hours, without delivering, in writing, his name, place of abode, occupation, object of his journey, probable stay, and so on, to the proper authorities.

Min. Very well.

Land. Will your ladyship then be so good. . . . (*going to the table, and making ready to write*).

Min. Willingly. My name is——

Land. One minute! (*He writes*) "Date, 22nd August, A. D., etc.; arrived at the King of Spain hotel." Now your name, my lady.

Min. Fraulein von Barnhelm.

Land. (*writes*). "Von Barnhelm." Coming from . . . . where, your ladyship?

Min. From my estate in Saxony.

Land. (*writes*). "Estate in Saxony." Saxony! Indeed, indeed! In Saxony, your ladyship? Saxony?

Fran. Well, why not? I hope it is no sin in this country to come from Saxony!

Land. A sin? Heaven forbid! That would be quite a new sin! From Saxony then? Yes, yes, from Saxony, a delightful country, Saxony! But if I am right, your ladyship, Saxony is not small, and has several—how shall I call them?—districts, provinces. Our police are very particular, your ladyship.

Min. I understand. From my estate in Thuringia, then.

Land. From Thuringia! Yes, that is better, your ladyship; that is more exact. (*Writes and reads*) "Frau-

lein von Barnhelm, coming from her estate in Thuringia, together with her lady in waiting and two men servants.''

Fran. Lady in waiting! That means me, I suppose!

Land. Yes, my pretty maid.

Fran. Well, Mr. Landlord, instead of ''lady in waiting,'' write ''maid in waiting.'' You say, the police are very exact; it might cause a misunderstanding, which might give me trouble some day when my banns are read out. For I really am still unmarried, and my name is Franziska, with the family name of Willig: Franziska Willig. I also come from Thuringia. My father was a miller, on one of my lady's estates. It is called Little Rammsdorf. My brother has the mill now. I was taken very early to the manor, and educated with my lady. We are of the same age—one-and-twenty next Candlemas. I learnt everything my lady learnt. I should like the police to have a full account of me.

Land. Quite right, my pretty maid; I will bear that in mind. But now, your ladyship, your business here?

Min. My business here?

Land. Have you any business with His Majesty the King?

Min. Oh! no.

Land. Or at our courts of justice?

Min. No.

Land. Or——

Min. No, no. I have come here solely on account of my own private affairs.

Land. Quite right, your ladyship; but what are those private affairs?

Min. They are. . . Franziska, I think we are undergoing an examination.

Fran. Mr. Landlord, the police surely do not ask to know a young lady's secrets!

Land. Certainly, my pretty maid; the police wish to know everything, and especially secrets.

Fran. What is to be done, my lady?. . . . Well, listen, Mr. Landlord—but take care that it does not go beyond ourselves and the police.

Min. What is the simpleton going to tell him?

Fran. We come to carry off an officer from the King.

Land. How? What? My dear girl!

Fran. Or to let ourselves be carried off by the officer. It is all one.

Min. Franziska, are you mad? The saucy girl is laughing at you.

Land. I hope not! With your humble servant indeed she may jest as much as she pleases; but with the police—

Min. I tell you what; I do not understand how to act in this matter. Suppose you postpone the whole affair till my uncle's arrival. I told you yesterday why he did not come with me. He had an accident with his carriage ten miles from here, and did not wish that I should remain a night longer on the road, so I had to come on. I am sure he will not be more than four-and-twenty hours after us.

When the landlord shows Minna the ring which Just has pawned for his master she recognizes it as the ring she had given the Major and tries to send Just for him, but the old servant says he is under orders not to disturb the Major and refuses to go. The landlord, however, volunteers his services and brings in the reluctant Tellheim, who declines in an interesting love scene to accept her bounty or to drag her down with him:

Maj. T. Listen then, Madam. You call me Tellheim; the name is correct. But you suppose I am that Tellheim whom you knew at home; the prosperous man, full of just pretensions, with a thirst for glory; the master of all his faculties, both of body and mind; before whom the lists of honor and prosperity stood open; who, if he was not then worthy of your heart and your hand, dared to hope that he might daily become more nearly so. This Tellheim I am now, as little as I am my own father.

They both have been. Now I am Tellheim the discharged, the suspected, the cripple, the beggar. To the former, Madam, you promised your hand; do you wish to keep your word?

Min. That sounds very tragic. . . . . Yet, Major Tellheim, until I find the former one again—I am quite foolish about the Tellheims—the latter will have to help me in my dilemma. Your hand, dear beggar! (*taking his hand*).

Maj. T. (*holding his hat before his face with the other hand, and turning away from her*). This is too much!. . . . What am I?. . . . Let me go, Madam. Your kindness tortures me! Let me go.

Min. What is the matter? Where would you go?

Maj. T. From you!

Min. From me? (*drawing his hand to her heart*) Dreamer!

Maj. T. Despair will lay me dead at your feet.

Min. From me?

Maj. T. From you. Never, never to see you again. Or at least determined, fully determined, never to be guilty of a mean action; never to cause you to commit an imprudent one. Let me go, Minna! (*Tears himself away, and Exit.*)

Min. (*calling after him.*) Let you go, Minna? Minna, let you go? Tellheim! Tellheim!

The third act is occupied by a number of scenes, in one of which Just tells Franziska what has happened to the Major's servants:

Fran. I say! one word more! Where are the rest of the Major's servants?

Just. The rest? Here, there, and everywhere.

Fran. Where is William?

Just. The valet? He has let him go for a trip.

Fran. Oh! and Philip, where is he?

Just. The huntsman? Master has found him a good place.

Fran. Because he does not hunt now, of course. But Martin?

Just. The coachman? He is off on a ride.

Fran. And Fritz?

Just. The footman? He is promoted.

Fran. Where were you then, when the Major was quartered in Thuringia with us that winter? You were not with him, I suppose!

Just. Oh! yes, I was groom; but I was in the hospital.

Fran. Groom! and now you are——

Just. All in all; valet and huntsman, footman and groom.

Fran. Well, I never! To turn away so many good, excellent servants, and to keep the very worst of all! I should like to know what your master finds in you!

Just. Perhaps he finds that I am an honest fellow.

Fran. Oh! one is precious little if one is nothing more than honest. William was another sort of a man! So your master has let him go for a trip!

Just. Yes, he. . . . let him—because he could not prevent him.

Fran. How so?

Just. Oh! William will do well on his travels. He took master's wardrobe with him.

Fran. What! he did not run away with it?

Just. I cannot say that exactly; but when we left Nurnberg, he did not follow us with it.

Fran. Oh! the rascal!

Just. He was the right sort! he could curl hair and shave—and chatter—and flirt—couldn't he?

Fran. At any rate, I would not have turned away the huntsman, had I been in the Major's place. If he did not want him any longer as huntsman, he was still a useful fellow. Where has he found him a place?

Just. With the Commandant of Spandau.

Fran. The fortress! There cannot be much hunting within the walls either.

Just. Oh! Philip does not hunt there.

Fran. What does he do then?

Just. He rides—on the treadmill.

Fran. The treadmill!

Just. But only for three years. He made a bit of a plot amongst master's company, to get six men through the outposts.

Fran. I am astonished; the knave!

Just. Ah! he was a useful fellow; a huntsman who knew all the foot-paths and by-ways for fifty miles round, through forests and bogs. And he could shoot!

Fran. It is lucky the Major has still got the honest coachman.

Just. Has he got him still?

Fran. I thought you said Martin was off on a ride: of course he will come back!

Just. Do you think so?

Fran. Well, where has he ridden to?

Just. It is now going on for ten weeks since he rode master's last and only horse—to water.

Fran. And has not he come back yet? Oh! the rascal!

Just. The water may have washed the honest coachman away. Oh! he was a famous coachman! He had driven ten years in Vienna. My master will never get such another again. When the horses were in full gallop, he only had to say "Wo!" and there they stood, like a wall. Moreover, he was a finished horse-doctor!

Fran. I begin now to be anxious about the footman's promotion.

Just. No, no; there is no occasion for that. He has become a drummer in a garrison regiment.

Fran. I thought as much!

Just. Fritz chummed up with a scamp, never came home at night, made debts everywhere in master's name, and a thousand rascally tricks. In short, the Major saw that he was determined to rise in the world (*pantomimically imitating the act of hanging*), so he put him in the right road.

Fran. Oh! the stupid!

Just. Yet a perfect footman, there is no doubt of

that. In running, my master could not catch him on his best horse if he gave him fifty paces; but on the other hand, Fritz could give the gallows a thousand paces, and, I bet my life, he would overhaul it. They were all great friends of yours, eh, young woman? . . . . William and Philip, Martin and Fritz! Now, Just wishes you good-day. [*Exit.*

The Major declines to take Paul's money and writes to Minna, explaining the whole situation, but she refuses to read the letter and insists the Major must present himself at three. In the meantime Franziska and Minna plot to subdue the Major's pride, as they do not seem to understand his position. As a matter of fact, he has valid claims against the government which have not been recognized, and feels that his honor is tainted until those claims have been paid and he is restored to his old position. He is an obstinate man, with all his good qualities, and feels that his honor is of more importance even than his love for Minna, of the sincerity of which there is no question.

The French gambler Riccaut appears at the beginning of the fourth act, and an amusing conversation follows, in which the Major's broken German mingles curiously with Riccaut's French phrases. The burden of his conversation is that he has come to find the Major and inform him that the King is about to grant his requests and restore him to favor. In gratitude Minna gives Riccaut some money, and in his excitement he lets her discover his char-

acter and promises to win the money for her by cheating. Nevertheless, she permits him to retain her gift. Werner begins a jolly courtship of Franziska, but is interrupted by the entrance of the Major, who is still obdurate and will not yield to Minna's love. She, however, persists in laughing slyly at him:

Min. Why not? What have you to say against laughing? Cannot one be very serious even whilst laughing? Dear Major, laughter keeps us more rational than vexation. The proof is before us. Your laughing friend judges of your circumstances more correctly than you do yourself. Because you are discharged, you say your honor is sullied; because you are wounded in the arm, you call yourself a cripple. Is that right? Is that no exaggeration? And is it my doing that all exaggerations are so open to ridicule? I dare say, if I examine your beggary that it will also be as little able to stand the test. You may have lost your equipage once, twice, or thrice; your deposits in the hands of this or that banker may have disappeared together with those of other people; you may have no hope of seeing this or that money again which you may have advanced in the service; but are you a beggar on that account? If nothing else remained to you but what my uncle is bringing for you——

Maj. T. Your uncle, Madam, will bring nothing for me.

Min. Nothing but the two thousand pistoles which you so generously advanced to our government.

Maj. T. If you had but read my letter, Madam!

Min. Well, I did read it. But what I read in it, on this point, is a perfect riddle. It is impossible that any one should wish to turn a noble action into a crime. But explain to me, dear Major.

Maj. T. You remember, Madam, that I had orders to collect the contribution for the war most strictly in cash in the districts in your neighborhood. I wished to forego

this severity, and advanced the money that was deficient myself.

Min. I remember it well. I loved you for that deed before I had seen you.

Maj. T. The government gave me their bill, and I wished, at the signing of the peace, to have the sum entered amongst the debts to be repaid by them. The bill was acknowledged as good, but my ownership of the same was disputed. People looked incredulous, when I declared that I had myself advanced the amount in cash. It was considered as bribery, as a douceur from the government, because I at once agreed to take the smallest sum with which I could have been satisfied in a case of the greatest exigency. Thus the bill went from my possession, and if it be paid, will certainly not be paid to me. Hence, Madam, I consider my honor to be suspected! not on account of my discharge, which, if I had not received, I should have applied for. You look serious, Madam! Why do you not laugh? Ha! ha! ha! I am laughing.

Min. Oh! stifle that laugh, Tellheim, I implore you! It is the terrible laugh of misanthropy. No, you are not the man to repent of a good deed, because it may have had a bad result for yourself. Nor can these consequences possibly be of long duration. The truth must come to light. The testimony of my uncle, of our government——

Later Minna pretends anger at Tellheim's obstinacy, and the act closes as follows:

Maj. T. (*approaching to interrupt them*). You are angry, Madam.

Min. (*ironically*). I? Not in the least.

Maj. T. If I loved you less——

Min. (*still in the same tone*). Oh, certainly, it would be a misfortune for me. And hear, Major, I also will not be the cause of your unhappiness. One should love with perfect disinterestedness. It is as well that I have not been more open! Perhaps your pity might have

granted to me what your love refuses. (*Drawing the ring slowly from her finger.*)

Maj. T. What does this mean, Madam?

Min. No, neither of us must make the other either more or less happy. True love demands it. I believe you, Major; and you have too much honor to mistake love.

Maj. T. Are you jesting, Madam?

Min. Here! take back the ring with which you plighted your troth to me. (*Gives him the ring.*) Let it be so! We will suppose we have never met.

Maj. T. What do I hear!

Min. Does it surprise you! Take it, sir. You surely have not been pretending only!

Maj. T. (*takes the ring from her*). Heavens! can Minna speak thus!

Min. In one case you cannot be mine; in no case can I be yours. Your misfortune is probable; mine is certain. Farewell! (*Is going.*)

Maj. T. Where are you going, dearest Minna?

Min. Sir, you insult me now by that term of endearment.

Maj. T. What is the matter, Madam? Where are you going?

Min. Leave me. I go to hide my tears from you, deceiver! [*Exit.*

(*Enter* FRANZISKA)

Maj. T. Her tears? And I am to leave her. (*Is about to follow her.*)

Fran. (*holding him back.*) Surely not, Major. You would not follow her into her own room!

Maj. T. Her misfortune? Did she not speak of misfortune?

Fran. Yes, truly; the misfortune of losing you, after——

Maj. T. After? After what? There is more in this. What is it, Franziska? Tell me! Speak!

Fran. After, I mean, she has made such sacrifices on your account.

Maj. T. Sacrifices for me!

Fran. Well, listen. It is a good thing for you, Major, that you are freed from your engagement with her in this manner.—Why should I not tell you? It cannot remain a secret long. We have fled from home. Count von Bruchsal has disinherited my mistress, because she would not accept a husband of his choice. On that every one deserted and slighted her. What could we do? We determined to seek him, whom——

Maj. T. Enough! Come, and let me throw myself at her feet.

Fran. What are you thinking about! Rather go, and thank your good fortune.

Maj. T. Pitiful creature! For what do you take me? Yet no, my dear Franziska, the advice did not come from your heart. Forgive my anger!

Fran. Do not detain me any longer. I must see what she is about. How easily something might happen to her. Go now, and come again, if you like. (*Follows* MINNA.)

Maj. T. But, Franziska! Oh! I will wait your return here.—No, that is more torturing!—If she is in earnest, she will not refuse to forgive me.—Now I want your aid, honest Werner!—No, Minna, I am no deceiver! (*Rushes off.*)

The brief fifth act straightens out all the difficulties. The misunderstanding between Minna and the Major is cleared up, he is restored to the King's favor and all his claims are paid, Minna's uncle and guardian appears, welcomes the Major and blesses their union, while Werner and Franziska close the act and the play:

Maj. T. (*pointing to the purse which* WERNER *had thrown down*). Here, Just, pick up the purse, and carry it home. Go! (JUST *takes it up and goes.*)

Wer. (*still standing, out of humor, in a corner, and absent till he hears the last words*). Well, what now?

Maj. T. (*in a friendly tone while going up to him*). Werner, when can I have the other two thousand pistoles?

Wer. (*in a good humor again instantly*). To-morrow, Major, to-morrow.

Maj. T. I do not need to become your debtor; but I will be your banker. All you good-natured people ought to have guardians. You are in a manner spendthrifts.—I irritated you just now, Werner.

Wer. Upon my life you did! But I ought not to have been such a dolt. Now I see it all clearly. I deserve a hundred lashes. You may give them to me, if you will, Major. Only no more ill will, dear Major!

Maj. T. Ill will! (*shaking him by the hand.*) Read in my eyes all that I cannot say to you—Ah! let me see the man with a better wife and a more trusty friend than I shall have.—Eh! Franziska? [*Exit.*

Fran. (*aside*). Yes, indeed, he is more than good!—Such a man will never fall in my way again.—It must come out. (*Approaching* WERNER *bashfully.*) Mr. Sergeant!

Wer. (*wiping his eyes*). Well!

Fran. Mr. Sergeant——

Wer. What do you want, little woman?

Fran. Look at me, Mr. Sergeant.

Wer. I can't yet; there is something, I don't know what, in my eyes.

Fran. Now do look at me!

Wer. I am afraid I have looked at you too much already, little woman!—There, now I can see you. What then?

Fran. Mr. Sergeant—don't you want a Mrs. Sergeant?

Wer. Do you really mean it, little woman?

Fran. Really I do.

Wer. And would you go with me to Persia even?

Fran. Wherever you please.

Wer. You will! Hullo, Major, no boasting! At any rate I have got as good a wife, and as trusty a friend, as you.—Give me your hand, my little woman! It's a

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LAOKOÖN

MARBLE GROUP, VATICAN, ROME.

match!—In ten years' time you shall be a general's wife, or a widow!

V. "LAOKOÖN." *Laokoön,* which takes its name from the Laocoön, the beautiful antique statue which is now so familiar, is a work in criticism, whose purpose was entirely to separate poetry from the plastic arts and to establish canons of good taste in both. One of the principles evolved is that the plastic arts should not attempt to represent anything but bodies which occupy space, while the function of poetry is to represent action and cannot be expected to give clear or vivid ideas of things. The *Laokoön* is a long and incomplete work, containing but a third of what was intended; the other parts were never written. As Lessing had seen but little of statues and paintings and probably had never seen the Laocoön or even a plaster cast of it, his conclusions are not all reliable, but his criticism as a whole was so clear and far-reaching that it opened new fields of vision to many a writer, and even Goethe himself confesses to the illuminating power of its treatment. Lessing hurried the *Laokoön* to conclusion, hoping that it would aid in his candidacy for the post of Royal Librarian, but it failed to secure the office for him.

It is impossible to give by way of extracts any idea of *Laokoön,* but a brief quotation may not be uninteresting. The following, translated by Mr. E. C. Beasley, is what he has to say of the expression of ugliness in poetry:

A single unbecoming part may disturb the harmonious operation of many in the direction of beauty without the object necessarily becoming ugly. Even ugliness requires several unbecoming parts, all of which we must be able to take in at the same view before we experience sensations the opposite of those which beauty produces.

According to this, therefore, ugliness in its essence could be no subject of poetry; yet Homer has painted extreme ugliness in Thersites, and this ugliness is described according to its contiguous parts. Why in the case of ugliness did he allow himself a license from which he had so judiciously abstained in that of beauty? Is not the effect of ugliness obviated by a successive enumeration of its elements just as much as the effect of beauty is annihilated by a similar enumeration of its elements?

Undoubtedly it is; but it is in this very fact that the justification of Homer lies. The poet can only make use of ugliness so far as it is reduced in his description into a less repugnant appearance of bodily imperfection, and ceases, as it were, in point of its effect to be ugliness. Thus, what he cannot make use of by itself he can as an ingredient for the purpose of producing and strengthening certain mixed sensations with which he must entertain us in default of those purely agreeable.

These mixed feelings are the ridiculous and the horrible.

Homer makes Thersites ugly in order to make him ridiculous. He is not made so, however, merely by his ugliness, for ugliness is an imperfection, and a contrast of perfections with imperfections is required to produce the ridiculous. This is the explanation of my friend, to which I might add, that this contrast must not be too sharp and glaring, and that the contrasts, to continue in the language of the artist, must be of such a kind that they are capable of blending into one another. The wise and virtuous Aesop does not become ridiculous because the ugliness of Thersites has been attributed to him. It was a foolish monkish whim to try to illustrate the γελοῖον in his instructive fables by means of the deformity in his

own person. For a misshapen body and a beautiful mind are as oil and vinegar; however much you may shake them together, they always remain distinct to the taste. They will not make a third quality. The body produces annoyance, the soul pleasure; each its own effect. It is only when the deformed body is also fragile and sickly, when it impedes the soul in its operations, and is the occasion of prejudicial judgments concerning it, that annoyance and pleasure melt into one another. The new result is not ridicule, but sympathy; and its object, who without this would only have been esteemed, becomes interesting. The misshapen sickly Pope must have been far more interesting to his friends than the handsome and healthy Wycherly to his. But while Thersites is not made ridiculous by mere ugliness, he would by no means be so without it. His ugliness, the harmony of this ugliness with his character, the contrast which both form with the idea which he cherishes of his own importance, the harmless effect of his malicious chattering, which is derogatory to himself only, all combine to produce this result. The last circumstance is the *οὐ φθαρτικόν*, which Aristotle considers indispensable to the ridiculous; as my friend makes it also a necessary condition that the contrast should not be of great importance, or inspire us with much interest. For let us only assume that even Thersites paid more dearly than he did for his malicious depreciation of Agamemnon, and atoned for it with his life, instead of a pair of bloody wheals, and we should at once cease to laugh at him. For this horror of a man is still a man, whose annihilation must always appear a greater evil to us than all his defects and vices. In order to experience this, let any one read the account of his end in Quintus Calaber. Achilles is grieved at having slain Penthesileia; the beauty, bathed in her own blood so bravely shed, demands the esteem and compassion of the hero; and esteem and compassion beget love. But the slanderous Thersites imputes this to him as a crime. He grows zealous against the lust which can lead even the most noble of men to madness. Achilles is angered, and, with-

out adding a word, strikes him so heavily between the cheek and the ear that his teeth and blood and life issue together from his mouth. It is too horrible! The passionate and murderous Achilles becomes more hateful to me than the malicious and snarling Thersites. The shout of applause which the Greeks raised at this offends me. I step to the side of Diomedes, who already draws his sword to avenge his kinsman on the murderer, for I feel that Thersites is my kinsman also, a human being.

But let us suppose that the instigations of Thersites had resulted in a mutiny; that the rebellious people had really embarked in their ships, and treacherously left their leaders behind them; that these leaders had fallen into the hands of a revengeful enemy; and that thereupon a divine decree of punishment had wreaked utter destruction on the fleet and people. How would the ugliness of Thersites appear then? If ugliness, when harmless, may be ridiculous, when hurtful it is always horrible. I do not know how I can better illustrate this than by citing a couple of excellent passages from Shakespeare. Edmund, the bastard of the Earl of Gloucester, in *King Lear,* is not less a villain than Richard Duke of Gloucester, who paved his path to the throne by the most horrible crimes, and mounted it under the title of Richard the Third. How is it then that the first excites our loathing and horror so much less than the second? When I hear the bastard say:

"Thou, Nature, art my goddess; to thy law
My services are bound. Wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of custom, and permit
The curiosity of nations to deprive me,
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moonshines
Lag of a brother? Why bastard? wherefore base?
When my dimensions are as well compact,
My mind as generous, and my shape as true
As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us
With base? with baseness? bastardy? base, base?
Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take

More composition and fierce quality
Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed,
Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops,
Got 'tween asleep and awake?"

I am listening to a devil, but see him in the form of an angel of light. When, on the contrary, I hear the Duke of Gloucester:

"But I, that am not shaped for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty;
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;
I, that am curtailed of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deformed, unfinished, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable,
That dogs bark at me as I halt by them;
Why I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time,
Unless to spy my shadow in the sun
And descant on mine own deformity;
And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover,
To entertain these fair, well-spoken days,
I am determined to prove a villain——"

I hear a devil, and I see a devil; and in a form which the devil alone ought to have.

VI. THE "DRAMATIC NOTES." While the *Dramatic Notes* appeared in the form of a weekly periodical, it was, as a whole, a treatise on the tragic art, and is still considered an authority in theatrical circles. Different numbers treated of *Semiramis, Zarie* and *Merope,* by Voltaire; of *Essex,* by Thomas Corneille; of *Rodogune,* by Pierre Corneille; and of *Richard III,* by Weisse, and a number of less important

subjects. Lessing's criticism of the French is scathing, but he exalts Shakespeare and holds that the modern rules of high tragedy had been drawn from a misapprehension of Aristotle and that Shakespeare himself was a better Greek than Voltaire.

Under the section devoted to *Sara Sampson* we gave an extract from the *Dramatic Notes,* in which Lessing criticizes his own work.

In the concluding number of the *Notes* is the famous passage in which he renounces the name of poet. Translation by Miss Helen Zimmern:

I am neither actor nor poet.

It is true that I have sometimes had the honor of being taken for the latter, but only because I have been misunderstood. It is not right to draw such liberal inferences from the few dramatic attempts I have ventured. Not every one who takes up a brush and lays on colors is a painter. The earliest of my attempts were made at that time of life when we are but too apt to regard inclination and facility as genius. What is tolerable in my later attempts is due, as I am well aware, simply and solely to criticism. I do not feel within myself the living spring that works itself out of its native strength and breaks forth out of its own strength into such rich, fresh, clear streams. I must force everything out of myself by pressure and pipes. I should be poor, cold, shortsighted if I had not learnt in a measure to borrow foreign treasures, to warm myself at foreign fires and to strengthen my eyes by the glasses of art. I am therefore always ashamed or annoyed when I hear or read anything in disparagement of criticism. It is said to suppress genius, and I flattered myself that I had gained from it something very nearly approaching to genius. I am a lame man who cannot possibly be edified by abuse of his crutch.

But certainly like the crutch which helps the lame man to move from one place to another and yet cannot make him a runner, so it is with criticism. If by its aid I can produce something which is better than another who has my talents would make without it, yet it costs me much time, I must be free from all other occupations, must not be interrupted by arbitrary distractions, I must have all my learning at hand, I must be able calmly to recollect at every point all the observations I have ever made regarding customs and passions. Hence for a workman who is to furnish a theater with novelties, no one could be worse suited than I.

Consequently I shall take care to refrain from doing for the German theater what Goldoni did for the Italian, to enrich it in one year with thirteen new plays. Yes, I should leave that alone even if I could do it. I am more suspicious of first thoughts than even John de la Casa or old Shandy could be. For even if I do not hold them to be temptations of the evil one, either of the real or the allegorical devil, I still think that first thoughts are the first and that the best does not even in all soups swim on the top. My first thoughts are certainly not better by a hair's-breadth than anybody's first thoughts and anybody's first thoughts had best be kept in the background.

VII. "EMILIA GALOTTI." The second of Lessing's three great dramas is unquestionably the tragedy *Emilia Galotti,* which was commenced in 1757 but not completed for fifteen years, owing to interruptions of various kinds. The germ of the plot lies in the old Roman story of *Virginia,* but Lessing adapted it to other conditions and laid the scene in modern Italy. It is a clean-cut, rapidly-moving drama, with no waste words or unnecessary incidents. As such it may be regarded as the beginning of modern tragic drama, for it did away with

many of the old-time conventions, while at the same time it did not contain radical innovations that in any way affect the vigor or dramatic interest of a tragedy. Two of the characters, Marinelli, the Prince's chamberlain, tempter and panderer, and Countess Orsina, are among the best drawn in German literature, and the only thing which prevents the play from being one of the greatest of modern times is the weak denouement, for it is difficult to justify on the stage or elsewhere such a termination.

The Italian Prince Hettore Gonzaga is passionately enamored of Emilia Galotti, a humble girl whom he has scarcely met. A painter brings him a portrait of the Countess Orsina, his former mistress, but although it was ordered in a rapture of love, the Prince now finds no interest in it. When, however, the artist exhibits a portrait of Emilia, the Prince is delighted and rewards the painter extravagantly when he presents it. Marinelli, the Prince's chamberlain, informs him that Emilia is that day to be married to Count Appiani, and when the Prince shows his wretchedness and disappointment, Marinelli tempts him to stop the wedding or put Appiani out of the way.

Odoardo Galotti, Emilia's father, a very worthy, highly virtuous and extremely honorable man, hears that the Prince has seen Emilia and appears alarmed, though Claudia, the mother, calms him. Emilia comes home from church sadly agitated because the Prince has

accosted her even in the sanctuary and has followed her home, making love. The mother, however, calms her, and she turns to the love of Appiani, who seems in every way worthy of her. Marinelli appears and informs the Count that the Prince has selected him for an important commission which will take him away from the city immediately. Appiani declines to accept the trust because it is his wedding day, and he and Marinelli quarrel, the latter putting off till some future time a challenge which Appiani would carry to its bitter end at once.

The Count and Emilia take their carriage to go to the country home of her father, where they are to be married, but on the way, as they pass a summer house of the Prince's, they are set upon by the bandit Angelo, who in the conflict kills Appiani and is about to carry away Emilia when the servants of the Prince, according to the pre-arranged plot, rush in, "rescue" Emilia and carry her before the Prince. Though near at hand, he is not conversant with Marinelli's schemes, but he falls in with them willingly when they are explained. The Prince takes Emilia to his apartments, while Claudia, coming in, meets Marinelli. We quote from the translation of R. Dillon Boylan:

Claud. (*espies* MARINELLI, *and starts*). You here, Sir—and my daughter here—and you—you will conduct me to her?

Mar. With great pleasure, madam.

Claud. Hold! It just occurs to me. It was you, I think,

who visited Count Appiani this morning at my house, —whom I left alone with him,—and with whom he afterwards had a quarrel?

Mar. A quarrel? That I did not know. We had a trifling dispute respecting affairs of state.

Claud. And your name is Marinelli?

Mar. The Marquis Marinelli.

Claud. True. Hear, then, Marquis Marinelli. Your name, accompanied with a curse—but no—I will not wrong the noble man—the curse was inferred by myself—your name was the last word uttered by the dying Count.

Mar. The dying Count? Count Appiani?——You hear, Madam, what most surprises me in this your strange address—the dying Count?—What else you mean to imply, I know not.

Claud. (*with asperity, and in a deliberate tone*). Marinelli was the last word uttered by the dying Count. —Do you understand me now? I myself did not at first understand it, though it was spoken in a tone—a tone which I still hear. Where were my senses that I could not understand it instantly?

Mar. Well, Madam, I was always the Count's friend—his intimate friend. If, therefore, he pronounced my name at the hour of death——

Claud. In that tone!—I cannot imitate—I cannot describe it—but it signified——everything. What! Were we attacked by robbers? No—by assassins—by hired assassins: and Marinelli was the last word uttered by the dying Count, in such a tone——

Mar. In such a tone? Did any one ever hear that a tone of voice used in a moment of terror could be a ground of accusation against an honest man?

Claud. Oh, that I could appear before a tribunal of justice, and imitate that tone! Yet, wretch that I am! I forget my daughter. Where is she—dead too? Was it my daughter's fault that Appiani was thy enemy?

Mar. I revere the mother's fears, and therefore pardon you.—Come, Madam. Your daughter is in an adjoin-

ing room, and I hope her alarms are by this time at an end. With the tenderest solicitude is the Prince himself employed in comforting her.

Claud. Who?

Mar. The Prince.

Claud. The Prince! Do you really say the Prince—our Prince?

Mar. Who else should it be?

Claud. Wretched mother that I am!—And her father, her father! He will curse the day of her birth. He will curse me.

Mar. For Heaven's sake, Madam, what possesses you?

Claud. It is clear. To-day—at church—before the eyes of the All-pure—in the presence of the Eternal, this scheme of villainy began. (*To* MARINELLI.) Murderer! Mean, cowardly murderer! Thou wast not bold enough to meet him face to face, but base enough to bribe assassins that another might be gratified. Thou scum of murderers! honorable murderers would not endure thee in their company. Why may I not spit all my gall, all my rancor into thy face, thou panderer?

Mar. You rave, good woman. Moderate your voice, at any rate, and remember where you are.

Claud. Where I am! Remember where I am! What cares the lioness, when robbed of her young, in whose forest she roars?

Em. (*within*). Ha! My mother! I hear my mother's voice.

Claud. Her voice? 'Tis she! She has heard me. Where are you, my child?—I come, I come (*rushes into the room, followed by* MARINELLI).

The Countess Orsina calls on the Prince, who slights her, and she and Marinelli are discussing the circumstance when Odoardo enters. The Countess finds a means of sending out the chamberlain and takes the opportunity to tell the father all the circumstances of the plot and

the Prince's treatment of herself. At the same time she gives him a dagger in secrecy. Claudia is sent away with Countess Orsina, and Odoardo is made to wait the Prince's pleasure.

In a dialogue with Marinelli Odoardo learns more of the Prince's purpose, which is confirmed a little later when he interviews that dignitary himself. It seems that Emilia is to be placed with the family of a disreputable noble, Grimaldi, there to await an examination concerning the murder of Appiani. Hopeless of any mercy from the Prince or any cessation of the schemes of Marinelli, and knowing fully the character of the Prince, he asks to meet his daughter and she is allowed to come in:

Em. How! You here, my father? And you alone—without the Count—without my mother? So uneasy, too, my father?

Odo. And you so much at ease, my daughter?

Em. Why should I not be so, my father? Either all is lost, or nothing. To be able to be at ease, and to be obliged to be at ease, do they not come to the same thing!

Odo. But what do you suppose to be the case?

Em. That all is lost—therefore that we must be at ease, my father.

Odo. And you are at ease, because necessity requires it? Who are you? A girl; my daughter? Then should the man and the father be ashamed of you. But let me hear. What mean you when you say that all is lost?—that Count Appiani is dead?

Em. And why is he dead? Why? Ha! It is, then, true, my father—the horrible tale is true which I read in my mother's tearful and wild looks. Where is my mother? Where has she gone?

Odo. She is gone before us—if we could but follow her.

Em. Oh, the sooner the better. For if the Count be dead—if he was doomed to die on that account—Ha! Why do we stay here? Let us fly, my father.

Odo. Fly! Where is the necessity? You are in the hands of your ravisher, and will there remain.

Em. I remain in his hands?

Odo. And alone—without your mother—without me.

Em. I remain alone in his hands? Never, my father—or you are not my father. I remain alone in his hands? 'Tis well. Leave me, leave me. I will see who can detain me—who can compel me. What human being can compel another?

Odo. I thought, my child, you were tranquil.

Em. I am so. But what do you call tranquillity?—To lay my hands in my lap, and patiently bear what cannot be borne, and suffer what should be suffered.

Odo. Ha! If such be thy thoughts, come to my arms, my daughter. I have ever said, that Nature, when forming woman, wished to form her master-piece. She erred in that the clay she chose was too plastic. In every other respect man is inferior to woman. Ha! If this be thy composure, I recognize my daughter again. Come to my arms. Now, mark me. Under the pretense of legal examination, the Prince—tears thee (the hellish fool's play!) tears thee from our arms, and places thee under the protection of Grimaldi.

Em. Tears me from your arms? Takes me—would tear me—take me—would—would——As if we ourselves had no will, father.

Odo. So incensed was I, that I was on the point of drawing forth this dagger (*produces it*), and plunging it into the hearts of both the villains.

Em. Heaven forbid it, my father! This life is all the wicked can enjoy. Give me, give me the dagger.

Odo. Child, it is no bodkin.

Em. If it were, it would serve as a dagger.

Odo. What! Is it come to that? Not yet, not yet. Reflect. You have but one life to lose, Emilia.

Em. And but one innocence.

Odo. Which is proof against all force.

Em. But not against all seduction. Force! Force! What is that? Who may not defy force? What you call force is nothing. Seduction is the only real force. I have blood, my father, as youthful and as warm as that of others. I have senses too. I cannot pledge myself: I guarantee nothing. I know the house of Grimaldi. It is a house of revelry—a single hour spent in that society, under the protection of my mother, created such a tumult in my soul, that all the rigid exercises of religion could scarcely quell it in whole weeks. Religion! And what religion? To avoid no worse snares thousands have leapt into the waves, and now are saints. Give me the dagger, then, my father.

Odo. And didst thou but know who armed me with this dagger——

Em. That matters not. An unknown friend is not the less a friend. Give me the dagger, father, I beseech you.

Odo. And if I were to give it you?—what then? There! (*He presents it.*)

Em. And there! (*She seizes it with ardor, and is about to stab herself when* ODOARDO *wrests it from her.*)

Odo. See how rash——No; it is not for thy hand.

Em. 'Tis true; then with this bodkin will I! (*she searches for one in her hair, and feels the rose in her head*). Art thou still there? Down, down! thou shouldst not deck the head of one, such as my father wishes me to be!

Odo. Oh! my daughter!

Em. Oh, my father! if I understand you. But no, you will not do it, or why so long delayed. (*In a bitter tone, while she plucks the leaves of the rose.*) In former days there was a father, who, to save his daughter from disgrace plunged the first deadly weapon which he saw, into his daughter's heart—and thereby gave her life, a second time. But those were deeds of ancient times. Such fathers exist not now.

Odo. They do, they do, my daughter (*stabs her*). God of heaven! What have I done? (*supports her in his arms as she sinks.*)

Em. Broken a rose before the storm had robbed it of its bloom. Oh, let me kiss this kind parental hand.

(*Enter* THE PRINCE, MARINELLI)

Pr. (*entering*). What means this? Is Emilia not well?

Odo. Very well, very well.

Pr. (*approaching her.*) What do I see? Oh, horror!

Mar. I am lost!

Pr. Cruel father, what hast thou done?

Odo. Broken a rose before the storm had robbed it of its bloom. Said you not so, my daughter?

Em. Not you, my father. I, I myself——

Odo. Not thou, my daughter—not thou! Quit not this world with falsehood on thy lips. Not thou, my daughter—thy father, thy unfortunate father.

Em. Ah!—My father—(*Dies in his arms. He lays her gently on the floor.*)

Odo. Ascend on high! There, Prince! Does she still charm you? Does she still rouse your appetites?—here, weltering in her blood—which cries for vengeance against you. (*After a pause.*) Doubtless you wait to see the end of this. You expect, perhaps, that I shall turn the steel against myself, and finish the deed like some wretched tragedy. You are mistaken. There! (*Throws the dagger at his feet.*) There lies the blood-stained witness of my crime. I go to deliver myself into the hands of justice. I go to meet you as my judge: then I shall meet you in another world, before the Judge of all. [*Exit.*

Pr. (*after a pause, during which he surveys the body with a look of horror and despair, turns to* MARINELLI). Here! Raise her. How! Dost thou hesitate? Wretch! Villain! (*Tears the dagger from his grasp.*) No. Thy blood shall not be mixed with such as this. Go: hide thyself for ever. Begone, I say. Oh, God! Oh, God! Is it not enough for the misery of many that monarchs are men? Must devils in disguise become their friends?

VIII. "NATHAN THE WISE." In 1779 Lessing "preached on undisturbed in his old pulpit, the theater," and the sermon he uttered was *Nathan the Wise,* a truly great drama written in blank verse, a measure for the first time used in German. *Nathan* is a religious play and preaches that doctrine of broad toleration which had become the author's, after years of study. Nobly and sympathetically he treats the subject, presenting to the world enduring conclusions that will stimulate and inspire the soul of man for centuries. The germ of the play is found in the story of the three rings, the first version of which appears in the *Decameron,* though its origin dates far back of the time when Boccaccio told his famous stories. In Lessing's version two new factors are incorporated: The genuine ring will make its possessor beloved by God and man if the wearer has faith in its efficacy, and the hope that in some thousands of years a judge may come who can decide the question.

The plot is not complex, and throughout there is little to harrow the mind of the reader. Only once does tragedy seem to approach, but until the end it forms a tangible background against which the acts of the principal characters are shown with vivid distinctness. The hot-headed Templar more than once seems to be on the verge of bringing about a catastrophe, but always his better self prevails or some incident occurs to wean him from his purpose. The curtain falls on a happy group of people,

representing three great religions, but full of respect and affection for one another.

In the first act Nathan is shown returning from a long journey. He is told by Daja, a Christian woman who has served as companion to his adopted daughter, Recha, that his house has burned and Recha has narrowly escaped death, but that a young Knight Templar, who since refuses to see them, saved her life by his extraordinary bravery. When Recha sees her supposed father she tells him that it is an angel who has saved her, but Nathan combats that idea, suggesting that it was a brave young man, and sends Daja to try to bring the Templar home. Nathan meets a Dervish friend, who has risen to be the Sultan's treasurer, and the latter says that rather than be the almoner of treasures wrung from reluctant hands he will return to the desert. A monk from the monastery interviews the Templar, who, however, refuses to play traitor and spy against the Sultan, for the latter, who had captured him, spared his life because he resembled a much-loved brother. Daja finds the Templar, but he refuses to go with her and forbids her to speak to him, because he hates the whole race of Jews.

The second act begins with Saladin and Sittah, his sister, playing a game of chess, in which the latter wins a large sum of money. They speak of their troubles, the chief of which is a lack of money, of which, however, Saladin is inclined to make light. We quote from the translation of R. Dillon Boylan:

I poor! her brother poor!
When had I more—when had I less than now?
A cloak, a horse, a saber, and my God!
What need I else? and these ne'er can I lack.
And yet, Al-Hafi, I could scold you now.

As the conversation proceeds, Saladin shows his regard for the Templar whose life he has saved and seems to favor an alliance with the Christians, of whom Sittah has said:

Did I not smile at once at your fine dreams?
You do not, will not, know the Christian race.
It is their pride not to be men, but Christians.
The virtue which their founder felt and taught,
The charity He mingled with their creed,
Is valued, not because it is humane,
And good, and lovely, but for this alone,
That it was Christ who taught it, Christ who did it.
'Tis well for them He was so good a man,
Well that they take His goodness all on trust,
And in His virtues put their faith. His virtues!
'Tis not His virtues, but His name alone
They wish to thrust upon us—His mere name,
Which they desire should overspread the world,
Should swallow up the name of all good men,
And put the rest to shame. 'Tis for His name
Alone they care.

Al-Hafi, the Dervish, enters and brings no money, and it is disclosed that Sittah has been supplying the Sultan's needs from her own funds and that he has been in reality generously giving away money that was not his own. Moreover, the Dervish sees the chessboard and says that Saladin has not been defeated and that it is still possible to win the game, but the Sultan tips the board over and

will not defend himself. Nathan happens to be mentioned and an account of his wealth is given. Sittah takes notice and proposes to get the money, but Al-Hafi tries to put them off the scent. When the Sultan and his sister are left alone, the following conversation takes place:

SITTAH

He speeds away, as though he would escape.
Why so? Is he indeed himself deceived,
Or would he now mislead me?

SALADIN

Can I guess?
I scarcely know the man of whom you speak,
And, for the first time, hear to-day of him.

SITTAH

Can it be possible you know him not
Who, it is said, has visited the tombs
Of Solomon and David; knows the spell
To ope their marble lids, and thence obtain
The boundless stores that claim no lesser source.

SALADIN

Were this man's wealth by miracle procured,
'Tis not at Solomon's or David's tomb
That it is found. Mere mortal fools lie there.

SITTAH

Or knaves!—But still his source of opulence
Is more productive, more exhaustless than
A cave of Mammon.

SALADIN

For he trades, I'm told.

SITTAH

His caravans through every desert toil,
His laden camels throng the public roads,
His ships in every harbor furl their sails.
Al-Hafi long ago has told me this,

Adding, with pride, how Nathan gives away,
What he esteems it noble to have earned
By patient industry, for others' wants;
How free from bias is his lofty soul,
His heart to every virtue how unlocked,
To every lovely feeling how allied!

SALADIN

And yet Al-Hafi spoke with coldness of him.

SITTAH

Not coldness, but unwillingness, as if
He deemed it dangerous to praise too much,
Yet knew not how to blame without a cause.
Or can it be, in truth, that e'en the best
Amongst a tribe can never quite escape
The foibles of their race, and that, in fact,
Al-Hafi has in this to blush for Nathan?
But come what may, let him be Jew or not,
If he be rich, that is enough for me.

SALADIN

You would not, sister, take his wealth by force?

SITTAH

By force? What mean you? Fire and sword? Oh, no!
What force is necessary with the weak
But their own weakness? Come a while with me,
Into my harem. I have bought a songstress
You have not heard—she came but yesterday.
Meanwhile I'll think upon a subtle plan
For this same Nathan. Follow, Saladin!

Nathan meets the Templar, learns that the young man's name is Conrad of Stauffen and sees a resemblance to some one whom he has known. Persuaded of the Jew's goodness and wisdom the supposed Conrad agrees to visit him. Daja warns Nathan that the Sultan has sent for him, and Al-Hafi warns him on no account to go before the Sultan but to flee to the desert, and the act ends with the confession

that he has done what he could to protect Nathan:

AL-HAFI

That——I'm not guilty,
God knows, I'm not to blame; 'tis not my fault.
I've done my best—belied, and slandered you—
To save you from it.

NATHAN

Save me? and from what?
Be plain.

AL-HAFI

From being made his Defterdar.
I pity you—I cannot stay to see it.
I fly this hour—you know the road I take.
Speak, then, if I can serve you; but your wants
Must suit a wretch that's wholly destitute.
Quick, what's your pleasure?

NATHAN

Recollect yourself—
Your words are mystery. I know of nothing.
What do you mean?

AL-HAFI

You'll take your money-bags?

NATHAN

My money-bags!

AL-HAFI

Ay, bring your treasures forth—
The treasures you must shower on Saladin.

NATHAN

And is that all?

AL-HAFI

Ah! shall I witness it,
How, day by day, he'll scoop and pare you down,
Till nothing but a hollow, empty shell,
A husk as light as film, is left behind.
Nathan, you've yet to learn how spendthrift waste
From prudent bounty's never empty stores
Borrows and borrows, till there's not a crumb

Left to keep rats from starving. Do not think
That he who wants your gold will heed advice.
When has the Sultan listened to advice?
Hear what befell me with him.

NATHAN

Well—go on.

AL-HAFI

He played just now at chess with Sittah. She
Is a keen player. I drew near and watched.
The game which Saladin supposed was lost,
Stood yet upon the board. He had given in,
I marked, and cried, "The game's not lost at all!"

NATHAN

Oh! what a grand discovery for you.

AL-HAFI

He needed only to remove his king
Behind the castle—and the check was saved.
Could I but show you——

NATHAN

I believe it all!

AL-HAFI

Then with the castle free, he must have won.
I saw it, and I called him to the board.
What do you think he did?

NATHAN

He doubted you.

AL-HAFI

Not only that—he would not hear a word—
And with contempt he overthrew the board.

NATHAN

Indeed!

AL-HAFI

He said he chose it—would be mats.
Is that to play the game?

NATHAN

Most surely not.
'Twas rather playing with the game.

AL-HAFI

And yet
The stakes were high.

NATHAN

A trifle to the Sultan!
Money is nought to him. It is not that
Which galls, but not to hear Al-Hafi out—
Not to admire his comprehensive glance,
His eagle eye—'tis that demands revenge.
Say, am I right?

AL-HAFI

I only tell this tale
That you may know how much his head is worth.
But I am weary of him. All the day
I am running round to every wretched Moor
To borrow money for him—I who ne'er
Ask for myself, am now obliged to sue
For others—and, according to my creed,
To borrow is to beg, as, when you lend
Your money upon usury, you steal.
Among my Ghebers on the Ganges' shores
I shall need neither; there I shall not be
The tool or pimp of any; there alone
Upon the Ganges honest men are found.
You, Nathan, you alone of all I see
Are worthy on the Ganges' banks to live.
Then come with me; leave him the wretched gold
That he would strip you of—'tis all he wants.
Little by little he will ruin you;
'Tis better to be quit of all at once;
Come, then, and I'll provide you with a staff.

NATHAN

Nay, that resource will still remain for us
As a last refuge. But I'll think of it.

AL-HAFI

Nay, ponder not upon a thing like this.

NATHAN

Then stay till I have seen the Sultan. Stay
Till I have bid farewell.

AL-HAFI

The man who stays
To hunt for motives, to search reasons out,
Who cannot boldly and at once resolve
To live a free man's life, must be the slave
Of others till his death. But as you please.
Farewell! my path is here, and yours is there!

NATHAN

But stay, Al-Hafi! till you have arranged
The state accounts.

AL-HAFI

Pah! Nathan, there's no need;
The balance in the chest is quickly told,
And my account, Sittah, or you, will vouch.
Farewell! [*Exit.*

NATHAN (*looking after him*)

Yes, I will vouch it, honest, wild—
How shall I call him? Ah! the real beggar
Is, after all, the only real king. [*Exit at opposite side.*

In the third act the Templar falls passionately in love with the beautiful Jewess, but suddenly leaves her when he finds that Nathan is with the Sultan, suspecting that the latter will try to extract money from the Jew. In the interview between the Sultan and Nathan, the latter tells the story of the rings:

SALADIN

It is another, a far different thing
On which I seek for wisdom; and since you
Are called the Wise, tell me which faith or law
You deem the best.

NATHAN

Sultan, I am a Jew.

SALADIN

And I a Mussulman. The Christian stands
Between us. Here are three religions, then,
And of these three one only can be true.

A man like you remains not where his birth
By accident has cast him; or if so,
Conviction, choice, or ground of preference,
Supports him. Let me, Nathan, hear from you,
In confidence, the reasons of your choice,
Which I have lacked the leisure to examine.
It may be, Nathan, that I am the first
Sultan who has indulged this strange caprice,
Which need not, therefore, make a Sultan blush.
Am I the first? Nay, speak; or if you seek
A brief delay to shape your scattered thoughts,
I yield it freely. (Has she overheard?
She will inform me if I've acted right.)
Reflect then, Nathan, I shall soon return. [*Exit.*

NATHAN (*alone*)

Strange! how is this? What can the Sultan want?
I came prepared for cash—he asks for truth!
Truth! as if truth were cash! A coin disused—
Valued by weight! If so, 'twere well, indeed!
But coin quite new, not coin but for the die,
To be flung down and on the counter told——
It is not that. Like gold tied up in bags,
Will truth lie hoarded in the wise man's head,
To be produced at need? Now, in this case,
Which of us plays the Jew? He asks for truth.
Is truth what he requires? his aim, his end?
Or does he use it as a subtle snare?
That were too petty for his noble mind.
Yet what is e'er too petty for the great?
Did he not rush at once into the house,
Whilst, as a friend, he would have paused or knocked?
I must beware. Yet to repel him now
And act the stubborn Jew, is not the thing;
And wholly to fling off the Jew, still less.
For if no Jew, he might with justice ask,
Why not a Mussulman?—That thought may serve.—
Others than children may be quieted
With tales well told. But see, he comes—he comes.

(*Enter* SALADIN)

SALADIN

(*Aside*) (The coast is clear)—I am not come too soon?
Have you reflected on this matter, Nathan?
Speak! no one hears.

NATHAN

Would all the world might hear!

SALADIN

And are you of your cause so confident?
'Tis wise, indeed, of you to hide no truth,
For truth to hazard all, even life and goods.

NATHAN

Ay, when necessity and profit bid.

SALADIN

I hope that henceforth I shall rightly bear
One of my names, "Reformer of the world
And of the law!"

NATHAN

A noble title, truly;
But, Sultan, ere I quite explain myself,
Permit me to relate a tale.

SALADIN

Why not?
I ever was a friend of tales well told.

NATHAN

Well told! Ah, Sultan! that's another thing.

SALADIN

What! still so proudly modest? But begin.

NATHAN

In days of yore, there dwelt in Eastern lands
A man, who from a valued hand received
A ring of priceless worth. An opal stone
Shot from within an ever-changing hue,
And held this virtue in its form concealed,
To render him of God and man beloved,
Who wore it in this fixed unchanging faith.
No wonder that its Eastern owner ne'er
Withdrew it from his finger, and resolved
That to his house the ring should be secured.

Therefore he thus bequeathed it: first to him
Who was the most beloved of his sons,
Ordaining then that he should leave the ring
To the most dear among his children; then,
That without heeding birth, the fav'rite son,
In virtue of the ring alone, should still
Be lord of all the house. You hear me, Sultan?

SALADIN

I understand. Proceed.

NATHAN

From son to son,
The ring at length descended to a sire
Who had three sons, alike obedient to him,
And whom he loved with just and equal love.
The first, the second, and the third, in turn,
According as they each apart received
The overflowings of his heart, appeared
Most worthy as his heir, to take the ring,
Which, with good-natured weakness, he in turn
Had promised privately to each; and thus
Things lasted for a while. But death approached,
The father now embarrassed, could not bear
To disappoint two sons, who trusted him.
What's to be done? In secret he commands
The jeweler to come, that from the form
Of the true ring, he may bespeak two more.
Nor cost nor pains are to be spared, to make
The rings alike—quite like the true one. This
The artist managed. When the rings were brought
The father's eye could not distinguish which
Had been the model. Overjoyed, he calls
His sons, takes leave of each apart—bestows
His blessing and his ring on each—and dies.
You hear me?

SALADIN (*who has turned away in perplexity*)

Ay! I hear. Conclude the tale.

NATHAN

'Tis ended, Sultan! All that follows next
May well be guessed. Scarce is the father dead,

When with his ring, each separate son appears,
And claims to be the lord of all the house.
Question arises, tumult and debate—
But all in vain—the true ring could no more
Be then distinguished than——(*after a pause, in which he awaits the Sultan's reply*) the true faith now.

SALADIN

Is that your answer to my question?

NATHAN

No!

But it may serve as my apology.
I cannot venture to decide between
Rings which the father had expressly made,
To baffle those who would distinguish them.

SALADIN

Rings, Nathan! Come, a truce to this! The creeds
Which I have named have broad, distinctive marks,
Differing in raiment, food, and drink!

NATHAN

'Tis true!

But then they differ not in their foundation.
Are not all built on history alike,
Traditional or written? History
Must be received on trust. Is it not so?
In whom are we most likely to put trust?
In our own people? in those very men
Whose blood we are? who, from our earliest youth
Have proved their love for us, have ne'er deceived,
Except in cases where 'twere better so?
Why should I credit my forefathers less
Than you do yours? or can I ask of you
To charge your ancestors with falsehood, that
The praise of truth may be bestowed on mine?
And so of Christians.

SALADIN

By our Prophet's faith,
The man is right. I have no more to say.

NATHAN

Now let us to our rings once more return.

We said the sons complained; each to the judge
Swore from his father's hand immediately
To have received the ring—as was the case—
In virtue of a promise, that he should
One day enjoy the ring's prerogative.
In this they spoke the truth. Then each maintained
It was not possible that to himself
His father had been false. Each could not think
His father guilty of an act so base.
Rather than that, reluctant as he was
To judge his brethren, he must yet declare
Some treach'rous act of falsehood had been done.

SALADIN

Well! and the judge? I'm curious now to hear
What you will make him say. Go on, go on!

NATHAN

The judge said: If the father is not brought
Before my seat, I cannot judge the case.
Am I to judge enigmas? Do you think
That the true ring will here unseal its lips?
But, hold! You tell me that the real ring
Enjoys the secret power to make the man
Who wears it, both by God and man, beloved.
Let that decide. Who of the three is loved
Best by his brethren? Is there no reply?
What! do these love-exciting rings alone
Act inwardly? Have they no outward charm?
Does each one love himself alone? You're all
Deceived deceivers. All your rings are false.
The real ring, perchance, has disappeared;
And so your father, to supply the loss,
Has caused three rings to fill the place of one.

SALADIN

O, charming, charming!

NATHAN

And,—the judge continued:—
If you insist on judgment, and refuse
My counsel, be it so. I recommend
That you consider how the matter stands.

Each from his father has received a ring:
Let each then think the real ring his own.
Your father, possibly, desired to free
His power from one ring's tyrannous control.
He loved you all with an impartial love,
And equally, and had no inward wish
To prove the measure of his love for one
By pressing heavily upon the rest.
Therefore, let each one imitate this love;
So, free from prejudice, let each one aim
To emulate his brethren in the strife
To prove the virtues of his several ring,
By offices of kindness and of love,
And trust in God. And if, in years to come,
The virtues of the ring shall reappear
Amongst your children's children, then, once more
Come to this judgment-seat. A greater far
Than I shall sit upon it, and decide.
So spake the modest judge.

SALADIN

O God, O God!

NATHAN

And if now, Saladin, you think you're he——

SALADIN

(*Approaches* NATHAN, *and takes his hand, which he retains to the end of the scene.*)

This promised judge—I?—Dust! I?—Nought! O God!

NATHAN

What is the matter, Sultan?

SALADIN

Dearest Nathan!
That judge's thousand years are not yet past;
His judgment-seat is not for me. But go,
And still remain my friend.

NATHAN

Has Saladin
Aught else to say?

SALADIN

No.

NATHAN

Nothing?

SALADIN

Truly nothing.

Saladin sends for the Templar, but before he receives the message he has an interview with Nathan and begs for his daughter, but is so discouraged at the result that he loses all hope of success. Just at this moment Daja informs the Templar that Recha is a baptized Christian maiden and not the daughter of the Jew.

This information drives the Templar, in the fourth act, to visit the monastery and inquire of the patriarch what penalty there is for a Jew who brings up a Christian child without the faith, and learns that death by fire is the least that can be inflicted; the patriarch intimates that he will at once attempt to find out who the Jew is and punish him without mercy. Sittah finds a portrait of the Sultan's brother Assad:

SITTAH

Behold what I have found
In turning o'er my ornaments and jewels (*showing a small portrait*).

SALADIN

Ha! what is here! a portrait! yes, my brother!
'Tis he—'tis he! *Was* he—*was* he, alas!
Oh, dear, brave youth! so early lost to me!
With thee at hand what had I not achieved!
Give me the portrait, Sittah. I recall
This picture well. He gave it to his Lilla—
Your elder sister—when one summer morn
He tore himself away reluctantly.

She would not yield, but clasped him in her arms.
'Twas the last morning that he e'er rode forth,
And I, alas! I let him ride alone.
Poor Lilla died of grief, and ne'er forgave
My error that I let him ride alone.
He ne'er returned.

SITTAH

Poor brother!

SALADIN

Say no more.
A few short years, and we shall ne'er return.
And then who knows? But 'tis not death alone
That blights the hopes and promises of youth,
They have far other foes, and oftentimes
The strongest, like the weakest, is o'ercome.
But be that as it may, I must compare
This portrait with the Templar, that I may
Observe how much my fancy cheated me.

SITTAH

'Twas for that purpose that I brought it here.
But give it, and I'll tell thee if 'tis like:
We women are best judges of such things.

SALADIN (*to the doorkeeper who enters*)

Who's there? the Templar? Bid him come at once.

SITTAH

Not to disturb you, or perplex him with
My curious questions, I'll retire a while. (*Throws herself upon the sofa, and lets her veil fall.*)

SALADIN

That's well. (And now his voice—will that be like?
For Assad's voice still slumbers in my soul!)

The Templar calls on the Sultan, tells what Nathan has done, and asks him for punishment, but the Sultan cautions him, begs him to be merciful, and says that everything will come out right. In the meantime Nathan sends money as a gift to the Sultan for saving the

Templar, and Sittah goes out to bring Recha to the palace. Nathan, who all the time is planning to make everything right between the Templar and Recha, needs time to find out who she and the Templar really are. A friar enters and tells Nathan how when a knight he had left a girl baby daughter of his slain master with Nathan:

NATHAN

At Daran 'twas you met me with the child.
You had not heard that, a few days before,
The Christians murdered every Jew in Gath—
Woman and child. Amongst them was my wife—
Along with her, my seven hopeful sons.
All had sought shelter 'neath my brother's roof,
And there were burnt alive.

FRIAR

Just God!

NATHAN

You came.
Three nights in dust and ashes I had lain
Before my God and wept; and I at times
Arraigned my Maker, raged, and cursed myself
And the whole world together, and I swore
Eternal hate to Christianity.

FRIAR

Who can condemn you? I believe it well.

NATHAN

But by degrees returning reason came,
And spoke with gentle accent: "God is just!
And this was His decree. Now exercise
The lesson thou so long hast understood,
And which is surely not more difficult
To exercise than well to understand."
I rose and cried to God, "I will, I will!
Do Thou but aid my purpose." And, behold,
Just at that moment you dismounted. You

Gave me the child enfolded in your robe.
The words we spoke occur not to me now.
This much I recollect: I took the child;
I bore it to my bed; I kissed its cheek;
I flung myself upon my knees, and sobbed,
"My God, Thou hast restored me one of seven!"

FRIAR

Nathan, you are a Christian. Yes, I swear
You are a Christian—better never lived.

The friar goes to get a book which the father of Recha kept, and messengers come from Sittah requiring the presence of Recha.

At the beginning of the fifth act, then, all the materials are ready for a tragedy, but the mysteries are all made clear and everything ends happily. Messengers arrive from Egypt bringing great treasures to Saladin, which will restore him again to comfort and wealth and enable him to continue his charities. Nathan has learned the parentage of the two young people and proves that the Templar and Recha are brother and sister, both children, by the same mother, of Assad, the brother of the Sultan, and the two young people willingly substitute fraternal love for the old passion, while the Sultan and his sister give them the affection they had borne their brother, while Nathan is accepted by all as father and friend.

CHAPTER X

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY (CONTINUED) HERDER AND OTHERS

BIOGRAPHY OF HERDER. Working in a sense with Lessing, but carrying the reform movement further, was Johann Gottfried von Herder, born in 1744 at Mohrungen, in East Prussia. After completing his preliminary education in the grammar school of his native town, he went to the University of Königsberg, where he became acquainted with the young Immanuel Kant, whose philosophical mind exerted a profound influence on this new disciple. Another friend of this period was Hamann, a strange genius who spent his early life in aimless dissipations, but afterward became an enthusiast in religion and the ardent champion of the

freedom of genius. His prophetic utterances and ingenious arguments made him a leader in the period of *Sturm und Drang* (storm and stress) in German literature, of which we are to learn so much in the next chapter.

Herder's boyhood had been unhappy, and his frail health had prevented him from earning a good living, but his intelligence and genius became apparent, and in 1764 he took a position in the cathedral school at Riga and might have retained it indefinitely had he not become embroiled in a discussion about Lessing, in the course of which he claimed that the dramatist had not written certain articles that were attributed to him. So disappointed was he at the result of this controversy that his health again failed and he went into the south of France, but returned to Germany soon after and became tutor to the Prince of Holstein-Eutin. A period of study with Lessing further imbued him with the ideas of that leader, and in 1771 he received a call to the pastorate of Bückeburg. Before going there, however, he made a long stay in Strassburg for eye treatment, during which time he became acquainted with Goethe and assisted the young man in a most friendly and critical way. In 1773 he married, and three years later Goethe returned early favors by procuring for him the position of court preacher at Weimar, where he found things more to his taste than in any other position he had occupied, but soon he became involved in disagreements with Goethe, after

which he retired to spend the latter part of his life quietly at work. He died in 1803.

Richter, an intimate friend, has said, "Herder was no poet—he was something far more sublime and better than a poet; he was himself a poem—an Indian Greek epic composed by one of the purest of the gods."

II. The Writings of Herder. The writings of Herder are rather incomplete and fragmentary, but contain germs of all that new thought which under abler leadership was to create the spirit of nineteenth century romanticism. Following Lessing and preceding Goethe, he occupies an intermediate position, not only in point of time but also in the character of his genius, and while his works are no longer popular, yet they produced great changes in the thought of his day. At the present time we can look at him as one of the great leaders, an agitator and a critic of remarkable power. Dissatisfied with those who imitated the classics and those who paid so profound a reverence to French literature, he was an ardent supporter of his mother-tongue and one who did not a little to give it the flexibility which it now possesses.

In his *Fragments on Recent German Literature,* he says: "It is certainly true that long before there was any prose, poetry had reached its height," and "The genius of a nation's language is the genius of its literature." From these texts, as we might call them, his work proceeded to an account of the life and growth

of language in general and then to a study of the German language as compared with others. He argued not only for a German language, but for German allusions and a German background in literature. The classic nations lived in a different country, gazed at a different landscape, had different habits and customs; so effective literature for Germans must use their own political history, mythology and environment.

In *Critical Forests* he took up Lessing's *Laokoön,* and, while differing from the author in many particulars, carried further their common opinion of descriptive poetry:

> Action, passion, feeling! I, too, love them in poetry beyond all things else. I, too, hate nothing so much as dead, stagnant description, especially when it takes up whole pages and poems. Yet I do not hate it with such deadly hatred as to condemn every detailed picture, even should it be painted as consisting of coexistent parts. . . . Nor do I hate it because Homer does thus and so, and not otherwise. If I have learned anything from Homer, it is that poetry works by its energy.

In *Letters on Ossian and the Songs of Ancien Peoples,* Herder gives high rank to the half-mythical Gaelic bard in such sentences as these:

> I should like to remind you that the poems of Ossian are *songs,* songs of an uncultured, sensuous people. . . . Know you that the wilder a people is, *i. e.,* the freer and more spontaneous in its action (for the word has no other meaning), the wilder, *i. e.,* freer, livelier, more sensuous, more lyrically energetic its songs must be, if it has any. . . . Homer's rhapsodies and Ossian's songs were,

so to speak, impromptus, because in their time there was no knowledge of anything else. After Ossian came the minstrels—weak and distant followers, it is true, but still followers—until art came in and extinguished nature. Then men learned to torment themselves from youth up with foreign languages, learning syllabic quantities which no longer came naturally by ear; they learned to work according to rules which no genius accepts as rules of nature; to poetize subjects about which one cannot even think, still less muse or employ the imagination; to feign passions that we have not, and imitate psychic powers that we lack—until everything became falsehood, weakness, artificiality. . . . Poesy, which ought to be the most impetuous and self-assured daughter of the human soul, became the most uncertain, lame, and staggering.

One of the most important contributions to literature made by Herder was his *Volkslied,* the name of which was afterward changed to *Voices of the Nations,* a large collection of the poetry of all nations translated into German in as close an imitation of the original form as possible. The Greeks and Romans; Greenland, Lapland and other nations of the far North; the Italians, French and Spanish; Scotch and English, as well as the Germans, were all represented, and the whole brought together in such a form as to show that poetry is a fact in human development everywhere. From this wide collection thus brought together it was possible to establish new canons for criticism.

A pamphlet published three years earlier contained a vehement attack on his own age and a defense of the spirit of the Middle Ages:

Be it as it may, give us back for many reasons your reverence and superstition, your darkness and ignorance, your disorder and rudeness of manners; and take in return our light and our unbelief, our nerveless coldness and refinement, our philosophic flaccidity and human wretchedness!

From what we have said it will appear that Herder was seen at his best when interpreting the thoughts of others and not when himself composing, yet there is a charm in his translation and an eloquence in his prose that is still attractive to him who reads with care.

III. Extracts from Herder. 1. The following is an interesting characterization of the spirit of the Middle Ages:

Can any one in the world fail to comprehend that light does not nourish mankind? That repose and luxury and so-called freedom of thought can never make the general happiness and destiny? I am far from defending those everlasting national movements and devastations, feudal wars, monkish armies, pilgrimages and crusades; but I would fain explain them. And what a spirit breathes in it all! Ferment of human forces! Grand cure of the entire race by means of violent exercise! If I might use so bold a figure, Fate was winding up the great clock that had run down (doing it, to be sure, with much noise, and not expecting the weights to hang quietly), and how the wheels did rattle!

2. The following extract taken from his diary is an explanation of the origin of the Greek religion:

It was seafarers who brought the Greeks their earliest religion. All Greece was a colony on the sea. Consequently their mythology was not like that of the Egyp-

tians and Arabs, a religion of the desert, but a religion of the sea and forest. Orpheus, Homer, Pindar, to be fully understood, ought to be read at sea. With what an absorption one listens to or tells stories on shipboard! How easily a sailor inclines to the fabulous! Himself an adventurer, in quest of strange worlds, how ready is he to imagine wondrous things! Have I not experienced this myself? With what a sense of wonder I went on board ship! Did I not see everything stranger, larger, more astounding and fearful than it was? With what curiosity and excitement one approaches the land! How one stares at the pilot, with his wooden shoes and his large white hat! How one sees in him the whole French nation down to their King, Louis the Great! Is it strange that out of such a state of strained expectation and wonder, tales like that of the Argonauts and poems like the *Odyssey* should have sprung?

3. The source of inspiration for the songs of primitive peoples is thus characterized by Herder:

All the songs of primitive peoples turn on actual things, doings, events, circumstances, incidents; on a living manifold world. All this the eye has seen; and since the imagination reproduces it as it has been seen, it must needs be reproduced in an abrupt, fragmentary manner. There is no other connection between the different parts of these songs than there is between the trees and bushes of the forest, the rocks and caverns of the desert, and between the different scenes of the events themselves. When the Greenlander tells of a seal-hunt, he does not so much relate as paint with words and gestures single facts and isolated incidents: they are all part of the picture in his soul. When he laments the death of a beloved one, he does not deliver a eulogy or preach a funeral sermon, he *paints;* and the very life of the departed, summoned up in a succession of striking situations, is made to speak and to mourn.

4. In the following eloquent paragraphs he explains the progress of the human race:

But it may be asked, How have all these arts and inventions been applied? have practical reason and justice, and consequently the true improvement and happiness of the human species, been promoted by them? In reply, I refer to what has recently been urged respecting the progress of disorder throughout the whole creation: that according to an intrinsic law of nature, nothing can attain durability, which is the essential aim of all things, without order. A keen knife in the hand of a child may wound it; yet the art that invented and sharpened the knife is one of the most indispensable of arts. All that use such a knife are not children; and even the child will be taught by pain to use it better. Artificial power in the hand of a despot, foreign luxury in a nation without controlling laws, are such pernicious implements, but the very mischief they do will render men wiser, and soon or late the art that created luxury as well as despotism will first confine both within due bonds, and then convert them into real benefits. The heavy plowshare wears itself out by long use; the slight teeth of new watch-work gain, merely by their revolution, the more suitable and artful form of the epicycloid. Thus, in human powers, abuses carried to excess wear themselves down to good practices, extreme oscillations from side to side necessarily settle in the desirable mean of lasting fitness in a regular movement. Whatever is to take place among mankind will be effected by men; we suffer under our faults till we learn of ourselves the better use of our faculties, without the assistance of miracles from Heaven.

We have not the least reason, therefore, to doubt that every good employment of the human understanding necessarily must and will, at some time or other, promote humanity. Since agriculture has prevailed, men and acorns have ceased to be food. Man found that he could live better, more decently, and more humanely, on the pleasing gifts of Ceres, than on the flesh of his fellows

or the fruits of the oak; and was compelled so to live by the laws of men wiser than himself. After men had learned to build houses and towns they ceased to dwell in caves; under the laws of a commonweal, the poor stranger was no longer liable to death. Thus trade brought nations together; and the more its advantages were generally understood, the less murders, oppressions, and deceptions, which are always signs of ignorance in commerce, would necessarily be practiced. Every addition to the useful arts secures men's property, diminishes their labor, extends their sphere of activity, and necessarily lays therewith the foundations of further cultivation and humanity. What labor was saved, for example, by the single invention of printing! what an extensive circulation of men's ideas, arts, and sciences, did it promote! Were a European Kang-Ti now to attempt to eradicate the literature of this quarter of the globe, he would find it impossible. Had the Phoenicians and Carthaginians, the Greeks and Romans, possessed this art, the destruction of their literature would not have been so easy to their spoilers, if it could by any means have been accomplished. Let savage nations burst in upon Europe, they could not withstand our tactics; and no Attila will again extend his march from the shores of the Black Sea and the Caspian to the plains of Catalonia. Let monks, sybarites, fanatics, and tyrants arise as they will, it is no longer in their power to bring back the night of the Middle Ages. Now, as no greater benefit can be conceived to arise from any art, Divine or human, than not merely to bestow on us light and order but from its very nature to extend and secure them, let us thank the Creator that he conferred understanding on mankind, and made art essential to it. In them we possess the secret and the means of securing order in the world.

Neither need we any way repine that many excellently conceived theories, of morals not excepted, have remained so long without being carried into practice among mankind. The child learns much which the man alone can apply; but he has not therefore learned in

vain. The youth heedlessly forgets what at some future period he must take pains to recollect, or learn a second time. So, no truth that is treasured up, nay, no truth that is discovered, among a race continually renovating, is wholly in vain: future circumstances will render necessary what is now despised; and in the infinity of things, every case must occur that can in any way exercise the human species. As in the creation we first conceive the *power* that formed chaos, and then disposing *wisdom,* and harmonious *goodness,* so the natural order of mankind first develops rude powers; disorder itself must guide them into the path of understanding: and the further the understanding pursues its work, the more it perceives that goodness alone can bestow on it durability, perfection, and beauty.

5. Herder's *Spirit of Hebrew Poetry* is in this country one of his best-known works, but he prepared a collection of *Leaves of the Poetry of Hebrew Tradition,* little prose poems which he reproduced in simple language in harmony with the childlike contents of the traditions themselves. They have been translated into English by Caroline M. Sawyer. The following is called *The Angel of Sleep:*

"I am dark!" sadly murmured Sleep, the benignant angel who broods over all created beings, restoring strength to the weary and steeping in forgetfulness the sorrows of the wretched, "I am dark. My eyelids droop over my dull eyes, and I lie prostrate and motionless, as if Sammael fanned me with his desolate wings. What have I to do among my sister angels, whose forms are radiant, and who are beloved by the newly created beings who once dwelt in Eden? The Angel of the Morning looks forth from her chambers in the east, and behold! all nature wakens in answer to her smiles. The flowers lift up their fragrant cups, heavy with the dews shed

from the wings of the Angel of Night. The birds unite in joyful chorus as she ushers in her earliest beams; and man himself forgets his exile from Eden when he beholds the dawn. But I am dark, and have no beauty in his eyes."

"Thou errest, my child!" said the voice of the All-Seeing. "I have heard thy complaint, and will speak comfort to thy heart. Dark and silent as thy form is, thou wilt yet be beloved of all the earth. Even the gay and happy, when sated with pleasure, will welcome thee to their arms and sink on thy bosom in peace. The weary will woo thee to give them rest, and the unhappy bless thee for the forgetfulness thou dost bring."

"But," again murmured Sleep, "if I give rest to the weary, it is only that they may borrow from me strength to renew their labor and their weariness. And the unhappy will open their eyes only to be wretched as before. Who will give me comfort, that only in the dull stupor that I bestow can mortals find rest from their ills? I am dark, and Thou, O Father, hast created me in vain."

"Nay," continued the Father, "thou shalt yet be more desired than all thy sister angels. I give thee power over dreamland. Scatter its seeds over all who slumber, and the happy and the unhappy alike shall welcome thy presence, and find in dreams a fulfillment of all their wishes and hopes, and a dearer life than all thy sisters can bring them. Be comforted, then, my child, that thou in thy silent darkness wilt then be called the dearest friend of the living."

The murmurs of the Angel of Sleep were changed into triumphant, grateful thanks; and she went forth to her beneficent mission for the happiness of the human race.

6. *The Songs of the Night* is thus translated by Miss Sawyer:

Once in his youth David sat resting upon the plains of Bethlehem, and the Spirit of Jehovah passed over him, and his soul was opened to hear the songs of the night.

The heavens proclaimed the glory of God, and all the stars united in a chorus. The echoes of their harps reached the earth; to the ends of the earth rolled on their majestic song.

"Light is the countenance of Jehovah," sang the descending sun; and the crimson twilight took up the strain, "I am the fringe of His garment."

The clouds towering above the earth chanted, "We are His evening pavilion," and the waters of the clouds uttered in evening thunder, "The voice of Jehovah moves upon the clouds; the God of glory thunders—the God of great majesty thunders on high."

"He rides upon my wings," softly murmured the wind; and the silent air responded, "I am the breath of God, the spirit of His quickening presence."

"I hear songs of praise," said the fainting earth; "and must I and mine remain silent and speechless?" "I will bathe and refresh thee," answered the falling dew, "that thy children, newly invigorated, may rejoice and sing, that thy sucklings may blossom like the rose."

"We gladly blossom," sang the enlivened fields; and the full ears of corn, rustling, replied, "We are the blessing of God—the army of God battling against the extremity of hunger!"

"We bless you from above!" chanted the moon. "We bless you!" harmoniously sang the stars. The grasshopper chirped and whispered, "He blesses me also with a little drop of dew."

"He quenches my thirst," answered the hind. "He refreshes me," said the bounding roe.

"And gives us our food," dreamed the deer. "And clothes our lambs," bleated the flocks.

The turtle-dove cooed, and the swallow, and all the birds afterwards, slumbering, chirped, "We have found our nests, our habitations; we dwell upon the altar of God, and sleep under the shadow of His wings in silent rest."

"In silent rest," answered the night, and prolonged the lingering tone. Then crowed the announcer of the

morning dawn. "Lift up the gates, the doors, of the world. Let the King of Glory enter in. Awake, ye sleeping men, and praise the Lord. The King of Glory is come!"

Up rose the sun, and David awoke from his dream so rich in psalms; and so long as he lived the tones of this harmonious creation lingered in his soul, and were daily breathed forth from his harp.

IV. THE "GÖTTINGER HAIN," OR "DICHTERBUND." On a beautiful September evening in 1772 a half dozen gifted young German poets went out to a village near Göttingen and under the full moon pledged friendship to one another, joyfully dancing around the oak trees. This "poets' union," as it was called, became a force in the development of German romanticism, as it contained several writers thoroughly imbued with the *Sturm und Drang* ideas, who published their productions in the *Göttinger Musenalmanach,* a poetic journal which had begun its career some three years earlier. Most gifted among these writers was Hoelty, whose few elegiac songs and odes are of exquisite beauty, but his unhappy life terminated at the age of twenty-eight from consumption, giving him no opportunity to make serious contributions to literature.

Voss was the representative poet of the *Bund* and was its leader, but he was too prosaic, too boorish and too much inclined to quarrel with the younger Heidelberg romanticists to make personally much impression upon literature; yet his position enabled him to give encouragement to his followers, and his devotion to the

Bund kept that alive when, perhaps, it might have fallen asunder. At the best it was but short-lived, and now it is remembered chiefly because of the work of Bürger and his influence upon writers, even outside of Germany.

V. Bürger. Gottfried August Bürger was born on the last night of the year 1747, and died in his forty-seventh year. The son of a country clergyman, a student of theology at Halle and of law at Göttingen, he nevertheless was a wayward, unbalanced man, whose life has been imitated, perhaps unconsciously, by many of the same passionate temperament among the younger Germans of later years. In 1787 the University of Göttingen gave him an honorary degree and made him professor, without salary, of philosophy and aesthetics, a curious appointment when one considers his dissolute youth, discreditable manhood, and total unfitness for the serious duties and quiet life demanded of him. In 1774 he was married to a lady with whose sister he was passionately in love, and for a time he lived in a sort of double marriage relation, too easily tolerated among the Germans of the *Geniezeit*. The death of his wife gave him the joyous opportunity of marrying her sister, the "Molly" of his poems, but within a few months she, too, died, and even a third marriage brought no happiness to the poverty-stricken poet.

His writings consist of a number of translations from English ballads or imitations from Percy's *Reliques,* but there were other lays

and some lyrics that were powerful aids in the development of romanticism. Our interest is centered, however, in his incomparable ballad, *Lenore.*

VI. "LENORE." Probably no other short poem in the literature of the world has exerted a more widespread influence than *Lenore,* which appeared in the *Göttinger Musenalmanach* in 1774. Suggested to Bürger by an old German folk-song, the poet took for a background the Seven Years' War. The popularity of the ballad was almost incredible; the rapidity with which it spread over Europe rarely has been equaled; its stimulating effect upon literature in other countries was scarcely exceeded by Goethe's *Werther,* and no poem has been more instrumental in hastening the growth of the Romantic movement.

Bürger owed a debt to the early English ballads, as we have intimated, but his English readers quickly repaid themselves from his *Lenore.* Sir Walter Scott read it with enthusiasm, and the first literary work he did was to translate it into English under the title of *William and Helen,* as we give it below. This poem, *The Wild Huntsman* by the same author, and Goethe's *Goetz von Berlichingen,* all of which Scott translated, were just what the young Scotchman needed to develop his romantic spirit, and to them we owe no small portion of his accomplishment. Moreover, in France, the first work of Alexandre Dumas was a translation of this same ballad.

Schlegel, the German critic and historian and the personal friend of Bürger, says, "*Lenore* will always be Bürger's jewel, the precious ring, with which, like the Doge of Venice, espousing the sea, he married himself to the folk-song for ever."

The following is Scott's translation, *William and Helen:*

From heavy dreams fair Helen rose,
And eyed the dawning red:—
"Alas, my love, thou tarriest long!
O art thou false or dead?"

With gallant Frederick's princely power
He sought the bold crusade;
But not a word from Judah's wars
Told Helen how he sped.

With Paynim and with Saracen
At length a truce was made,
And every knight returned to dry
The tears his love had shed.

Our gallant host was homeward bound
With many a song of joy;
Green waved the laurel in each plume,
The badge of victory.

And old and young, and sire and son,
To meet them crowd the way,
With shouts, and mirth, and melody,
The debt of love to pay.

Full many a maid her true-love met,
And sobbed in his embrace,
And fluttering joy in tears and smiles
Arrayed full many a face.

Nor joy nor smile for Helen sad;
She sought the host in vain;
For none could tell her William's fate,
If faithless or if slain.

The martial band is past and gone;
She rends her raven hair,
And in distraction's bitter mood
She weeps with wild despair.

"O rise, my child," her mother said,
"Nor sorrow thus in vain:
A perjured lover's fleeting heart
No tears recall again."

"O mother, what is gone, is gone,
What's lost forever lorn;
Death, death alone can comfort me;
O had I ne'er been born!

"O break, my heart, O break at once!
Drink my life-blood, Despair!
No joy remains on earth for me,
For me in heaven no share."

"O enter not in judgment, Lord!"
The pious mother prays;
"Impute not guilt to thy frail child!
She knows not what she says.

"O say thy paternoster, child!
O turn to God and grace!
His will, that turned thy bliss to bale,
Can change thy bale to bliss."

"O mother, mother, what is bliss?
O mother, what is bale?
My William's love was heaven on earth;
Without it earth is hell.

"Why should I pray to ruthless Heaven,
Since my loved William's slain?
I only prayed for William's sake,
And all my prayers were vain."

"O take the sacrament, my child,
And check these tears that flow;
By resignation's humble prayer,
O hallowed be thy woe!"

"No sacrament can quench this fire,
Or slake this scorching pain;
No sacrament can bid the dead
Arise and live again.

"O break, my heart, O break at once!
Be thou my god, Despair!
Heaven's heaviest blow has fallen on me,
And vain each fruitless prayer."

"O enter not in judgment, Lord,
With thy frail child of clay!
She knows not what her tongue has spoke;
Impute it not, I pray!

"Forbear, my child, this desperate woe,
And turn to God and grace;
Well can devotion's heavenly glow
Convert thy bale to bliss."

"O mother, mother, what is bliss?
O mother, what is bale?
Without my William what were heaven,
Or with him what were hell?"

Wild she arraigns the eternal doom,
Upbraids each sacred Power,
Till, spent, she sought her silent room,
All in the lonely tower.

She beat her breast, she wrung her hands
Till sun and day were o'er,
And through the glimmering lattice shone
The twinkling of the star.

Then, crash! the heavy drawbridge fell
That o'er the moat was hung;
And, clatter, clatter, on its boards
The hoof of courser rung.

The clank of echoing steel was heard
As off the rider bounded;
And slowly on the winding stair
A heavy footstep sounded.

And hark! and hark! a knock—Tap! tap
A rustling stifled noise;
Door-latch and tinkling staples ring;
At length a whispering voice:

"Awake, awake, arise, my love!
How, Helen, dost thou fare?
Wak'st thou, or sleep'st? laugh'st thou, or weep'st?
Hast thought on me, my fair?"

"My love! my love! so late at night!
I waked, I wept for thee.
Much have I borne since dawn of morn;
Where, William, couldst thou be?"

"We saddle late—from Hungary
I rode since darkness fell;
And to its bourne we both return
Before the matin bell."

"O rest this night within my arms,
And warm thee in their fold!
Chill howls through hawthorn bush the wind;—
My love is deadly cold."

"Let the wind howl through hawthorn bush!
This night we must away;
The steed is wight, the spur is bright;
I cannot stay till day.

"Busk, busk, and boune! Thou mount'st behind
Upon my black barb steed:
O'er stock and stile, a hundred mile,
We haste to bridal bed."

"To-night—to-night a hundred miles!
O dearest William, stay!
The bell strikes twelve—dark, dismal hour!
O wait, my love, till day!"

"Look here, look here—the moon shines clear—
Full fast I ween we ride;
Mount and away! for ere the day
We reach our bridal bed.

"The black barb snorts, the bridle rings,
Haste, busk, and boune, and seat thee!
The feast is made, the chamber spread,
The bridal guests await thee."

Strong love prevailed: she busks, she bounes,
She mounts the barb behind,
And round her darling William's waist
Her lily arms she twined.

And, hurry! hurry! off they rode,
And fast as fast might be;
Spurned from the courser's thundering heels
The flashing pebbles flee.

And on the right, and on the left,
Ere they could snatch a view,
Fast, fast each mountain, mead, and plain,
And cot and castle flew.

"Sit fast—dost fear?—The moon shines clear!—
Fleet goes my barb—keep hold!
Fear'st thou?"—"Oh, no!" she faintly said;
"But why so stern and cold?

"What yonder rings, what yonder sings?
Why shrieks the owlet gray?"—
" 'Tis death-bells' clang, 'tis funeral song,
The body to the clay.

"With song and clang, at morrow's dawn,
Ye may inter the dead;
To-night I ride, with my young bride,
To deck our bridal bed.

"Come with thy choir, thou coffined guest,
To swell our nuptial song!
Come, priest, to bless our marriage feast!
Come all, come all along!"

Ceased clang and song; down sunk the bier;
The shrouded corpse arose:
And hurry! hurry! all the train
The thundering steed pursues.

And forward, forward, on they go;
High snorts the straining steed;
Thick pants the rider's laboring breath
As headlong on they speed.

"O William, why this savage haste?
And where thy bridal bed?"
" 'Tis distant far,—low, damp, and chill,
And narrow,—trustless maid!"

"No room for me?"—"Enough for both;
Speed, speed, my barb, thy course!"
O'er thundering bridge, through boiling surge,
He drove the furious horse.

Tramp! tramp! along the land they rode,
Splash! splash! along the sea;
The scourge is wight, the spur is bright,
The flashing pebbles flee.

Fled past on right and left how fast
Each forest, grove, and bower!
On right and left fled past how fast
Each city, town, and tower!

"Dost fear? dost fear? The moon shines clear,
Dost fear to ride with me?
Hurrah! hurrah! the dead can ride!"—
"O William, let them be!—

"See there, see there! What yonder swings
And creaks 'mid whistling rain?"
"Gibbet and steel, th' accursed wheel,
A murderer in his chain.

"Hollo! thou felon, follow here:
To bridal bed we ride;
And thou shalt prance a fetter dance
Before me and my bride."

And hurry! hurry! clash, clash, clash!
The wasted form descends;
And fleet as wind through hazel bush
The wild career attends.

Tramp! tramp! along the land they rode,
Splash! splash! along the sea;
The scourge is red, the spur drops blood,
The flashing pebbles flee.

How fled what moonshine faintly showed!
How fled what darkness hid!
How fled the earth beneath their feet,
The heaven above their head!

"Dost fear? dost fear? the moon shines clear
And well the dead can ride;
Dost, faithful Helen, fear for them?"—
"O leave in peace the dead!"

"Barb! barb! methinks I hear the cock;
The sand will soon be run;
Barb! barb! I smell the morning air;
The race is well-nigh done."

Tramp! tramp! along the land they rode,
Splash! splash! along the sea;
The scourge is red, the spur drops blood,
The flashing pebbles flee.

"Hurrah! hurrah! well ride the dead;
The bride, the bride is come;
And soon we reach the bridal bed,
For, Helen, here's my home."

Reluctant on its rusty hinge
Revolved an iron door,
And by the pale moon's setting beam
Were seen a church and tower.

With many a shriek and cry whiz round
The birds of midnight, scared;
And restling like autumnal leaves
Unhallowed ghosts were heard.

O'er many a tomb and tombstone pale
He spurred the fiery horse,
Till sudden at an open grave
He checked the wondrous course.

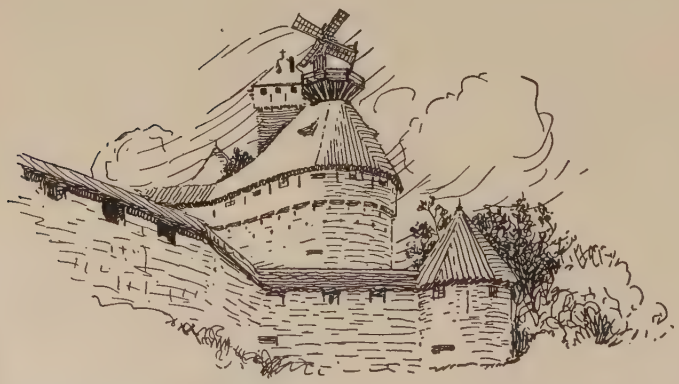
The falling gauntlet quits the rein,
Down drops the casque of steel,
The cuirass leaves his shrinking side,
The spur his gory heel.

The eyes desert the naked skull,
The mold'ring flesh the bone,
Till Helen's lily arms entwine
A ghastly skeleton.

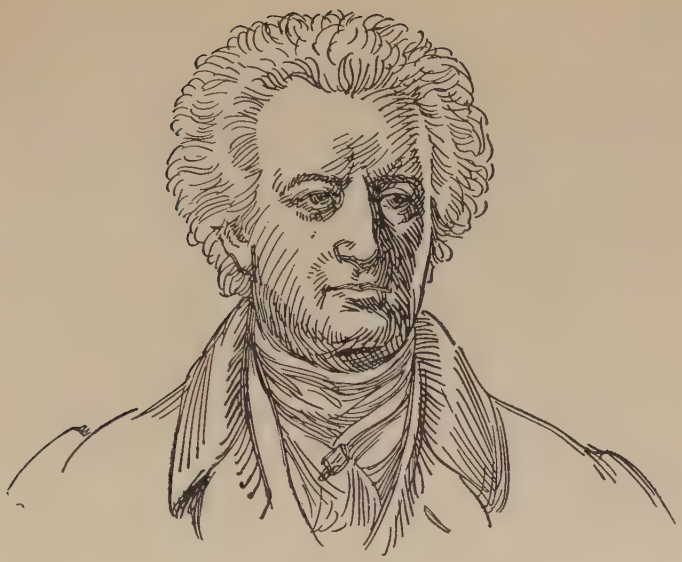
The furious barb snorts fire and foam,
And with a fearful bound,
Dissolves at once in empty air,
And leaves her on the ground.

Half seen by fits, by fits half heard,
Pale specters flit along,
Wheel round the maid in dismal dance,
And howl the funeral song:—

"E'en when the heart's with anguish cleft,
Revere the doom of heaven.
Her soul is from her body reft;
Her spirit be forgiven!"



MILL TOWER AT HOHKÖNIGSBURG



CHAPTER XI

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY (CONTINUED) GOETHE'S YOUTH

"STURM UND DRANG." The period extending for about eleven years from 1770 is known in German literary history as the time of *Sturm und Drang* (storm and stress), or *Geniezeit* (genius-time). Robertson would limit the beginning with Herder in 1767 and the end with Schiller's *Don Carlos* in 1787, while the height of the period was found in Goethe's *Goetz von Berlichingen.* The phrase *Sturm und Drang* is the name of a play written by Klinger, and its significance as a characterization of the stormy radicalism of youth is as freely recognized in England and France as in Germany

itself. The peculiar form the movement took in Germany was the writing of "prose tragedies of passionate error," of sentimental tales and lyrics and of satiric verses. The conventions against which the passionate outbursts were directed were those of life and of literature together. Freedom from all restraint was the battle cry—freedom to live according to the dictates of one's own tastes and principles, freedom to write without following set rules, freedom to live after the manner of Rousseau, who saw in the laws of civilization the manacles of genius—all these were the golden ideals of the enthusiastic youth, who saw in Shakespeare their great and admired leader. To exhibit feeling freely and effusively, to follow instinct blindly and to gratify passion, were virtues, while tameness was the greatest fault. While the phrase originated in Germany, it characterizes a movement in other nations as well, though in none, perhaps, was it so universal as in Germany.

If *Sturm und Drang* characterizes the spirit of the time, it was no less *Geniezeit,* for besides the great leaders, Lessing, Goethe and Schiller, there were numbers of other young writers who are better described by the word *genius* than by any other. All were enthusiastic devotees of the new Rousseau cult, but they worked aimlessly and without harmony until a great leader arose to dominate the movement and make it not only a national epoch, but a point of departure for a literary revolution in Europe.

GOETHE

STATUE AND MONUMENT IN THE GARDEN OF THE VILLA BORGHESE, ROME.

II. Biography of Goethe. Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, unquestionably the greatest German writer and one of the greatest of the world, won distinction in science as well as in every department of literature. In everything he undertook can be seen the marks of genius, recognized as freely in other nations as in his own.

He was born at Frankfort-on-the-Main in 1749, of a family which in the person of his father had gained a competence in the commercial enterprises which he had founded. Through boyhood Goethe was blessed with the loving care of a simple, joyous, affectionate mother, who, though not highly educated, yet was so quick-witted and observant that she was a respected friend to many of higher rank. Goethe always felt that he owed a great deal to the formative influence of his mother, more than to his self-satisfied father. He was a precocious child, and at eight was somewhat acquainted with at least four languages, had acquired from a little puppet show he possessed a taste for the theater and had already considerable talent as a story teller. In his admirable autobiography, to which we shall have occasion to refer at greater length, he has given us a vivid account of his early life. Never a regular attendant at school, he yet learned rapidly from reading and observation, and at sixteen had more of a genuine education than most boys of his age. The French occupation of Frankfort when he was ten had aided

his acquaintance with that language and had given him a more active interest in the stage; and a love affair, from which he recovered quickly, had matured his impressions of life.

It was in 1765 that he went to Leipzig, where he was caught by the gayety of the immoral little city and seemed to be wasting much of his time for some years when he was supposed to be studying law. Yet, he was gaining experience and gathering material for future use, however extravagantly he might be paying for it. His attitude of mind at this time was bitter and melancholic, as is indicated by two youthful plays, in the second of which he gives in a realistic manner an exaggerated representation of his love for Kätchen Schönkopf.

In 1768 Goethe returned to Frankfort, and it was fully a year and a half before he entirely recovered his health; but he had read Lessing, gained a clearer outlook on life, and on a variety of topics had gathered experience and learning that later became very serviceable to him. His friendship with the saintly Fraulein von Klettenberg, while it did not convince him very thoroughly of his sinfulness, brought him for the first time into association with the pietists and gave him a store of their ideas.

With health came renewed ambitions, and Goethe returned to Strassburg to continue his studies. He was still French in temperament and training, and it is a curious thing that now on French soil he should find himself in the midst of influences that should change the

whole bent of his mind and make him an ardent and consistent German. He was one of a group of Teutonic students whose French speech was the subject of ridicule to the native-born, and so distressed were they by the jeers of their classmates that they agreed to abandon the use of French and confine themselves wholly to their own tongue. He took up a broad course of study, with plenty of outside amusements which tended to much increase his popularity as well as his scholarship. Just at this time he met Herder, who so effectively roused his enthusiasm for Germany that he never turned his admiration away from her, and lost forever his pro-French ideas. Under the stimulus of Herder's instruction he learned how much better are the rude songs of his ancestors than the refined and conventional verses of the French classicists. In his enthusiasm Goethe began to collect German *Volkslieder,* for Herder had advised him to "study the superstitions and sagas of the forefathers and adapt them to the poetic spirit of the present." These "old tunes, as God made them," to quote Goethe's words, were sent to Herder as a "priceless treasure."

But there was an even stronger force at work with Goethe at this time, another of his successive attachments, this time for a country maiden, Friederike Brion, the daughter of a village parson. Though the love was mutual, yet, when she visited Strassburg, Goethe, perhaps realizing the inequality of their stations,

broke off the connection. Nine years later they met seemingly with no revival of the old feelings, but Goethe always looked regretfully at the episode, and when Friederike died in 1813 she was still unmarried. The adventure, however, roused Goethe's poetic genius, and he wrote several love lyrics which are among his best. The Gretchen in *Faust* and the Maria of *Goetz* are both drawn from his experiences with Friederike.

In 1771 Goethe returned to Frankfort with his degree, a very different man from the one who had entered Strassburg. Already he had begun to gather material for *Faust* and *Goetz,* and had read the drafts of some scenes to Herder and received the latter's criticism. "Shakespeare has spoiled you," he said; but the young poet heard meekly and went on passionately with his work. With the completion of *Goetz,* which he published anonymously in 1773, Goethe first felt himself a leader, for in spite of all criticism he had produced a vital, original drama, one destined to make him the great incarnation of *Sturm und Drang.*

In 1772 Goethe began to practice law at Wetzlar, and here again he met an affinity in the person of Charlotte Buff (Lotte), the betrothed of his friend Kestner, but this love affair he terminated by flight, as its consequences seemed perilous. He was not, however, heartbroken, for on his retreat he found courage for a flirtation with Maximiliane von Laroche, who afterward became the mother of

one of Goethe's later loves, the impressionable and versatile Bettina von Arnim. The result of these experiences was the sentimental novel, *The Sorrows of Young Werther.*

The popularity of this novel did not encourage Goethe to rest from his labors, but seemed rather to stimulate him to greater efforts. The first editions of *Faust, Prometheus* and other lengthy works appeared quickly, and many lyrics at short intervals. For several years he was in love with Lili Schoenemann, to whom he was in fact betrothed, but they gradually lost interest in each other, though not until he had written several beautiful lyrics in her honor. Then, in the latter part of 1775, Goethe went to Weimar at the invitation of Karl August and began another phase of his career.

In Leipzig, Strassburg and Frankfort he had moved with his age and had become the leader in the *Sturm und Drang.* At twenty-six he came to Duke Karl August, who was then but eighteen, and so fascinated the young ruler by his powers that he was given one post after another in the government; and, nobly responding to the trust, he neglected his muse and devoted himself loyally to his responsibilities. As a servant to the Weimar estate, Goethe learned many of the practical lessons of life, added to his scientific acquirements and became more a man of experience, who had learned his lessons from men and things rather than from books. But the coming of Goethe

to Weimar meant more than changes in him—it meant a literary revolution in the locality and a turning point in the literature of Germany. When he came to Weimar it was a quiet little place, a charming home for cultured people, but not specially literary; when he left it, Weimar had well been called the Athens of Germany.

This formative period in Goethe's life lasted for about ten years, and then a revulsion occurred in his nature and he begged from the Duke an indefinite leave of absence to visit Italy. The mature man who crossed the Alps was not the brilliant youth who had entered Weimar a decade before, and, perhaps, chief among the influences that had so changed him was that of Charlotte von Stein, a woman seven years his senior and the mother of several children. To her Goethe's fickle heart was devoted for several years, and her memory was always an inspiration to him. Of all his loves she was intellectually most worthy of his genius, and his love for her was higher than the wavering passion he felt for the others; but Frau von Stein is less clearly reflected in his writings than any of her predecessors, because the whole bent of his mind was changing so that thenceforth his productions were far less subjective. During this period his best and almost only writings were lyrics, but they are among the finest he ever wrote. Having then learned all that he could from his varied positions, having acquired an ardent love for nature and a close

acquaintance with her works, and having above all profited as much as was possible from his friendship with Frau von Stein, he was capitally equipped for his next step upward.

His journey southward took in Padua, Venice, Farrara, Bologna and Florence, but his restless spirit urged him rapidly to Rome, the object of his journey, and there he arrived one October day in 1786. Goethe's Italian visit, which was prolonged for nearly two years, was one of the most important periods in his career, a time of revival of interest in poetry, of hard labor and great productivity and of profound development. His studies increased his intellectual grasp, and his other experiences gave him a poise, a serenity and a command of himself that never deserted him. He appeared to need the Italian sunshine to ripen his genius. During his stay in Rome he lived with an Italian girl and seems to have gained from this association a new insight into life and a joy in living which his previous sentimental amours had failed to give. At the same time, however, he was writing a beautiful lyric to Christiane Vulpius, with whom he lived after his return to Weimar until 1806, when he quieted the scandal he was causing by marrying her and continuing to live with her till her death in 1816. We infer from his letters that she was the true and loving wife, who was able to retain the fickle heart of her spouse more consistently than his other flames had been able to do.

When Goethe returned to Weimar in 1788 he brought with him a revised *Faust* and a rewritten *Iphigenia,* the new *Egmont,* and *Tasso,* almost in its present form, as the product of his labors. But his northern home had changed for him, and no joyous light shone over his labors. *Sturm und Drang* had passed, and but a tender recollection remained of the passionate years of his youth. So far had he passed in his development beyond his own age that he stood alone, without friends or intellectual companions. The six years that followed were the least productive of his life. To this period belong, besides some things of minor importance, his admirable version of the beast-fable *Reineke Fuchs,* the *Venetian Epigrams* and the *Roman Elegies,* the latter inspired by his new love Christiane and shockingly sensuous to the ladies of the court of Weimar. Once, at the Duke's command, he had gone in 1792 with his patron on a campaign against the French, and had been brought by that episode into close relations with the realities of existence, but its effect was not directly apparent until long after, when he wrote an account of the disastrous expedition, that was published in his *Truth and Poetry.*

It required a new interest, a new friendship to stimulate his genius to further effort, and the man was at hand. Weimar was at this time a little village of six thousand inhabitants, having for its ruler a Prince whose tastes were literary and who enjoyed surrounding himself

by men of intellect. Poetry and play acting were the chief interests of the dilletantes of the court, whose unconventional lives in more than one case caused a great deal of comment from those who placed greater stress on the proprieties of life. Chief among the literary leaders was Goethe, idolized by every one, though, perhaps, the real ornament to the court in 1782 and for some years thereafter was Wieland, while the third member was Herder, with both of whose lives and work we are already acquainted. In the summer of 1787 Schiller joined the group at Weimar and began the studies in history that ultimately led him to a professorship at Jena. Goethe and Schiller had met on several occasions, but neither seemed to take any particular interest in the other. At first the latter was annoyed by the boundless praise bestowed upon the absent Goethe and made up his mind that however much he might admire the genius of the man, he could never like him personally. After Goethe's return from Italy his state of mind was such that he was not in a mood to extend his acquaintance, and each of the great men pursued his own way, until by 1794 Goethe began to appreciate Schiller at his true worth and made those advances which resulted in an intimate friendship after Schiller's return to Weimar in 1799, a friendship that lasted unbrokenly until Schiller's death six years later. While it cannot be said that Schiller directed the course of Goethe's genius, yet, nevertheless,

his friendship was a stimulus that bore fruit in the renewed activity of a mind that was resting too quietly in the joys of domesticity.

Awakened, then, by the new friendship, Goethe set to work and completed his *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship* and his poem *Hermann and Dorothea;* in fact, the great man had entered fully upon his final course of productivity, and one work followed another in rapid succession, interrupted only by sickness and the cares that advancing age brought on him. In 1803 Klopstock and Herder died; two years later, Schiller, and in 1808 Goethe's famous mother passed away. On the other hand, as a partial compensation for these great losses, Goethe was brought frequently in contact with Napoleon at Erfurt, and Bettina von Arnim-Brentano, the wonderful child lover of Goethe, began that violent attachment which has been immortalized in Goethe's letters, but which after 1811 subsided because she could not endure Goethe's wife, the devoted Christiane. Goethe was deeply affected in 1816 by the death of his faithful consort, to whom he passionately said he would devote his remaining years that he might mourn her loss.

In 1817 he gave up his directorship of the Weimar theater, but did not cease his writing. To these latter years belong *Wilhelm Meister's Travels* and the second part of *Faust,* besides some other works of minor importance.

By this time Weimar had become the goal of pilgrimage for men of all nationalities, and

GOETHE IN WEIMAR

Goethe himself seemed to be the one great figure surviving from an historic age. Heine, Thackeray and others have given brilliant pictures of the old man's closing years, during which he worked as his health permitted, even to the last. He traveled but little, seldom going farther than Jena, and bore his griefs uncomplainingly, even when Karl August, his faithful patron, died in 1828, and two years later his own son August and the Grand Duchess Luise also passed away. His daughter-in-law cared for him to the end, which came on the twenty-second of March, 1832, so peacefully that no one knew when death came to the grand old man sitting quietly in his chair. The last stranger whom he had entertained as a guest was the eldest son of Frau von Arnim, and some words in that young man's album were Goethe's last writings.

One of his most ardent admirers, John Peter Eckermann, has produced two volumes of *Conversations of Goethe,* which give an intimate picture of the greatest figure of his century. Speaking of the personal appearance of Goethe in 1822, Eckermann says:

> His figure is still to be called handsome; his forehead and eyes are extremely majestic. He is tall and well built, and so vigorous in appearance that one can scarcely comprehend how he has been able for some years to declare himself too old to enter into society, and to go to court.

The effect produced upon the admirer a year later has been thus described:

We sat a long while together, in a tranquil, affectionate mood. I was close to him; I forgot to speak for looking at him—I could not look enough. His face is so powerful and brown! full of wrinkles, and each wrinkle full of expression! And everywhere there is such nobleness and firmness, such repose and greatness! He spoke in a slow composed manner, such as you would expect from an aged monarch. You perceive by his air that he reposes upon himself, and is elevated far above both praise and blame. I was extremely happy near him; I felt becalmed like one who, after many toils and tedious expectations, finally sees his dearest wishes gratified.

Of Goethe's appearance after death the same writer has said:

The morning after Goethe's death, a deep desire seized me to look once again upon his earthly garment. His faithful servant, Frederic, opened for me the chamber in which he was laid out. Stretched upon his back, he reposed as if asleep; profound peace and security reigned in the features of his sublimely noble countenance. The mighty brow seemed yet to harbor thoughts. I wished for a lock of his hair; but reverence prevented me from cutting it off. The body lay naked, only wrapped in a white sheet; large pieces of ice had been placed near it, to keep it fresh as long as possible. Frederic drew aside the sheet, and I was astonished at the divine magnificence of the limbs. The breast was powerful, broad, and arched; the arms and thighs were full, and softly muscular; the feet were elegant, and of the most perfect shape; nowhere, on the whole body, was there a trace either of fat or of leanness and decay. A perfect man lay in great beauty before me; and the rapture which the sight caused made me forget for a moment that the immortal spirit had left such an abode. I laid my hand on his heart—there was a deep silence—and I turned away to give free vent to my suppressed tears.

Goethe's position in literature is that of the man who led the way for its later development and to a great extent was the representative of the spirit which bore fruit in the modified romanticism that ruled for so many years. Intensely German though he was in many respects, yet his genius is so colossal that he can never be claimed solely by one nation. He was a world product, a universal genius. No brief biographical sketch can set the man before a reader; it is only by an intimate acquaintance with his works that his grandeur can be appreciated.

III. The Works of Goethe. When one looks over the list of Goethe's principal writings he realizes not only their great volume, but also the number of titles of universal interest. The impossibility of reproducing in a collection of this kind any respectable percentage of them is evident to the casual observer. He wrote about fifty dramas, of which only twenty are classed among his minor works; and at least five tragedies, two classical dramas and one prose drama are of world-wide significance. His prose works consist of five novels, at least ten books of importance and almost innumerable translations, criticisms and essays. To these must be added his long classic poem, *Hermann and Dorothea,* his metrical version of *Renard the Fox,* and many hundreds of shorter poems, including songs, odes, sonnets, elegies, epigrams and ballads. However hopeless the attempt to give a com-

prehensive notion of the value and extent of Goethe's contribution to literature, it is possible, however, to open the way to a more extended reading of him by discussing briefly some of his more important productions.

IV. "GOETZ VON BERLICHINGEN." This remarkable drama was written in 1771, but was not published for two years, during which time Goethe made numberless important alterations in it. Although the first work submitted by Goethe to the public, it attracted great attention, and as people became acquainted with the vivid drama its popularity became almost unbounded, and its author was made the idol of young Germany everywhere.

Goetz von Berlichingen, "with the Iron Hand," is a historical character who lived during the reign of Maximilian I, Emperor of Germany. In 1495 the Emperor published the memorable edict which declared that there should be no private war in the Empire under the penalty of the Ban, which meant that the anathema of the Church would be pronounced against the offender, as well as the infliction of civil punishment. This law was accepted with joy by the free towns, the princes and the bishops, but it was bitterly opposed by the free knights, against whom it was especially leveled. Goetz, one of these knights, and in reality an ardent champion of their rights, was repeatedly under the ban of the Empire for the feuds in which he was engaged, but from which he was released time and again because of his

reputation for gallantry and generosity. In the play, Goethe has idealized him out of all recognition, but has made him still the champion of freedom. During this time the peasants were in a state of most abject oppression and suffering, and at times they broke out in the most desperate insurrections, which were never exceeded in bloodthirstiness by the uprisings of a similar class in England or France. The Secret, or Invisible, Tribunal was composed of members unknown to each other, who met in secret and sentenced to death those criminals whom the ordinary court of justice could not reach.

The comprehensiveness of Goethe's play is still a matter of wonder, and that it should have vitality and life even on the stage is no less surprising. There is scarcely a scene in the life of those troublous times that he has not sketched for us, and his multitude of characters are taken from every walk in life. Gypsies, peasants, troopers, servants, pages, squires, knights, monks, an abbot, a bishop, and even the Emperor himself appear on the stage, each with a distinct character. Revolutionary as the plan of the tragedy is, its sentiment was no less so. Goetz is the champion of individual freedom and self-reliance, the embodiment of all the sturdy virtues which are most endeared to the German, and his misfortunes serve only to raise him in the esteem of his acquaintances. There are few dramas in existence that have produced a greater effect

upon literature and life than *Goetz with the Iron Hand.* So important has it been that we give below a somewhat lengthened summary, with extracts taken from the translation of Sir Walter Scott.

To show something of the revolutionary character of the form of Goethe's drama, we will outline the first two acts by scenes, and the reader will understand how completely he abandoned the classic unities and with what a prolific hand he scattered his scenes in respect to time, place and unity. Nevertheless, the result is extremely interesting to the reader, but to produce the play upon the stage would make great demands on scenery and stage management.

Act I. Scene 1: An Inn at Swarzenberg in Franconia: A quarrel takes place between troopers of Bamberg and retainers of Goetz, which shows the bad blood existing between the bishop and the free knight Goetz.

Scene 2: A Cottage in a Thick Forest: Goetz is discovered planning the capture of Weislingen, another free knight, who has been an intimate friend, but is now an enemy devoted to the bishop of Bamberg.

Scene 3: An Apartment in Jaxthausen, the Castle of Goetz von Berlichingen: The wife (Elizabeth), sister (Maria), and little son (Charles) of Goetz are shown in a pretty family scene, where the child repeats stories his aunt and mother have told him, even after the entrance of Goetz. Then Weislingen, who

has been captured, is brought in, Goetz recites incidents of their early friendship and declares that on his part there is no enmity, but a strong desire for a renewal of the old-time attachments.

Scene 4: The Bishop of Bamberg's Palace: The bishop and his courtiers appear in an amusing scene, which, however, shows the attitude of the bishop toward Goetz and his two friends, the free knights, Selbitz and Sickingen, and intimates plots against them. A portion of the scene is as follows:

Bishop. Are there many of the German nobility studying at Bologna?

Olearius. Both nobles and citizens; and, I do not exaggerate in saying that they acquire the most brilliant reputation. It is a proverb in the university:—"As studious as a German noble." For while the citizens display a laudable diligence, in order to compensate by learning for their want of birth, the nobles strive, with praiseworthy emulation, to enhance their ancestral dignity by superior attainments.

Abbot. Indeed!

Liebtraut. What may one not live to hear. We live and learn, as the proverb says. "As studious as a German noble." I never heard that before.

Olea. Yes, they are the admiration of the whole university. Some of the oldest and most learned will soon be coming back with their doctor's degree. The Emperor will doubtless be happy to entrust to them the highest offices.

Bish. He cannot fail to do so.

Abb. Do you know, for instance, a young man—a Hessian?——

Olea. There are many Hessians with us.

Abb. His name is—is— Does nobody remember it? His

mother was a Von— Oh! his father had but one eye, and was a marshal——

Lieb. Von Wildenholz!

Abb. Right. Von Wildenholz.

Olea. I know him well. A young man of great abilities. He is particularly esteemed for his talent in disputation.

Abb. He has that from his mother.

Lieb. Yes; but his father would never praise her for that quality.

Bish. How call you the emperor who wrote your *Corpus Juris?*

Olea. Justinian.

Bish. A worthy prince:—here's to his memory!

Olea. To his memory! [*They drink.*

Abb. That must be a fine book.

Olea. It may be called a book of books; a digest of all laws; there you find the sentence ready for every case, and where the text is antiquated or obscure, the deficiency is supplied by notes, with which the most learned men have enriched this truly admirable work.

Abb. A digest of all laws!—Indeed!—Then the Ten Commandments must be in it.

Olea. Implicitè; not explicitè.

Abb. That's what I mean; plainly set down, without any explication.

Bish. But the best is, you tell us that a state can be maintained in the most perfect tranquillity and subordination, by receiving and rightly following that statute-book.

Olea. Doubtless.

Bish. All doctors of laws! [*They drink.*

Olea. I'll tell them of this abroad. [*They drink.*
Would to heaven that men thought thus in my country.

Abb. Whence come you, most learned sir?

Olea. From Frankfort, at your eminence's service!

Bish. You gentlemen of the law, then, are not held in high estimation there?—How comes that?

Olea. It is strange enough—when I last went there to

collect my father's effects, the mob almost stoned me, when they heard I was a lawyer.

Abb. God bless me!

Olea. It is because their tribunal, which they hold in great respect, is composed of people totally ignorant of the Roman law. An intimate acquaintance with the internal condition of the town, and also of its foreign relations, acquired through age and experience, is deemed a sufficient qualification. They decide according to certain established edicts of their own, and some old customs recognized in the city and neighborhood.

Abb. That's very right.

Olea. But far from sufficient. The life of man is short, and in one generation cases of every description cannot occur; our statute-book is a collection of precedents, furnished by the experience of many centuries. Besides, the wills and opinions of men are variable; one man deems right to-day, what another disapproves to-morrow; and confusion and injustice are the inevitable results. Law determines absolutely, and its decrees are immutable.

Abb. That's certainly better.

Olea. But the common people won't acknowledge that; and, eager as they are after novelty, they hate any innovation in their laws, which leads them out of the beaten track, be it ever so much for the better. They hate a jurist as if he were a cut-purse or a subverter of the state, and become furious, if one attempts to settle among them.

Lieb. You come from Frankfort?—I know the place well—we tasted your good cheer at the Emperor's coronation. You say your name is Olearius—I know no one in the town of your name.

Olea. My father's name was Oilman—But after the example, and with the advice of many jurists, I have Latinized the name to Olearius for the decoration of the title-page of my legal treatises.

Lieb. You did well to translate yourself: a prophet is not honored in his own country—in your native

guise you might have shared the same fate.

Olea. That was not the reason.

Lieb. All things have two reasons.

Abb. A prophet is not honored in his own country.

Lieb. But do you know why, most reverend sir?

Abb. Because he was born and bred there.

Lieb. Well, that may be one reason. The other is, because, upon a nearer acquaintance with these gentlemen, the halo of glory and honor shed around them by the distant haze totally disappears; they are then seen to be nothing more than tiny rushlights!

Olea. It seems you are placed here to tell pleasant truths.

Lieb. As I have wit enough to discover them, I do not lack courage to utter them.

Olea. Yet you lack the art of applying them well.

Lieb. It is no matter where you place a cupping-glass, provided it draws blood.

Olea. Barbers are known by their dress, and no one takes offense at their scurvy jests. Let me advise you as a precaution to bear the badge of your order—a cap and bells!

Lieb. Where did you take your degree? I only ask, so that, should I ever take a fancy to a fool's cap, I could at once go to the right shop.

Olea. You carry face enough.

Lieb. And you paunch. [*The* BISHOP *and* ABBOT *laugh.*

Bish. Not so warm, gentlemen!—Some other subject. At table all should be fair and quiet. Choose another subject, Liebtraut.

Scene 5: Jaxthausen: Time has passed, and in his confinement at Jaxthausen Weislingen has fallen in love with Maria, and friendship with Goetz has again been established. Maria is to marry Weislingen, who promises fidelity to Goetz and positively agrees not to return to the bishop. Francis, the squire of Weislingen,

brings tidings from the bishop's court, states that the page whose arrest has caused the trouble will not be released, and describes a charming widow, Adelaide von Walldorf, who is a resident:

Francis. Not go to court! My gracious lord, how comes that? If you knew what I know; could you but dream what I have seen——

Weislingen. What ails thee?

Fran. The bare remembrance takes away my senses. Bamberg is no longer Bamberg. An angel of heaven, in semblance of woman, has taken up her abode there, and has made it a paradise.

Weis. Is that all?

Fran. May I become a shaven friar, if the first glimpse of her does not drive you frantic!

Weis. Who is it, then?

Fran. Adelaide von Walldorf.

Weis. Indeed! I have heard much of her beauty.

Fran. Heard! You might as well say I have *seen* music. So far is the tongue from being able to rehearse the slightest particle of her beauty, that the very eye which beholds her cannot drink it all in.

Weis. You are mad.

Fran. That may well be. The last time I was in her company I had no more command over my senses than if I had been drunk, or, I may rather say, I felt like a glorified saint enjoying the angelic vision! All my senses exalted, more lively and more perfect than ever, yet not one at its owner's command.

Weis. That is strange!

Fran. As I took leave of the bishop, she sat by him; they were playing at chess. He was very gracious; gave me his hand to kiss, and said much, of which I heard not a syllable, for I was looking on his fair antagonist. Her eye was fixed upon the board, as if meditating a bold move.—A touch of subtle watchfulness around the mouth and cheek.—I could have

wished to be the ivory king. The mixture of dignity and feeling on her brow—and the dazzling luster of her face and neck, heightened by her raven tresses——

Weis. The theme has made you quite poetical.

Fran. I feel at this moment what constitutes poetic inspiration—a heart altogether wrapt in one idea. As the bishop ended, and I made my obeisance, she looked up and said, "Offer to your master the best wishes of an unknown. Tell him he must come soon. New friends await him; he must not despise them, though he is already so rich in old ones." I would have answered, but the passage betwixt my heart and my tongue was closed, and I only bowed. I would have given all I had for permission to kiss but one of her fingers! As I stood thus, the bishop let fall a pawn, and in stooping to pick it up, I touched the hem of her garment. Transport thrilled through my limbs, and I scarce know how I left the room.

Weis. Is her husband at court?

Fran. She has been a widow these four months, and is residing at the court of Bamberg to divert her melancholy. You will see her; and to meet her glance is to bask in the sunshine of spring.

Act II. Scene 1: Bamberg Hall: The bishop and Adelaide are playing chess, while Liebtraut, to the accompaniment of a guitar, sings the following song:

Armed with quiver and bow,
With his torch all a-glow,
Young Cupid comes winging his flight.
Courage glows in his eyes,
As adown from the skies,
He rushes, impatient for fight.

Up! up!
On! on!
Hark! the bright quiver rings!

Hark! the rustle of wings!
All hail to the delicate sprite!

They welcome the urchin;—
Ah, maidens, beware!
He finds every bosom
Unguarded and bare.
In the light of his flambeau
He kindles his darts;—
They fondle and hug him
And press to their hearts.

Having heard of Weislingen's refusal to return to his court, the bishop sends Liebtraut to tempt him with Adelaide's name.

Scene 2: Jaxthausen, a Hall in Goetz's Castle: Goetz plans revenge against the inhabitants of Nuremberg, who betrayed his page to the bishop.

Scene 3: The Bishop's Palace at Bamberg: In spite of his promises, Weislingen has come to the bishop's court, lured by Liebtraut's eloquent descriptions of the beauty of Adelaide.

Scene 4: The Spessart: Goetz learns of Weislingen's defection and sends George, his page, to discover the cause.

Scene 5: The Bishop's Palace, His Cabinet: Weislingen declines to join again with the bishop and bids him farewell, but is summoned to meet Adelaide.

Scene 6: Adelaide's Apartment: Weislingen still is firm in his purpose to return to Goetz, but before the scene ends and he is summoned again to an interview with the bishop, he is seen to be wavering.

Scene 7: An Ante-room: Weislingen decides to remain, under specious arguments, that do not, however, convince his better self.

Scene 8: The Spessart: George returns and reports that in disguise he has been to Bamberg, seen and conversed with Weislingen, and learned that his defection is complete and it is rumored that he will marry Adelaide.

Scene 9: Hall in the Bishop's Palace at Bamberg: The scene begins as follows:

Adelaide. Time begins to hang insupportably heavy here. I dare not speak seriously, and I am ashamed to trifle with you. Ennui, thou art worse than a slow fever.

Weis. Are you tired of me already?

Ade. Not so much of you as of your society. I would you had gone when you wished, and that we had not detained you.

Weis. Such is woman's favor! At first she fosters with maternal warmth our dearest hopes; and then, like an inconstant hen, she forsakes the nest, and abandons the infant brood to death and decay.

Ade. Yes, you may rail at women. The reckless gambler tears and curses the harmless cards which have been the instruments of his loss. But let me tell you something about *men.* What are you that talk about fickleness? You that are seldom even what you would wish to be, never what you should be. Princes in holiday garb! the envy of the vulgar. O what would a tailor's wife not give for a necklace of the pearls on the skirt of your robe, which you kick back contemptuously with your heels.

Weis. You are severe.

Ade. It is but the antistrophe to your song. Ere I knew you, Weislingen, I felt like the tailor's wife. Hundred-tongued rumor, to speak without metaphor, had so extolled you, in quack-doctor fashion, that I was

tempted to wish—O that I could but see this quintessence of manhood, this phoenix, Weislingen! My wish was granted.

Weis. And the phoenix turned out a dunghill cock.

Ade. No, Weislingen, I took an interest in you.

Weis. So it appeared.

Ade. So it *was*—for you really surpassed your reputation. The multitude prize only the reflection of worth. For my part, I do not care to scrutinize the character of those whom I esteem; so we lived on for some time. I felt there was a deficiency in you, but knew not what I missed; at length my eyes were opened—I saw instead of the energetic being who gave impulse to the affairs of a kingdom, and was ever alive to the voice of fame—who was wont to pile princely project on project, till, like the mountains of the Titans, they reached the clouds—instead of all this, I saw a man as querulous as a love-sick poet, as melancholy as a slighted damsel, and more indolent than an old bachelor. I first ascribed it to your misfortune which still lay at your heart, and excused you as well as I could; but now that it daily becomes worse, you must really forgive me if I withdraw my favor from you. You possess it unjustly: I bestowed it for life on a hero who cannot transfer it to you.

Weis. Dismiss me, then.

Ade. Not till all chance of recovery is lost. Solitude is fatal in your distemper. Alas! poor man! you are as dejected as one whose first love has proved false, and therefore I won't give you up. Give me your hand, and pardon what affection has urged me to say.

Weis. Couldst thou but love me, couldst thou but return the fervor of my passion with the least glow of sympathy.—Adelaide, thy reproaches are most unjust. Couldst thou but guess the hundredth part of my sufferings, thou wouldst not have tortured me so unmercifully with encouragement, indifference, and contempt. You smile. To be reconciled to myself after the step I have taken must be the work of more

than one day. How can I plot against the man who has been so recently and so vividly restored to my affection?

An amicable arrangement, however, is agreed upon, in which the two shall work together against Goetz for their own protection and the security of their property, if for no other reason.

Scene 10: An Inn: This shows a country wedding, by which two peasants settle a long-standing lawsuit, for which, however, it is discovered that both sides have paid the same lawyer an extravagant fee. Goetz advises an appeal to the Emperor, who, he is confident, will see justice done.

Act II: This act contains twenty scenes, in spite of which the action moves rapidly, and toward the close is intensely exciting. Weislingen advises the Emperor to proceed to extremities against Goetz, Sickingen and Selbitz, and Maximilian consents to have them taken alive and brought before him unhurt. Sickingen proposes to Goetz for the hand of Maria, subsequently wins his way to her heart, and the two are married. A party is sent by Maximilian to take Goetz alive, who, discovering himself to be under the ban of the Empire, advises Sickingen to be neutral, but the latter promises to assist with troops, though because of his recent marriage to Maria he will not aid in person. The brave trooper Lerse, who previously has fought against Goetz and wounded him, now joins him, and the soldiers of Maxi-

milian appear in sight. The remainder of the act is taken up with the first skirmish, in which Goetz is successful, and with the subsequent battle and siege of his palace. Sickingen, with his wife, has gone away. The siege is pictured as follows:

Trooper (*aside to* GOETZ). The Imperial squadron is in full and rapid march hither.

Goetz. I have roused them with stripes of the rod! How many are they?

Troop. About two hundred—They can scarcely be six miles from us.

G. Have they passed the river yet?

Troop. No, my lord.

G. Had I but fifty men, they should not cross it. Hast thou seen Lerse?

Troop. No, my lord.

G. Tell all to hold themselves ready.—We must part, dear friends. Weep on, my gentle Maria—Many a moment of happiness is yet in store for thee—It is better thou shouldst weep on thy wedding-day, than that present joy should be the forerunner of future misery.—Farewell, Maria!—Farewell, brother!

Maria. I cannot leave you, sister. Dear brother, let us stay. Dost thou value my husband so little as to refuse his help in thy extremity?

G. Yes—it is gone far with me. Perhaps my fall is near. You are but beginning life, and should separate your lot from mine. I have ordered your horses to be saddled: you must away instantly.

Maria. Brother! brother!

Elizabeth (*to* SICKINGEN). Yield to his wishes. Speak to her.

Sickingen. Dear Maria! we must go.

Mar. Thou too? My heart will break!

G. Then stay. In a few hours my castle will be surrounded.

Mar. (*weeping bitterly*). Alas! alas!

G. We will defend ourselves as long as we can.

Mar. Mother of God, have mercy upon us!

G. And at last we must die or surrender. Thy tears will then have involved thy noble husband in the same misfortune with me.

Mar. Thou torturest me!

G. Remain! Remain! We shall be taken together! Sickingen, thou wilt fall into the pit with me, out of which I had hoped thou shouldst have helped me.

Mar. We will away—Sister—sister!

G. Place her in safety, and then think of me.

Sick. Never will I repose a night by her side till I know thou art out of danger.

G. Sister! dear sister! [*Kisses her.*

Sick. Away! away!

G. Yet one moment! I shall see you again. Be comforted, we shall meet again. (*Exeunt* SICKINGEN *and* MARIA.) I urged her to depart—yet when she leaves me, what would I not give to detain her! Elizabeth, thou stayest with me. [*Exit.*

Eliz. Till death!

G. Whom God loves, to him may He give such a wife.

(*Enter* GEORGE)

George. They are near! I saw them from the tower. The sun is rising, and I perceived their lances glitter. I cared no more for them than a cat would for a whole army of mice. 'Tis true *we* play the mice at present.

G. Look to the fastenings of the gates; barricade them with beams and stones. (*Exit* GEORGE.) We'll exercise their patience, and they may chew away their valor in biting their nails. (*A trumpet from without.* GOETZ *goes to the window.*) Aha! Here comes a red-coated rascal to ask me whether I will be a scoundrel! What says he? (*The voice of the* HERALD *is heard indistinctly, as from a distance.* GOETZ *mutters to himself.*) A rope for thy throat! (*Voice again.*) "Offended majesty!"—Some priest has drawn up that proclamation. (*Voice concludes, and* GOETZ *answers from the win-*

dow.) Surrender—surrender at discretion. With whom speak you? Am I a robber? Tell your captain, that for the Emperor I entertain, as I have ever done, all due respect; but as for him, he may——

[*Shuts the window with violence.*

. . . . . .

The Kitchen

(ELIZABETH *preparing food. Enter* GOETZ)

G. You have hard work, my poor wife!

Eliz. Would it might last! But you can hardly hold out long.

G. We have not had time to provide ourselves.

Eliz. And so many people as you have been wont to entertain. The wine is well-nigh finished.

G. If we can but hold out a certain time, they must propose a capitulation. We are doing them some damage, I promise you. They shoot the whole day, and only wound our walls and break our windows. Lerse is a gallant fellow. He slips about with his gun: if a rogue come too nigh—Pop! there he lies! [*Firing.*

(*Enter* TROOPER)

Troop We want live coals, gracious lady!

G. For what?

Troop. Our bullets are spent; we must cast some new ones.

G. How goes it with the powder?

Troop. There is as yet no want: we save our fire.

[*Firing at intervals. Exeunt* GOETZ *and* ELIZABETH.

(*Enter* LERSE *with a bullet-mold. Servants with coals.*)

Lerse. Set them down, and then go and see for lead about the house; meanwhile I will make shift with this. (*Goes to the window, and takes out the leaden frames.*) Everything must be turned to account. So it is in this world—no one knows what a thing may come to: the glazier who made these frames little thought that the lead here was to give one of his grandsons his last headache; and the father that begot me little knew whether the fowls of heaven or the worms of the earth would pick my bones.

(*Enter* GEORGE *with a leaden spout*)

Geo. Here's lead for thee! If you hit with only half of it, not one will return to tell his Majesty, "Thy servants have sped ill!"

Ler. (*cutting it down*). A famous piece!

Geo. The rain must seek some other way. I'm not afraid of it—a brave trooper and a smart shower will always find their road. [*They cast balls.*

Ler. Hold the ladle. (*Goes to the window.*) Yonder is a fellow creeping about with his rifle; he thinks our fire is spent. He shall have a bullet warm from the pan. [*He loads his rifle.*

Geo. (*puts down the mold*). Let me see.

Ler. (*Fires.*) There lies the game!

Geo. He fired at me as I stepped out on the roof to get the lead. He killed a pigeon that sat near me; it fell into the spout. I thanked him for my dinner, and went back with the double booty. [*They cast balls.*

Ler. Now let us load, and go through the castle to earn our dinner. (*Enter* GOETZ)

G. Stay, Lerse, I must speak with thee. I will not keep thee, George, from the sport. [*Exit* GEORGE. They offer terms.

Ler. I will go and hear what they have to say.

G. They will require me to enter myself into ward in some town on my knightly parole.

Ler. That won't do. Suppose they allow us free liberty of departure? for we can expect no relief from Sickingen. We will bury all the valuables, where no divining-rod shall find them; leave them the bare walls, and come out with flying colors.

G. They will not permit us.

Ler. It is worth the asking. We will demand a safe-conduct, and I will sally out.

. . . . . .

GOETZ, ELIZABETH, GEORGE *and* TROOPERS *at table, in a Hall.*

G. Danger unites us, my friends! Be of good cheer; don't forget the bottle! The flask is empty. Come,

another, dear wife! (ELIZABETH *shakes her head.*) Is there no more?

Eliz. (*aside*). Only one, which I have set apart for you.

G. Not so, my love! Bring it out; they need strengthening, more than I, for it is my quarrel.

Eliz. Fetch it from the cupboard.

G. It is the last, and I feel as if we need not spare it. It is long since I have been so merry. (*They fill.*) To the health of the Emperor!

All. Long live the Emperor!

G. Be it our last word when we die! I love him, for our fate is similar; but I am happier than he. To please the princes, he must direct his imperial squadrons against mice, while the rats gnaw his possessions. —I know he often wishes himself dead, rather than to be any longer the soul of such a crippled body. (*They fill.*) It will just go once more round. And when our blood runs low, like this flask; when we pour out its last ebbing drop (*empties the wine drop by drop into his goblet*), what than shall be our cry?

Geo. Freedom for ever!

G. Freedom for ever!

All. Freedom for ever!

G. And if that survive us we can die happy; for our spirits shall see our children's children, and their emperor happy! Did the servants of princes show the same filial attachment to their masters as you to me—did their masters serve the emperor as I would serve him——

Geo. Things would be widely different.

G. Not so much so as it would appear. Have I not known worthy men among the princes? And can the race be extinct? Men, happy in their own minds and in their subjects, who could bear a free, noble brother in their neighborhood without harboring either fear or envy; whose hearts expanded when they saw their table surrounded by their free equals, and who did not think the knights unfit companions till they had degraded themselves by courtly homage.

Geo. Have you known such princes?

G. Ay, truly. As long as I live I shall recollect how the Landgrave of Hanau made a grand hunting-party, and the princes and free feudatories dined under the open heaven, and the country-people all thronged to see them; it was no selfish masquerade instituted for his own private pleasure or vanity.—To see the great round-headed peasant lads and the pretty brown girls, the sturdy hinds, and the venerable old men, a crowd of happy faces, all as merry as if they rejoiced in the splendor of their master, which he shared with them under God's free sky!

Geo. He must have been as good a master as you.

G. And may we not hope that many such will rule together some future day, to whom reverence to the emperor, peace and friendship with their neighbors, and the love of their vassals, shall be the best and dearest family treasure handed down to their children's children? Every one will then keep and improve his own, instead of reckoning nothing as gain that is not stolen from his neighbors.

Geo. And should we have no more forays?

G. Would to God there were no restless spirits in all Germany!—we should still have enough to do! We would clear the mountains of wolves, and bring our peaceable laborious neighbor a dish of game from the wood, and eat it together. Were that not full employment, we would join our brethren, and, like cherubims with flaming swords, defend the frontiers of the empire against those wolves the Turks, and those foxes the French, and guard for our beloved emperor both extremities of his extensive empire. That would be a life, George! To risk one's head for the safety of all Germany. (GEORGE *springs up.*) Whither away?

Geo. Alas! I forgot we were besieged—besieged by the very emperor; and before we can expose our lives in his defense, we must risk them for our liberty.

G. Be of good cheer.

Finally, terms are offered and accepted by which Goetz and his followers march out with their arms, but must leave food behind. They are met with treachery, however.

Act IV: Goetz, according to his word, has appeared before the imperial commissioners:

G. God save you, sirs! What would you with me?
Commissioner. First, that you consider where you are; and in whose presence.
G. By my faith, I know you right well, sirs.
Com. You acknowledge allegiance.
G. With all my heart.
Com. Be seated. [*Points to a stool.*
G. What, down there? I'd rather stand. That stool smells so of poor sinners, as indeed does the whole apartment.
Com. Stand, then.
G. To business, if you please.
Com. We shall proceed in due order.
G. I am glad to hear it. Would you had always done so.
Com. You know how you fell into our hands, and are a prisoner at discretion.
G. What will you give me to forget it?
Com. Could I give you modesty, I should better your affairs.
G. Better my affairs! could you but do that? To repair is more difficult than to destroy.
Secretary. Shall I put all this on record?
Com. Only what is to the purpose.
G. As far as I'm concerned you may print every word of it.
Com. You fell into the power of the emperor whose paternal goodness got the better of his justice, and, instead of throwing you into a dungeon, ordered you to repair to his beloved city of Heilbronn. You gave your knightly parole to appear, and await the termination in all humility.

G. Well; I am here, and await it.

Com. And we are here to intimate to you his imperial majesty's mercy and clemency. He is pleased to forgive your rebellion, to release you from the ban and all well-merited punishment; provided you do, with becoming humility, receive his bounty, and subscribe to the articles which shall be read unto you.

G. I am his majesty's faithful servant, as ever. One word, ere you proceed. My people—where are they? What will be done with them?

Com. That concerns you not.

G. So may the emperor turn his face from you in the hour of your need. They were my comrades, and are so now. What have you done with them?

Com. We are not bound to account to you.

G. Ah! I forgot that you are not even pledged to perform what you have promised, much less——

Com. Our business is to lay the articles before you. Submit yourself to the emperor, and you may find a way to petition for the life and freedom of your comrades.

G. Your paper.

Com. Secretary, read it.

Sec. (*reads*). "I, Goetz of Berlichingen, make public acknowledgment, by these presents, that I, having lately risen in rebellion against the emperor and empire——"

G. 'Tis false! I am no rebel, I have committed no offense against the emperor, and with the empire I have no concern.

Com. Be silent, and hear further.

G. I will hear no further. Let any one arise and bear witness. Have I ever taken one step against the emperor, or against the House of Austria? Has not the whole tenor of my conduct proved that I feel better than any one else what all Germany owes to its head; and especially what the free knights and feudatories owe to their liege lord the emperor? I should be a villain could I be induced to subscribe that paper.

Com. Yet we have strict orders to try and persuade you by fair means, or, in case of your refusal, to throw you into prison.

G. Into prison!—Me?

Com. Where you may expect your fate from the hands of justice, since you will not take it from those of mercy.

G. To prison! You abuse the imperial power! To prison! That was not the emperor's command. What, ye traitors, to dig a pit for me, and hang out your oath, your knightly honor as the bait! To promise me permission to ward myself on parole, and then again to break your treaty!

Com. We owe no faith to robbers.

G. Wert thou not the representative of my sovereign, whom I respect even in the vilest counterfeit, thou should swallow that word, or choke upon it. I was engaged in an honorable feud. Thou mightest thank God, and magnify thyself before the world, hadst thou ever done as gallant a deed as that with which I now stand charged. (*The* COMMISSIONER *makes a sign to the* MAGISTRATE *of Heilbronn, who rings a bell.*) Not for the sake of paltry gain, not to wrest followers or lands from the weak and the defenseless, have I sallied forth. To rescue my page and defend my own person —see ye any rebellion in that? The emperor and his magnates, reposing on their pillows, would never have felt our need. I have, God be praised, one hand left, and I have done well to use it.

(*Enter a party of Artisans armed with swords.*)

G. What means this?

Com. You will not listen.—Seize him!

G. Let none come near me who is not a very Hungarian ox. One salutation from my iron fist shall cure him of headache, toothache, and every other ache under the wide heaven! (*They rush upon him. He strikes one down; and snatches a sword from another. They stand aloof.*) Come on! come on! I should like to become acquainted with the bravest among you.

Com. Surrender!

G. With a sword in my hand! Know ye not that it depends but upon myself to make way through all these hares and gain the open field? But I will teach you how a man should keep his word. Promise me but free ward, and I will give up my sword, and am again your prisoner.

Com. How! Would you treat with the emperor, sword in hand?

G. God forbid!—only with you and your worthy fraternity! You may go home, good people; you are only losing your time, and here there is nothing to be got but bruises.

Com. Seize him! What! does not your love for the emperor supply you with courage?

G. No more than the emperor supplies them with plaister for the wounds their courage would earn them.

Sickingen, who has discovered the treachery practiced upon Goetz and his followers, has gathered a troop together, and now appears at the gates for rescue. He breaks his way in and encourages Goetz with the hope of reconciliation with the Emperor, to whom, in reality, the unfortunate knight has always been faithful. Adelaide and Weislingen, who are now married, quarrel, and it appears that the latter is jealous of Charles, the Emperor's son. This feeling is shown to be justified after his departure, for Adelaide plans treachery and is aided by Francis, her passionate devotee, whom she partially rewards for his treason and devotion. Goetz, confined by his knightly word to his own castle, is impatient in idleness, when he hears of uprisings among the peasants, of the Emperor's serious illness and of a bloody

comet and other omens that predict disaster and ruin for Germany.

Act V begins with a scene which shows the character of the peasants' rebellion:

Old Man. Away! away! let us fly from the murdering dogs.

Woman. Sacred heaven! How blood-red is the sky! how blood-red the setting sun!

Another. That must be fire.

A Third. My husband! my husband!

O. M. Away! away! To the wood! [*Exeunt.*

(*Enter* LINK *and Insurgents*)

Link. Whoever opposes you, down with him! The village is ours. Let none of the booty be injured, none be left behind. Plunder clean and quickly. We must soon set fire——

(*Enter* METZLER, *coming down the hill*)

Metz. How do things go with you, Link?

Link. Merrily enough, as you see; you are just in time for the fun.—Whence come you?

Metz. From Weinsberg. There was a jubilee.

Link. How so?

Metz. We stabbed them all, in such heaps, it was a joy to see it!

Link. All whom?

Metz. Dietrich von Weiler led up the dance. The fool! We were all raging round the church steeple. He looked out and wished to treat with us.—Baf! A ball through his head! Up we rushed like a tempest, and the fellow soon made his exit by the window.

Link. Huzza!

Metz. (*to the peasants*). Ye dogs, must I find you legs? How they gape and loiter, the asses!

Link. Set fire! Let them roast in the flames! forward! Push on, ye dolts.

Metz. Then we brought out Helfenstein, Eltershofen, thirteen of the nobility—eighty in all. They were led out on the plain before Heilbronn. What a shouting

and jubilee among our lads as the long row of miserable sinners passed by; they stared at each other, and, heaven and earth! we surrounded them before they were aware, and then dispatched them all with our pikes.

Link. Why was I not there?

Metz. Never in all my life did I see such fun.

Link. On! on! Bring all out!

Peasant. All's clear.

Link. Then fire the village at the four corners.

Metz. 'Twill make a fine bonfire! Hadst thou but seen how the fellows tumbled over one another, and croaked like frogs! It warmed my heart like a cup of brandy. One Rexinger was there, a fellow, with a white plume, and flaxen locks, who, when he went out hunting, used to drive us before him like dogs, and with dogs. I had not caught sight of him all the while, when suddenly his fool's visage looked me full in the face. Push! went the spear between his ribs, and there he lay stretched on all-fours above his companions. The fellows lay kicking in a heap like the hares that used to be driven together at their grand hunting-parties.

Link. It smokes finely already!

Metz. Yonder it burns! Come, let us with the booty to the main body.

Link. Where do they halt?

Metz. Between this and Heilbronn. They wish to choose a captain whom every one will respect, for we are after all only their equals; they feel this, and turn restive.

Link. Whom do they propose?

Metz. Maximilian Stumf, or Goetz von Berlichingen.

Link. That would be well. 'Twould give the thing credit should Goetz accept it. He has ever been held a worthy independent knight. Away, away! We march towards Heilbronn! Pass the word.

After winning partial success, the peasants induce Goetz to lead them for four weeks, be-

cause he thinks that by so doing he may save his country from the hideous conditions, and the peasants promise to go quietly home and commit no more murder or burnings, and not to plunder. They fail to keep their promise, and fire and destruction again reign. Goetz quarrels with the leaders, and is left fighting among them. In the meantime, Weislingen is sent against the peasants, and on his way he dispatches Francis with orders to his wife Adelaide to go to her castle and stay there. When she receives the message, she is so enraged that she cajoles Francis into poisoning his master when he returns to camp. At the castle gates Elizabeth and Lerse mourn the acts of their husband and master, who by this time is wounded and in flight. Goetz takes refuge among gypsies, who try to lead him to safety, but he is captured and committed to a dungeon. Weislingen is the commissioner before whom Goetz is to be tried, and has condemned his old friend to death, although his soul is torn with remorse. Maria visits him and finds him suffering and almost dying from a strange illness. She pleads for the life of Goetz, and when his death warrant comes, Weislingen tears it in shreds and promises the safety of his former friend. Francis comes in in despair, evidently disillusioned regarding Adelaide, and, declaring that he has administered poison to Weislingen, leaps from the window into the river and is drowned. Weislingen dies soon after, and Adelaide, who has been accused of adul-

tery and murder before the Secret Tribunal, is condemned to death for her double crime by the "double doom of the steel and the cord." The peasants' rebellion has been subdued, and the captured ones punished with horrible severity, burned alive, drawn and quartered. The tragedy closes with the visit of Elizabeth, Lerse and Maria to Goetz in prison:

Eliz. I entreat thee, dear husband, speak to me. Thy silence alarms me; thy spirit consumes thee, pent up within thy breast. Come, let me see thy wounds; they mend daily. In this desponding melancholy I knew thee no longer!

G. Seekest thou Goetz? He is long since gone! Piece by piece have they robbed me of all I held dear—my hand, my property, my freedom, my good name! My life! of what value is it to me? What news of George? Is Lerse gone to seek him?

Eliz. He is, my love! Be of good cheer; things may yet take a favorable turn.

G. He whom God hath stricken lifts himself up no more! I best know the load I have to bear.—To misfortune I am inured.—But now it is not Weislingen alone, not the peasants alone, not the death of the emperor, nor my wounds—it is the whole united. . . . My hour is come! I had hoped it should have been like my life. But His will be done!

Eliz. Wilt thou not eat something?

G. Nothing, my love! See how the sun shines yonder!

Eliz. It is a fine spring day!

G. My love, wilt thou ask the keeper's permission for me to walk in his little garden for half an hour, that I may look upon the clear face of heaven, the pure air, and the blessed sun?

Eliz. I will—and he will readily grant it.

. . . . . .

The Prison Garden.

LERSE *and* MARIA.

Maria. Go in, and see how it stands with them.

[*Exit* LERSE.

(*Enter* ELIZABETH *and* KEEPER)

Eliz. (*to the* KEEPER). God reward your kindness and attention to my husband! (*Exit* KEEPER.) Maria, how hast thou sped?

Mar. My brother is safe! But my heart is torn asunder. Weislingen is dead! poisoned by his wife. My husband is in danger—the princes are becoming too powerful for him: they say he is surrounded and besieged.

Eliz. Believe not the rumor; and let not Goetz hear it.

Mar. How is it with him?

Eliz. I feared he would not survive till thy return: the hand of the Lord is heavy on him. And George is dead!

Mar. George! The gallant boy!

Eliz. When the miscreants were burning Miltenberg, his master sent him to check their villainy. A body of cavalry charged upon them: Had they all behaved as George, they must all have had as clear a conscience. Many were killed, and George among them; he died the death of a warrior.

Mar. Does Goetz know it?

Eliz. We conceal it from him. He questions me ten times a day concerning him, and sends me as often to see what is become of him. I fear to give his heart this last wound.

Mar. O God! what are the hopes of this world?

(*Enter* GOETZ, LERSE *and* KEEPER)

G. Almighty God! how lovely it is beneath Thy heaven! How free! The trees put forth their buds, and all the world awakes to hope . . . Farewell, my children! my roots are cut away, my strength totters to the grave.

Eliz. Shall I not send Lerse to the convent for thy son, that thou may'st once more see and bless him?

G. Let him be; he needs not my blessing, he is holier than I.—Upon our wedding-day, Elizabeth, could I have thought I should die thus!—My old father blessed us, and prayed for a succession of noble and gallant sons.—God, Thou hast not heard him. I am the last . . . Lerse, thy countenance cheers me in the hour of death, more than in our most daring fights: then, my spirit encouraged all of you; now, thine supports me . . . Oh, that I could but once more see George, and sun myself in his look! You turn away and weep. He is dead? George is dead? Then die, Goetz! Thou hast outlived thyself, outlived the noblest of thy servants . . . How died he? Alas! they took him among the incendiaries, and he has been executed?

Eliz. No! he was slain at Miltenberg! while fighting like a lion for his freedom.

G. God be praised! He was the kindest youth under the sun, and one of the bravest . . . Now release my soul. My poor wife! I leave thee in a wicked world. Lerse, forsake her not! Lock your hearts more carefully than your doors. The age of fraud is at hand, treachery will reign unchecked. The worthless will gain the ascendancy by cunning, and the noble will fall into their net. Maria, may God restore thy husband to thee! may he not fall the deeper for having risen so high! Selbitz is dead, and the good emperor, and my George . . . Give me a draught of water! . . . Heavenly air! Freedom! freedom! [*He dies.*

Eliz. Freedom is above! above—with thee! The world is a prison-house.

Mar. Noble man! Woe to this age that rejected thee!

Ler. And woe to the future, that shall misjudge thee!

V. "The Sorrows of Werther." In 1774 Goethe published his sentimental novel, *The Sorrows of Young Werther,* and it was immediately recognized as the most excellent thing of the kind that had yet appeared. The

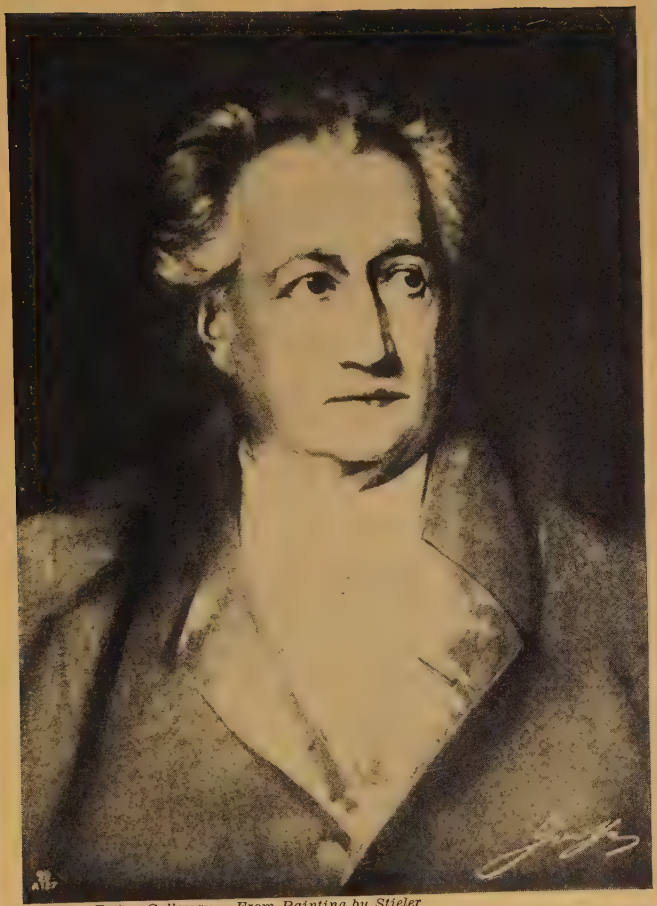


Photo: Ewing Galloway. From Painting by Stieler

GOETHE
1749–1832

novels of Richardson and Rousseau, with their stilted phraseology and manikins for characters, were wholly eclipsed by the new novel, with its clear, direct style and lifelike hero. Of course, the theme of the book is not pleasing, nor is it liable to be appreciated by a reader of the present day, but that detracts nothing from the merit of the composition. Goethe himself had passed through the melancholy of adolescence and understood from his own sharp experiences the ardors and bitterness of disappointed love, and in the tragic recital of Werther's passion he drew upon his own love for Charlotte Buff in Wetzlar and also upon his less serious attachment to Maximiliane Laroche. Moreover, a young college mate of his had committed suicide, and suggested the termination of Werther's career.

Given a young man of artistic temperament, place him alone with nothing to do in a simple community where a beautiful girl like Charlotte is to be met every day, and a love affair is certain. When the girl in the case has been developed by the care of her brothers and sisters and is devoted to the memory of her faithful mother, and when, besides, she is already in love with a most satisfactory young man and engaged to be married to him, the disappointment and despair of the youth is also inevitable. Idleness and passion are not a good combination, and despair and youth naturally bring thoughts of suicide. That it should be carried to an extremity is possible,

if not probable. At least, such was the theory of Goethe and the theme of his novel. What he accomplished was to create a sentimental young man of very pleasing personality, whose sufferings cannot but appeal to the sympathy of the reader. Still, it seems difficult to account for the furor which the appearance of the book created. That a man like Napoleon could have read *Werther* seven times seems incredible, but he lived in a sentimental age, and his recollection of early experiences may have given him cause for sympathy with the young man. But in any event, everybody read *Werther,* and, figuratively speaking, everybody wept with him.

A new note in German fiction, however, is struck by *Werther:* a love for nature and an appreciation of her in all her forms. Werther himself responds to seasonal influences, as though his soul was tuned in unison with them, and his letters show his own appreciation of the beauties of his bucolic environment. One of the early letters is full of his nature love:

> A wonderful serenity has taken possession of my entire soul, like these sweet mornings of Spring which I enjoy with my whole heart. I am alone, and feel the charm of existence in this spot, which was created for the bliss of souls like mine. I am so happy, my dear friend, so absorbed in the exquisite sense of mere tranquil existence, that I neglect my talents. I should be incapable of drawing a single stroke at the present moment, and yet I feel that I never was a greater artist than now. When the lovely valley teems with vapor around me, and the meridian sun strikes the upper surface of the impen-

etrable foliage of my trees, and but a few stray gleams steal into the inner sanctuary, then I throw myself down in the tall grass by the trickling stream, and as I lie close to the earth, a thousand unknown plants discover themselves to me. When I hear the buzz of the little world among the stalks, and grow familiar with the countless indescribable forms of the insects and flies, then I feel the presence of the Almighty, who formed us in His own image, and the breath of that universal love which bears and sustains us, as it floats round us in an eternity of bliss; and then, my friend, when darkness overspreads my eyes, and heaven and earth seem to dwell in my soul, and absorb its power, like the idea of a beloved mistress, then I often long and think: O! that you could describe these conceptions, that you could impress upon paper all that lives so full and warm within you, that it might be the mirror of your soul as your soul is the mirror of the infinite God! O, my friend—but it is too much for my strength—I sink under the weight of the grandeur of these visions.

The greater part of the story is composed of letters which Werther wrote to a friend and in which he pours forth eloquently his joys and his sorrows. Toward the close the author of the book fills in the vacancies between the letters and narrates simply the story of his concluding days. The following is Werther's account of his first meeting with Charlotte:

I alighted, and a maid came to the door and begged us to wait a moment for her mistress. I walked across the court to a well-built house, and ascending the flight of steps in front, opened the door, and saw before me the most charming spectacle I had ever witnessed. Six children, from eleven to two years old, were running about the hall, and surrounding a lady of middle height, with a lovely figure, dressed in a robe of simple white, trimmed with pink ribands. She held a brown loaf in her hand,

and was cutting slices for the little ones all round in proportion to their age and appetite. She performed her task in a graceful and affectionate manner, each claimant awaiting his turn with outstretched hands, and boisterously shouting his thanks. Some of them ran away at once to enjoy their evening meal, whilst others of a gentler disposition retired to the courtyard to see the stranger, and survey the carriage which was to carry away their Charlotte. "Pray forgive me for giving you the trouble to come for me, and for keeping the ladies waiting, but dressing and the arranging some household duties before I leave had made me forget my children's supper, and they do not like to take it from any one but me." I uttered some unmeaning compliment, but my whole soul was absorbed by her air, her voice, her manner, and I had scarcely recovered myself when she ran into her room to fetch her gloves and fan. The young ones threw inquiring glances at me from a distance, whilst I approached the youngest, a most delicious little creature. He drew back, and Charlotte entering at the very moment, said, "Louis, shake hands with your cousin." The little fellow obeyed willingly, and I could not resist giving him a hearty kiss. "Cousin," said I, to Charlotte, as I handed her down; "do you think I deserve the happiness of being related to you?" She replied, with an arch smile, "Oh, I have such a number of cousins, that I should be sorry if you were the most undeserving of them." In taking leave, she desired her next sister, Sophy, a girl about eleven years old, to take great care of the children, and to say good-bye to papa for her when he came home from his ride. She desired the little ones to obey their sister Sophy, as they would herself, upon which some promised that they would, but a little fair-haired girl, about six years old, looked discontented, and said, "But Sophy is not you, Charlotte, and we like you best." The two eldest boys had clambered up the carriage, and at my request she permitted them to accompany us a little way through the forest, upon their promising to sit very still and hold fast.

We were hardly seated, and the ladies had scarcely exchanged compliments, making the usual remarks upon each other's dress, and upon the company they expected to meet, when Charlotte stopped the carriage, and made her brothers get down. They insisted upon kissing her hands once more, which the eldest did with all the tenderness of a youth of fifteen, but the other in a lighter and more careless manner. She desired them again to give her love to the children, and we drove off.

The following letter shows an interesting side of Werther's character:

The day before yesterday, the physician came from the town to pay a visit to the Judge. He found me on the floor playing with Charlotte's children. Some of them were scrambling over me, and others romped with me, and as I caught and tickled them they made a great noise. The Doctor is a formal sort of personage; he adjusts the plaits of his ruffles, and continually settles his frill whilst he speaks with you, and he thought my conduct beneath the dignity of a sensible man. I could perceive this by his countenance. But I did not suffer myself to be disturbed. I allowed him to continue his wise conversation whilst I rebuilt the children's card-houses for them as fast as they threw them down. He went about the town, afterwards, complaining that the Judge's children were spoiled enough before, but that now Werther was completely ruining them.

Nothing on this earth, my dear Wilhelm, affects my heart so much as children. When I consider them, when I mark in the little creatures the seeds of all those virtues and qualities which they will one day find so indispensable; when I behold in the obstinate all the future firmness and constancy of a noble character; in the capricious, that levity and gayety of temper which will carry them lightly over the dangers and troubles of life, their whole nature simple and unpolluted; then I call to mind the golden words of the Great Teacher of mankind, "If you

become not like one of these!'' And now, my friend, these children, who are our equals, whom we ought to consider as our models, we treat them as subjects. They are allowed no will of their own! And have we then none ourselves? Whence comes our exclusive right? It is because we are older and more experienced? Great God! from the height of thy heaven, thou beholdest great children and little children, and no others; and thy Son has long since declared which afford Thee greatest pleasure. But they believe in Him, and hear Him not,—that too is an old story; and they train their children after their own image, etc.

Adieu, Wilhelm, I will not further bewilder myself with this subject.

Early in the course of his love the thought of suicide presents itself:

Unhappy being that I am! Why do I thus deceive myself? What is to come of all this wild, aimless, endless passion? I cannot pray except to her. My imagination sees nothing but her, all surrounding objects are of no account, except as they relate to her. In this dreamy state I enjoy many happy hours, till at length I feel compelled to tear myself away from her. Ah! Wilhelm, to what does not my heart often compel me! When I have spent several hours in her company, till I feel completely absorbed by her figure, her grace, the divine expression of her thoughts, my mind becomes gradually excited to the highest excess, my sight grows dim, my hearing confused, my breathing oppressed as if by the hand of a murderer, and my beating heart seeks to obtain relief for my aching senses. I am sometimes unconscious whether I really exist. If in such moments I find no sympathy, and Charlotte does not allow me to enjoy the melancholy consolation of bathing her hand with my tears, I feel compelled to tear myself from her, when I either wander through the country, climb some precipitous cliff, or force a path through the trackless thicket, where I am lacerated and torn by thorns and briars, and

thence I find relief. Sometimes I lie stretched on the ground, overcome with fatigue and dying with thirst; sometimes late in the night, when the moon shines above me, I recline against an aged tree, in some sequestered forest, to rest my weary limbs; when, exhausted and worn, I sleep till break of day. O Wilhelm! the hermit's cell, his sackcloth, and girdle of thorns would be luxury and indulgence compared with what I suffer. Adieu! I see no end to this wretchedness except the grave.

We have not space to tell the story, but Charlotte's affection for Werther never passes the bounds of propriety, and after she marries Albert, whom Werther respects and loves as a friend, the young artist continues his visits and acquaintance. Although he goes away for a time, his passion is too strong, and he returns to see her daily in her home with her husband, Albert. Inevitably as his passion increases, a coolness springs up between him and Albert, and after having once broken over the bounds of propriety and received a rebuke from Charlotte, his moral stamina disintegrates, and the end comes rapidly. It seems, perhaps, an unnecessary horror that Charlotte herself should clean and send to Werther the pistol with which he shoots himself, but as the fact that it came directly from her hands seems to console the half insane lover, the introduction of the incident may be pardoned. When the body is found, Goethe characteristically remarks: "He had drunk only one glass of wine; *Emilia Galotti* lay open upon his bureau."

VI. "WILHELM MEISTER'S APPRENTICESHIP." In 1795 Goethe published the long novel

upon which he had been engaged at intervals for twenty years, and in so doing increased his prestige enormously among his followers. Although *Wilhelm Meister* is considered by many to be the typical German novel, yet it would scarcely be called popular among ordinary readers of to-day. It has no plot, speaking in the ordinary acceptance of that term, but is rather a collection of incidents and excursions into various fields of literature and art, having for their connecting thread the development of a young man's character and appreciation of life. *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship* is not commercial. Figuratively, it is his apprenticeship to life, and if the lesson of the voluminous work could be condensed into a single sentence, it might be expressed in the well-known quotation from the Bible: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

The novel has all the discursiveness of Richardson and his followers, and is not in that respect at all like the direct and clean-cut narrative *Werther*. However, combined with the sentimentalism of the eighteenth-century school there is a keenness of psychological analysis that puts the story well to the front among modern novels, in which the analysis and growth of character play so prominent a part. The hero, Wilhelm Meister, is not a strong character, and when the reader lays down the book he is not impressed with the reality of the man. Rather has he been a

figure upon which the episodes of the book have been hung, but there are others of more vital interest, including the delicate, ethereal Mignon, who is one of the finest and most notably well-drawn characters in fiction, the supreme achievement of Goethe.

The son of a well-to-do merchant, Wilhelm has been brought up much as Goethe was, and, having read poetry and studied the drama, becomes dissatisfied with the life of a commercial townsman, and in the opening of the story is entangled with a pretty actress, Marianne, who typifies for him the theater. From Melina, an actor, he learns the dark side of theatrical life, and when the unfaithfulness of Marianne becomes apparent he decides to follow the advice of his practical friend, Werner, and go back to the counting-house.

However, the manifold attractions of the theater prove to be too strong for him, and he attaches himself to a wandering company, whose members are vividly portrayed. Still, Meister's new friends fail to hold him, and he finds a new interest in life by purchasing Mignon, a little girl of thirteen, whom he has seen abused by a company of wandering acrobats with whom he is thrown in contact. With her is associated a mysterious Harper, whose poetic vision is centered on the past and who seems to have lived but during two brief episodes in his long and varied life. Near the end of the book, when Mignon dies, it is discovered that he is her father.

Meister finds himself deeply involved in the affairs of his theatrical company and becomes more and more confident that among the imaginary characters, especially of Shakespeare, he has found the true ideal of life. A Count entertains the company, and Wilhelm is disappointed again in his acquaintance with the aristocratic circles of the castle. His company undertakes to produce *Hamlet,* and in the discussions which take place concerning the play and its characters, Goethe wrote the best criticism that had appeared upon that play, and, in fact, laid the foundation for all further dramatic criticism.

In spite of his enthusiasms, however, Wilhelm learns, after a time, by many bitter failures, that his true vocation is not the stage. The company disintegrates, and he leaves it to begin another calling. In this he is brought into connection with the landed proprietors belonging to the lesser nobility and thus enters upon the second period of his apprenticeship, wherein he comes closer into contact with real life and is initiated more fully into the ways of the world. He has already passed through a transitional experience in the castle of Lothario, where, through the confessions of a beautiful pietistic lady, he has learned what it means to rise to the higher spiritual life. In this Meister is but living through the experiences which Goethe had in his youth with Katharina von Klettenberg. Hitherto Wilhelm's character has been deficient in firmness

and decision, but it is now materially changed, and his convictions on life and duty are confirmed by the discovery that Marianne has left him a son, to whose education he feels called upon to devote himself. This is the final incident which confirms his character, but still he remains an unsatisfactory lover, as he has been throughout the book, for he has fallen in love at first sight with Therese and with Natalie, who is discovered to be Lothario's sister and whom ultimately Wilhelm marries. This is supposed to complete his apprenticeship, though the latter part of the book seems to have little connection with that which has preceded and to have deteriorated from the earlier realism.

Goethe illustrates his own theory that the drama should concern itself with character and deeds, while the function of the novel is to delineate modes of thought; and accordingly, in the course of this lengthy novel he discusses dramatic purposes, aesthetics, education and religious controversies, but by drawing his characters from among the poor as well as the middle class and the aristocrats, gives a realistic picture of life in Germany in his own day.

The following extract telling of Mignon's growing love and of her yearning for Italy is from Carlyle's translation:

> Nothing is more touching than the first disclosure of a love which has been nursed in silence; of a faith grown strong in secret, and which at last comes forth in the

hour of need and reveals itself to him who formerly has reckoned it of small account. The bud which had been closed so long and firmly was now ripe to burst its swathings, and Wilhelm's heart could never have been readier to welcome the impressions of affection.

She stood before him, and noticed his disquietude. "Master!" she cried, "if thou art unhappy, what will become of Mignon?" "Dear little creature," said he, taking her hands, "thou too art part of my anxieties. I must go hence." She looked at his eyes, glistening with restrained tears, and knelt down with vehemence before him. He kept her hands; she laid her head upon his knees, and remained quite still. He played with her hair, patted her, and spoke kindly to her. She continued motionless for a considerable time. At last he felt a sort of palpitating movement in her, which began very softly, and then by degrees, with increasing violence, diffused itself over all her frame. "What ails thee, Mignon?" cried he; "what ails thee?" She raised her little head, looked at him, and all at once laid her hand upon her heart, with the countenance of one repressing the utterance of pain. He raised her up, and she fell upon his breast; he pressed her towards him, and kissed her. She replied not by any pressure of the hand, by any motion whatever. She held firmly against her heart; and all at once gave a cry, which was accompanied by spasmodic movements of the body. She started up, and immediately fell down before him, as if broken in every joint.

It was an excruciating moment! "My child!" cried he, raising her up and clasping her fast,—"my child, what ails thee?" The palpitations continued, spreading from the heart over all the lax and powerless limbs; she was merely hanging in his arms. All at once she again became quite stiff, like one enduring the sharpest corporeal agony; and soon with a new vehemence all her frame once more became alive, and she threw herself about his neck, like a bent spring that is closing; while in her soul, as it were, a strong rent took place,

and at the same moment a stream of tears flowed from her shut eyes into his bosom. He held her fast. She wept, and no tongue can express the force of these tears. Her long hair had loosened, and was hanging down before her; it seemed as if her whole being was melting incessantly into a brook of tears. Her rigid limbs were again become relaxed; her inmost soul was pouring itself forth; in the wild confusion of the moment, Wilhelm was afraid she would dissolve in his arms, and leave nothing there for him to grasp. He held her faster and faster. "My child!" cried he, "my child! thou art indeed mine, if that word can comfort thee. Thou art mine! I will keep thee, I will never forsake thee!" Her tears continued flowing. At last she raised herself; a faint gladness shone upon her face. "My father!" cried she, "thou wilt not forsake me? Wilt be my father? I am thy child!"

Softly, at this moment, the harp began to sound before the door; the old man brought his most affecting songs as an evening offering to our friend, who, holding his child ever faster in his arms, enjoyed the most pure and undescribable felicity.

. . . . . .

"Know'st thou the land where citron-apples bloom,
And oranges like gold in leafy gloom,
A gentle wind from deep-blue heaven blows,
The myrtle thick, and high the laurel grows?
Know'st thou it then?
'Tis there! 'Tis there,
O my true loved one, thou with me must go!

"Know'st thou the house, its porch with pillars tall?
The rooms do glitter, glitters bright the hall,
And marble statues stand, and look each one:
What's this, poor child, to thee they've done?
Know'st thou it then?
'Tis there! 'Tis there,
O my protector, thou with me must go!

"Know'st thou the hill, the bridge that hangs on cloud?
The mules in mist grope o'er the torrent loud,
In caves lie coiled the dragon's ancient brood,
The crag leaps down, and over it the flood:
Know'st thou it then?
'Tis there! 'Tis there,
Our way runs: O my father, wilt thou go?"

Next morning, on looking for Mignon about the house, Wilhelm did not find her, but was informed that she had gone out early with Melina, who had risen betimes to receive the wardrobe and other apparatus of his theater.

After the space of some hours, Wilhelm heard the sound of music before his door. At first he thought it was the harper come again to visit him; but he soon distinguished the tones of a cithern, and the voice which began to sing was Mignon's. Wilhelm opened the door; the child came in, and sang him the song we have just given above.

The music and general expression of it pleased our friend extremely, though he could not understand all the words. He made her once more repeat the stanzas, and explain them; he wrote them down, and translated them into his native language. But the originality of its turns he could imitate only from afar: its childlike innocence of expression vanished from it in the process of reducing its broken phraseology to uniformity, and combining its disjointed parts. The charm of the tune, moreover, was entirely incomparable.

She began every verse in a stately and solemn manner, as if she wished to draw attention towards something wonderful, as if she had something weighty to communicate. In the third line, her tones became deeper and gloomier; the "Know'st thou it then?" was uttered with a show of mystery and eager circumspectness; in the " 'Tis there! 'Tis there!" lay a boundless longing; and her "With me must go!" she modified at each repetition, so that now it appeared to entreat and implore, now to impel and persuade.

On finishing her song for the second time, she stood silent for a moment, looked keenly at Wilhelm, and asked him, "*Know'st* thou the land?" "It must mean Italy," said Wilhelm: "where didst thou get the little song?" "Italy!" said Mignon, with an earnest air. "If thou go to Italy, take me along with thee; for I am too cold here." "Hast thou been there already, little dear?" said Wilhelm. But the child was silent, and nothing more could be got out of her.

Wilhelm Meister's Wanderjahre (*Travels*), one of Goethe's minor productions, cannot be considered a continuation of the *Apprenticeship*, although Wilhelm, his son, and a few other characters appear in both works. The *Travels* is disconnected and entirely lacking in plot, but it serves as a frame for a number of tales, dissertations and discussions, some of which are beautiful and valuable. The fact, however, that Goethe has included so many things covering so great a variety of topics makes the book appear like a receptacle for things which the writer had composed and knew not where to put. In the *Conversations* Eckermann gives a little account of the revision of the work, under date of January 15, 1827:

After the completion of the *Helena*, Goethe had employed himself last summer with the continuation of the *Wanderjahre*. He often talked to me about the progress of this work.

"In order the better to use the materials I possess," said he to me one day, "I have taken the first part entirely to pieces, and intend, by mingling the old with the new, to make two parts. I have ordered everything that is

printed to be copied entire. The places where I have new matter to introduce are marked, and when my secretary comes to such a mark, I dictate what is wanting, and thus compel myself never to let my work stop."

Another day he said to me, "All the printed part of the *Wanderjahre* is now completely copied. The places where I am to introduce new matter are filled with blue paper, so that I have always before my eyes what is yet to be done. As I go on at present, the blue spots gradually vanish, to my great delight."

Goethe's main purpose in the *Travels* appears to have been to set forth a Utopian scheme of life and education, which, impractical as it all may appear, has yet something of interest for the general reader.

VII. "ELECTIVE AFFINITIES." Goethe's novel, *Elective Affinities*, is a psychological study of sex relations, which the author published in 1809 and which, therefore, is the first important work of the last epoch of his life. Edward, a wealthy nobleman, has married Charlotte, whom he loved in his youth, but who was separated from him by the marriage of both, from which each has recently been relieved. They are very happy in their elegant home, where they read and plan improvements and feel no need of other society. However, the improvements they are making suggest to Edward that he bring to his estate an intimate friend of his, a Captain who has a genius for designing and management. The Captain comes and takes charge of the improvements in the estate. Charlotte, the wife, has a foster-daughter, Ottilie, a very charming girl with a lovely char-

acter, who, however, has not made great progress in school; and largely to assist the young lady, but partly to supply the want of society which the absorption of Edward in his friend has created, Charlotte brings Ottilie to her home. These four individuals are the group whose relations Goethe studies. The novel is a reflection of Goethe's love for and renunciation of Minna Herzlieb, and the problems presented are handled seriously and without gloves.

In a conversation among the three older members of the little group, chemical affinities are discussed, and the men make clear to Charlotte the fact that in chemistry two compounds more or less unstable when brought together quickly separate into their original elements and recombine into new and more stable compounds. This theory Goethe applies to his four principal characters. Edward and Ottilie fall madly in love with each other, and in time the Captain and Charlotte also become attached. Ottilie, a pure, sweet girl, restrains her passion, and will consent to marry Edward only when Charlotte has agreed to the change. A child is born to Edward and Charlotte, but the infant bears a striking resemblance to the Captain, and has the eyes of Ottilie, showing the pre-natal influence of the passion of the parents. Charlotte hopes the child will bring about a reconciliation with her husband, and declines to separate from him. Edward goes to the wars and distinguishes himself, but at their close returns with his passion for the young girl more

pronounced than ever. The Captain, however, has left Charlotte, as they have their love under better control and are morally opposed to breaking the marriage bond. Ottilie is very fond of the infant, but after a passionate interview with Edward, during which she has had charge of the little one, she steps carelessly into a boat, drops the baby into the water, and in spite of her utmost efforts it is drowned. This brings her to her senses, she refuses to go with Edward and determines to stay with Charlotte, whom she feels that she has seriously injured, in thought at least. But the sacrifice is too much for her and she dies of her restrained grief. Edward himself does not survive her long.

Elective Affinities is a thoroughly artistic production and one of the most satisfactory of Goethe's works, viewed from a literary standpoint. The only fault which impresses the modern reader is the introduction of Ottilie's "diary," a curious collection of aphorisms and philosophical conclusions which are quite out of harmony with the gentle, almost childlike character of the maiden, and serve merely as a medium for Goethe to utter his own conclusions. Otherwise, the story moves on from beginning to conclusion steadily enough, but with an abundance of conversation on art and literature woven into the tale, in the manner of the eighteenth century novelists.

VIII. Four Dramas. *Clavigo,* a tragedy in five acts, was written after *Goetz* and a few

months before *The Sorrows of Young Werther* appeared. It still holds a place on the German stage. Rather unusual in works of that class, it is based on incidents that occurred only ten years before it was written. Beaumarchais, the well-known French writer, had two sisters in Madrid, one married to an architect, and the other, Marie, engaged to Clavigo, a young author in poor circumstances. When Clavigo, however, received a valuable court appointment, he declined to fulfill his promise to Marie, and Beaumarchais hurried to Madrid and extorted from the delinquent suitor a written avowal of his contemptible promise. Clavigo, frightened by the consequences, asked the consent of Beaumarchais to a renewal of the engagement. Beaumarchais gave his consent, but soon discovered that Clavigo was plotting against him and had procured an order from the government banishing him from Madrid. In revenge, Beaumarchais secured the dismissal of Clavigo from his post.

Goethe, having read the account of these incidents as published by Beaumarchais, promised at a meeting of his friends to write a play on the subject within a week. The result is the exceedingly dramatic tragedy which bears the false lover's name. Goethe follows the truth with remarkable accuracy, changing only the denouement. The real Clavigo was living at the time Goethe wrote, and had achieved considerable eminence, but in the play Marie dies of disappointment and shame when she hears

of the second defection. Clavigo meets her funeral cortège and is bitterly repentant, but Beaumarchais, entering, draws his sword and slays the author, who in dying forgives the avenger and pleads for his safety from the authorities.

The five-act tragedy, *Egmont*, was commenced in 1775, when Goethe was twenty-six, but was not completed until eleven years later. It will have been noticed that a great many of Goethe's most important works were the product of long years of interrupted consideration. Founded upon historical incidents, Goethe nevertheless departed widely from the truth in delineating the character of Egmont and in representing the circumstances of his domestic life, and in so doing was subjected to considerable criticism from Schiller and others. In *The History of the Fall of the Netherlands* Schiller has given an interesting account of the trial and execution of Counts Egmont and Horn, and the historian's criticisms of Goethe's play are probably well founded. We have space, however, for but one paragraph:

Equally graphic is that portion of the picture which portrays the spirit of the government, though it must be confessed that the artist has here somewhat softened down the harsher features of the original. This is especially true in reference to the character of the Duchess of Parma. Before his Duke of Alva we tremble, without, however, turning from him with aversion; he is a firm, rigid, inaccessible character; "a brazen tower without gates, the garrison of which must be furnished with

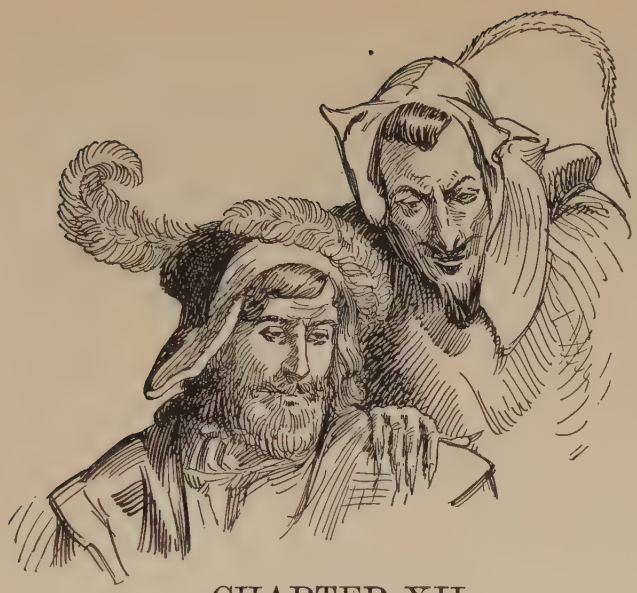
wings." The prudent forecast with which he makes his arrangements for Egmont's arrest, excites our admiration, while it removes him from our sympathy. The remaining characters of the drama are delineated with a few masterly strokes. The subtle, taciturn Orange, with his timid, yet comprehensive and all-combining mind, is depicted in a single scene. Both Alva and Egmont are mirrored in the men by whom they are surrounded. This mode of delineation is admirable. The poet, in order to concentrate the interest upon Egmont, has isolated his hero, and omitted all mention of Count Horn, who shared the same melancholy fate.

Torquato Tasso was written first in prose, but during his residence in Italy Goethe began to versify it and completed the work on his journey homeward. He faithfully portrayed the times in which Tasso lived, and has given an excellent picture of life and manners. Not only are Tasso, Alfonso II, the Duke of Ferrara, and Leonora d'Este historical, but the subordinate characters are all drawn from life, so the criticism made upon *Egmont* does not apply to *Tasso*. It is interesting to note that owing to Goethe's Italian experiences or to the normal growth and development of his genius, how completely he has abandoned the originality of his *Goetz* and returned to the conventional classic drama in both *Tasso* and *Iphigenia*.

Like *Tasso, Iphigenia in Tauris* was originally written in prose, in fact, was produced in the court of Weimar in 1779 in that form, and Goethe himself acted the part of Orestes. Later he turned it into verse, and it is now

considered by some as his masterpiece. Schlegel styles it an echo of Greek song, and it is in the spirit of Greek ideality, showing great moral beauty and dignified repose. Thoroughly classic, it nevertheless bears all the refinement of a more modern genius, and the old story takes on new beauty when told in polished German verse. We do not need to re-tell the plot; it has been used in literature many times. In Goethe's production Iphigenia reappears after her rescue from the altar at the temple of Diana, whither she had been conveyed by the pitying goddess. In the drama of Euripides we are chiefly concerned with the warm friendship of Orestes and Pylades, but in Goethe's drama our interest centers in Iphigenia, whose charm retains our warmest sympathy throughout. The character of Iphigenia is not cold or stern, but simple, lifelike, and free from the vindictiveness which characterized even the women in that far-off age when revenge was justified by religion. Solemnity and grandeur rule the play and are effectuated by the colossal Titans, who appear in the background, and dread Destiny, which rules over everything.

IN DRESDEN



CHAPTER XII

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY (CONTINUED)
THE MATURE GOETHE

"HERMANN AND DOROTHEA." In this epic of nine cantos, each named for one of the Muses, Goethe demonstrates what he so often said, that there is poetry in everything. Taking a commonplace incident among commonplace people, he makes a beautiful poem and creates two charming characters, whose delightful little love story will attract every reader. He adopted for his medium a hexameter stanza, which, at least in the translation of Edgar Alfred Bowring, from which we quote, suggests to us the tale of *Evangeline.* The story plot is a simple one.

It is the time of the French Revolution, and refugees are crossing the line into German territory. Hermann's father, an inn-keeper, and his affectionate wife, talk with the neighbors about the misfortunes of the poor wanderers who drift by with all that is left of their family possessions. Grown sympathetic by what she sees and hears, the mother sends her son Hermann with food and clothing to be given to the most needful. With his horses the son follows the fugitives, and seeing a beautiful maiden tending a mother and new-born infant, he gives her all that his mother has sent and asks her to distribute it where it is most needed. Returning home, he talks of marriage to his parents, but when his father, a choleric but fair-minded old burgher, suggests the daughter of a neighbor as being his choice, Hermann complains of the treatment the girls have given him in the past and declines to have anything to do with them. The father, grown angry, sends the young man from the room to attend to his work.

The mother, however, follows him for a long distance out into his farm lands and finds him weeping under a tree. With a mother's keen insight she knows that the story with which he first accounts for his grief is untrue, and finally draws from him the confession that he is infatuated with the maiden to whom he gave her provisions, and that no one else will ever satisfy him. Sympathetically she favors his love, and suggests that they present the case to his father.

When they return to the inn, the parson and the druggist are with the father, and after Hermann has told his tale, it is agreed that the two visitors shall go with him, inquire about the maiden, and if she is found worthy, then may Hermann bring her home as his wife. The three start on their journey, but Hermann is fearful of the result, for he has seen a gold ring on the finger of the maiden and doubts whether under any circumstances she would accept so sudden a proposal. The fugitives are overtaken, and the maiden, Dorothea, is found to be more than they could expect. The druggist and the parson return with the news to the inn, but Hermann remains to seek an interview with Dorothea, whom he meets at the well:

Fixedly gazed he; it was no phantom in truth; she herself 'twas.
In her hands by the handle she carried two pitchers—one larger,
One of a smaller size, and nimbly walk'd to the fountain.
And he joyfully went to meet her; the sight of her gave him
Courage and strength, and so he address'd the surprised one as follows:
"Do I find you again, brave maiden, engaged in assisting
Others so soon, and in giving refreshment to those who may need it?
Tell me why you have come all alone to the spring so far distant,
Whilst the rest are content with the water that's found in the village?
This one, indeed, special virtue possesses, and pleasant to drink is.
Is't for the sake of that sick one you come, whom you saved with such courage?"

Then the good maiden the youth in friendly fashion saluted,
Saying: "Already my walk to the fountain is fully rewarded,
Since I have found the kind person who gave us so many good presents;
For the sight of a giver, like that of a gift, is refreshing.
Come and see for yourself the persons who tasted your kindness,
And receive the tranquil thanks of all you have aided.
But that you may know the reason why I have come here,
Water to draw at a spot where the spring is both pure and unceasing,
I must inform you that thoughtless men have disturb'd all the water
Found in the village, by carelessly letting the horses and oxen
Wade about in the spring which give the inhabitants water.
In the same manner, with all their washing and cleaning they've dirtied
All the troughs of the village, and all the fountains have sullied.
For each one of them only thinks how quickly and soon he
May supply his own wants, and cares not for those who come after."

Thus she spoke, and soon she arrived at the foot of the broad steps
With her companion, and both of them sat themselves down on the low wall
Round the spring. She bent herself over, to draw out the water,
He the other pitcher took up, and bent himself over,
And in the blue of the heavens they saw their figures reflected,
Waving, and nodding, and in the mirror their greetings exchanging.
"Now let me drink," exclaim'd the youth in accents of gladness,

And she gave him the pitcher. They then, like old friends, sat together,
Leaning against the vessels, when she address'd him as follows:
"Say, why find I you here without your carriage and horses,
Far from the place where first I saw you. Pray how came you hither?"

Hermann thoughtfully gazed on the ground, but presently lifted
Calmly towards her his glances, and gazed on her face in kind fashion,
Feeling quite calm and composed. And yet with love to address her
Found he quite out of the question; for love from her eyes was not beaming,
But an intellect clear, which bade him use sensible language.
Soon he collected his thoughts, and quietly said to the maiden:
"Let me speak, my child, and let me answer your questions.
'Tis for your sake alone I have come—why seek to conceal it?
For I happily live with two affectionate parents,
Whom I faithfully help to look after our house and possessions,
Being an only son, while numerous are our employments.
I look after the field work; the house is carefully managed
By my father; my mother the hostelry cheers and enlivens.
But you also have doubtless found out how greatly the servants,
Sometimes by fraud, and sometimes by levity, worry their mistress,

Constantly making her change them, and barter one fault for another.

Long has my mother, therefore, been wanting a girl in the household,
Who, not only with hand, but also with heart might assist her,
In the place of the daughter she lost, alas, prematurely.
Now when I saw you to-day near the carriage, so active and sprightly,
Saw the strength of your arm and the perfect health of your members,
When I heard your sensible words, I was struck with amazement,
And I hasten'd back home, deservedly praising the stranger
Both to my parents and friends. And now I come to inform you
What they desire, as I do. Forgive my stammering language!''

''Do not hesitate,'' said she, ''to tell me the rest of your story;
I have with gratitude felt that you have not sought to insult me.
Speak on boldly, I pray; your words shall never alarm me;
You would fain hire me now as maid to your father and mother,
To look after the house, which now is in excellent order.
And you think that in me you have found a qualified maiden,
One that is able to work, and not of a quarrelsome nature.
Your proposal was short, and short shall my answer be also:
Yes! with you I will go, and the voice of my destiny follow.
I have fulfill'd my duty, and brought the lying-in woman
Back to her friends again, who all rejoice at her rescue.
Most of them now are together, the rest will presently join them.
All expect that they, in a few short days, will be able

Homewards to go; 'tis thus that exiles themselves love to flatter.

But I cannot deceive myself with hopes so delusive
In these sad days which promise still sadder days in the future;
For all the bonds of the world are loosen'd, and nought can rejoin them,
Save that supreme necessity over our future impending.
If in the house of so worthy a man I can earn my own living,
Serving under the eye of his excellent wife, I will do so;
For a wandering girl bears not the best reputation.
Yes! with you I will go, as soon as I've taken the pitcher
Back to my friends, and received the blessing of those worthy people.
Come! you needs must see them, and from their hands shall receive me."

Joyfully heard the youth the willing maiden's decision,
Doubting whether he now had not better tell her the whole truth;
But it appear'd to him best to let her remain in her error,
First to take her home, and then for her love to entreat her.
Ah! but now he espied a golden ring on her finger,
And so let her speak, while he attentively listen'd:

"Let us now return," she continued, "the custom is always
To admonish the maidens who tarry too long at the fountain,
Yet how delightful it is by the fast-flowing water to chatter!"
Then they both arose, and once more directed their glances
Into the fountain, and then a blissful longing came o'er them.

So from the ground by the handles she silently lifted the pitchers,
Mounted the steps of the well, and Hermann follow'd the loved one.
One of the pitchers he ask'd her to give him, thus sharing the burden.
"Leave it," she said, "the weight feels less when thus they are balanced;
And the master I've soon to obey, should not be my servant.
Gaze not so earnestly at me, as if my fate were still doubtful!
Women should learn betimes to serve, according to station,
For by serving alone she attains at last to the mast'ry,
To the due influence which she ought to possess in the household.
Early the sister must learn to serve her brothers and parents,
And her life is ever a ceaseless going and coming,
Or a lifting and carrying, working and doing for others.
Well for her, if she finds no manner of life too offensive,
And if to her the hours of night and of day all the same are,
So that her work never seems too mean, her needle too pointed,
So that herself she forgets, and liveth only for others!
For as a mother in truth she needs the whole of the virtues,
When the suckling awakens the sick one, and nourishment calls for
From the exhausted parent, heaping cares upon suff'ring.
Twenty men together could not endure such a burden,
And they ought not—and yet they gratefully ought to behold it."

Together they go to the inn, but just at the threshold Dorothea sprains her ankle and

thinks it an evil omen. Hermann has said nothing about his love, and Dorothea thinks it unfortunate that a servant should begin her work as a cripple. However, they enter, but a harsh jest of the father brings an unexpected confession from Dorothea:

But the excellent maiden, by words of such irony wounded,
(As she esteem'd them to be) and deeply distress'd in her spirit,
Stood, while a passing flush from her cheeks as far as her neck was
Spreading, but she restrain'd herself, and collected her thoughts soon;
Then to the old man she said, not fully concealing her sorrow:
"Truly I was not prepared by your son for such a reception,
When he described his father's nature—that excellent burgher,
And I know I am standing before you, a person of culture,
Who behaves himself wisely to all, in a suitable manner.
But it would seem that you feel not pity enough for the poor thing
Who has just cross'd your threshold, prepared to enter your service;
Else you would not seek to point out, with ridicule bitter,
How far removed my lot from your son's and that of yourself is.
True, with a little bundle, and poor, I have enter'd your dwelling,
Which it is the owner's delight to furnish with all things.
But I know myself well, and feel the whole situation.
Is it generous thus to greet me with language so jeering,
Which has well nigh expell'd me the house, when just on the threshold?"

Hermann uneasily moved about, and sign'd to the pastor
To interpose without delay, and clear up the error.
Quickly the wise man advanced to the spot, and witness'd the maiden's
Silent vexation and tearful eyes and scarce-restrain'd sorrow.
Then his spirit advised him to solve not at once the confusion,
But, on the contrary, prove the excited mind of the maiden.
So, in words framed to try her, the pastor address'd her as follows:
"Surely, my foreign maiden, you did not fully consider,
When you made up your mind to serve a stranger so quickly,
What it really is to enter the house of a master;
For a shake of the hand decides your fate for a twelvemonth,
And a single word Yes to much endurance will bind you.
But the worst part of the service is not the wearisome habits,
Nor the bitter toil of the work, which seems never-ending;
For the active freeman works hard as well as the servant.
But to suffer the whims of the master, who blames you unjustly,
Or who calls for this and for that, not knowing his own mind,
And the mistress's violence, always so easily kindled,
With the children's rough and supercilious bad-manners—
This is indeed hard to bear, whilst still fulfilling your duties
Promptly and actively, never becoming morose or ill-natured;
Yet for such work you appear little fit, for already the father's
Jokes have offended you deeply; yet nothing more commonly happens
Than to tease a maiden about her liking a youngster."

Thus he spoke, and the maiden felt the weight of his language,
And no more restrain'd herself; mightily all her emotions
Show'd themselves, her bosom heaved, and a deep sigh escaped her,
And whilst shedding burning tears, she answer'd as follows:
"Ne'er does the clever man, who seeks to advise us in sorrow,
Think how little his chilling words our hearts can deliver
From the pangs which an unseen destiny fastens upon us.
You are happy and merry. How then should a jest ever wound you?
But the slightest touch gives torture to those who are suff'ring.
Even dissimulation would nothing avail me at present.
Let me at once disclose what later would deepen my sorrow,
And consign me perchance to agony mute and consuming.
Let me depart forthwith! No more in this house dare I linger;
I must hence and away, and look once more for my poor friends
Whom I left in distress, when seeking to better my fortunes.
This is my firm resolve; and now I may properly tell you
That which had else been buried for many a year in my bosom.
Yes, the father's jest has wounded me deeply, I own it,
Not that I'm proud and touchy, as ill becometh a servant,
But because in truth in my heart a feeling has risen
For the youth, who to-day has fill'd the part of my savior.
For when first in the road he left me, his image remain'd still
Firmly fix'd in my mind; and I thought of the fortunate maiden
Whom, as his betroth'd one, he cherish'd perchance in his bosom.
And when I found him again at the well, the sight of him charm'd me

Just as if I had seen an angel descending from heaven.
And I follow'd him willingly, when as a servant he sought me,
But by my heart in truth I was flatter'd (I need must confess it),
As I hitherward came, that I might possibly win him,
If I became in the house an indispensable pillar.
But, alas, I now see the dangers I well nigh fell into,
When I bethought me of living so near a silently-loved one.
Now for the first time I feel how far removed a poor maiden
Is from a richer youth, however clever she may be.
I have told you all this, that you my heart may mistake not,
Which an event that in thought I foreshadow has wounded already.
For I must have expected, my secret wishes concealing,
That, ere much time had elapsed, I should see him bringing his bride home.
And how then could I have endured my hidden affliction!
Happily I am warn'd in time, and out of my bosom
Has my secret escaped, whilst curable still is the evil.
But no more of the subject! I now must tarry no longer
In this house, where I now am standing in pain and confusion,
All my foolish hopes and my feelings freely confessing.
Not the night which, with sinking clouds, is spreading around us,
Not the rolling thunder (I hear it already) shall stop me,
Not the falling rain, which outside is descending in torrents
Not the blustering storm. All this I had to encounter
In that sorrowful flight, while the enemy follow'd behind us.
And once more I go on my way, as I long have been wont to,
Seized by the whirlpool of time, and parted from all that I care for.

So farewell! I'll tarry no longer. My fate is accomplish'd!"

Dorothea, of course, is not permitted to go; the parson intercedes, and Dorothea explains why she wears the ring of gold:

But she said in reply: "O let me devote but one moment
To this mournful rememb'rance! For well did the good youth deserve it,
Who, when departing, presented the ring, but never return'd home.
All was by him foreseen, when freedom's love of a sudden,
And a desire to play his part in the new-found Existence,
Drove him to go to Paris, where prison and death were his portion.
'Farewell,' said he, 'I go; for all things on earth are in motion
At this moment, and all things appear in a state of disunion.
Fundamental laws in the steadiest countries are loosen'd,
And possessions are parted from those who used to possess them,
Friends are parted from friends, and love is parted from love too.
I now leave you here, and whether I ever shall see you
Here again—who can tell? Perchance these words will our last be.
Man is a stranger here upon earth, the proverb informs us;
Every person has now become more a stranger than ever.
Ours the soil is no longer; our treasures are fast flying from us;
All the sacred old vessels of gold and silver are melted,
All is moving, as though the old-fashion'd world would roll backwards
Into chaos and night, in order anew to be fashion'd.
You of my heart have possession, and if we shall ever hereafter

Meet again over the wreck of the world, it will be as new
creatures,
All remodel'd and free and independent of fortune;
For what fetters can bind down those who survive such
a period!
But if we are destined not to escape from these dangers,
If we are never again to embrace each other with rapture,
O then fondly keep in your thoughts my hovering image,
That you may be prepared with like courage for good and
ill fortune!
If a new home or a new alliance should chance to allure
you,
Then enjoy with thanks whatever your destiny offers,
Purely loving the loving, and grateful to him who thus
loves you.
But remember always to tread with a circumspect foot-
step,
For the fresh pangs of a second loss will behind you be
lurking,
Deem each day as sacred; but value not life any higher
Than any other possession, for all possessions are fleeting.'
Thus he spoke; and the noble youth and I parted for ever:
Meanwhile I ev'rything lost, and a thousand times
thought of his warning,
Once more I think of his words, now that love is sweetly
preparing
Happiness for me anew, and the brightest of hopes is
unfolding.
Pardon me, dearest friend, for trembling e'en at the
moment
When I am clasping your arm! For thus, on first land-
ing, the sailor
Fancies that even the solid ground is shaking beneath
him."

II. Lyrics and Ballads. Exclusive of the dramas and poems elsewhere discussed, Goethe wrote between thirty thousand and forty thousand verses of lyric and epic poetry, some of

HERMANN AND DOROTHEA

the finest of which contain the most exquisite outpourings of his genius and are written with such a perfect mastery of poetic diction that an acquaintance with them is almost indispensable. The translator from whom we quote (Edgar A. Bowring) calls attention to the extreme difficulty of his work in reproducing in English the full meaning in a meter that shall imitate the original, but as that is the universal difficulty that faces the translator, it must not stand in the way of him who can become acquainted with Goethe only through the medium of English. The same personal element which appears so strong in Goethe's other works underlies his lyrics, and in many of them the inspiration may be directly traced to that one of his loves who was most in his mind at the time he wrote. Nowhere does he show more fully or more beautifully his ardent love for nature and the influence natural forms and phenomena always exerted upon him. Not the only one among great writers who has found his solace and companionship among the hills and the forests or on the waters, Goethe, perhaps, was best able to express his feeling in this respect. Always we must consider him the genius, the man of intellect, the student, and the subjective poet, who draws upon his own experiences for his material. Schiller, whom we shall next study, was the poet of the affections, who occupied in the hearts of the German nation a position similar to that which Goethe held in their intel-

lects, yet there are times when Goethe's heart spoke out in friendship and in love and drew to him the sympathies of his race.

Among the selections which follow may be found a small portion of his best poetry, but he must not be judged solely by the ones which we give. It is interesting to remember in this connection that in *Wilhelm Meister,* in *Faust* and in others of his plays he has incorporated some of his finest lyrics.

1. *Welcome and Farewell,* one of the love songs addressed to Friederike, was written in 1771:

Quick throbb'd my heart: to horse! haste, haste
  And lo! 'twas done with speed of light;
The evening soon the world embraced,
  And o'er the mountains hung the night.
Soon stood, in robe of mist, the oak,
  A tow'ring giant in his size,
Where darkness through the thicket broke,
  And glared with hundred gloomy eyes.

From out a hill of clouds the moon
  With mournful gaze began to peer:
The winds their soft wings flutter'd soon,
  And murmur'd in mine awe-struck ear:
The night a thousand monsters made,
  Yet fresh and joyous was my mind;
What fire within my veins then play'd!
  What glow was in my bosom shrin'd!

I saw thee, and with tender pride
  Felt thy sweet gaze pour joy on me;
While all my heart was at thy side.
  And every breath I breath'd for thee.
The roseate hues that spring supplies
  Were playing round thy features fair,

And love for me—ye Deities!
I hoped it, I deserved it ne'er!

But, when the morning sun return'd,
Departure filled with grief my heart:
Within thy kiss, what rapture burn'd!
But in thy look, what bitter smart!
I went—thy gaze to earth first roved
Thou follow'dst me with tearful eye:
And yet, what rapture to be loved!
And, Gods, to love—what ecstasy!

2. *New Love, New Life* was written in 1775, when Goethe was enraptured by his acquaintance with Lili:

Heart! my heart! what means this feeling?
What oppresseth thee so sore?
What strange life is o'er me stealing!
I acknowledge thee no more.
Fled is all that gave thee gladness,
Fled the cause of all thy sadness,
Fled thy peace, thine industry—
Ah, why suffer it to be?

Say, do beauty's graces youthful,
Does this form so fair and bright,
Does this gaze, so kind, so truthful,
Chain thee with unceasing might?
Would I tear me from her boldly,
Courage take, and fly her coldly,
Back to her I'm forthwith led
By the path I seek to tread.

By a thread I ne'er can sever,
For 'tis 'twined with magic skill,
Doth the cruel maid for ever
Hold me fast against my will.
While those magic chains confine me,

To her will I must resign me.
Ah, the change in truth is great!
Love! kind love! release me straight!

3. *On the Lake* was written in 1775, as Goethe was starting out with his friend Passavant for a tour in Switzerland:

I drink fresh nourishment, new blood
From out this world more free;
The Nature is so kind and good
That to her breast clasps me!
The billows toss our bark on high,
And with our oars keep time,
While cloudy mountains tow'rd the sky
Before our progress climb.

Say, mine eye, why sink'st thou down?
Golden visions, are ye flown?
Hence, thou dream, tho' golden-twin'd;
Here, too, love and life I find.

Over the waters are blinking
Many a thousand fair star;
Gentle mists are drinking
Round the horizon afar.
Round the shady creek lightly
Morning zephyrs awake,
And the ripen'd fruit brightly
Mirrors itself in the lake.

4. *Restless Love* was written in 1789:

Through rain, through snow,
Through tempest go!
'Mongst steaming caves,
O'er misty waves,
On, on! still on!
Peace, rest have flown!
Sooner through sadness
I'd wish to be slain,

Than all the gladness
Of life to sustain;
All the fond yearning
That heart feels for heart,
Only seems burning
To make them both smart.

How shall I fly?
Forestwards hie?
Vain were all strife!
Bright crown of life,
Turbulent bliss—
Love, thou art this!

5. *Comfort in Tears* appeared in 1803:

How happens it that thou art sad,
While happy all appear?
Thine eye proclaims too well that thou
Has wept full many a tear.

"If I have wept in solitude,
None other shares my grief,
And tears to me sweet balsam are,
And give my heart relief."

Thy happy friends invite thee now,—
Oh, come, then, to our breast!
And let the loss thou hast sustain'd
Be there to us confess'd!

"Ye shout, torment me, knowing not
What 'tis afflicteth me;
Ah, no! I have sustained no loss,
Whate'er may wanting be."

If so it is, arise in haste!
Thou'rt young and full of life.
At years like thine, man's blest with strength,
And courage for the strife.

"Ah, no! in vain 'twould be to strive,
The thing I seek is far;
It dwells as high, it gleams as fair
As yonder glitt'ring star."

The stars we never long to clasp,
We revel in their light,
And with enchantment upward gaze,
Each clear and radiant night.

"And I with rapture upward gaze,
On many a blissful day;
Then let me pass the night in tears,
Till tears are wip'd away!"

6. The following two exquisite stanzas called *Calm at Sea* were written in 1795:

Silence deep rules o'er the waters,
Calmly slumb'ring lies the main,
While the sailor views with trouble
Nought but one vast level plain.

Not a zephyr is in motion!
Silence fearful as the grave!
In the mighty waste of ocean
Sunk to rest is ev'ry wave.

7. At an earlier date, in 1782, he composed the following lines on *Solitude:*

Oh, ye kindly nymphs, who dwell 'mongst the rocks and the thickets,
Grant unto each whatsoe'er he may in silence desire!
Comfort impart to the mourner, and give to the doubter instruction,
And let the lover rejoice, finding the bliss that he craves.
For from the gods ye received what they ever denied unto mortals,
Power to comfort and aid all who in you made confide.

8. The sonnet which follows was published in 1807, under the title *The Maiden Speaks:*

How grave thou lookest, loved one! wherefore so?
Thy marble image seems a type of thee;
Like it, no sign of life thou giv'st to me;
Compared with thee, the stone appears to glow.

Behind his shield in ambush lurks the foe,
The friend's brow all unruffled we should see.
I seek thee, but thou seek'st away to flee;
Fix'd as this sculptured figure, learn to grow!

Tell me, to which should I the preference pay?
Must I from both with coldness meet alone?
The one is lifeless, thou with life art blest.

In short, no longer to throw words away,
I'll fondly kiss and kiss and kiss this stone,
Till thou dost tear me hence with envious breast.

9. Another sonnet, *The Epochs*, was published in 1807:

On Petrarch's heart, all other days before,
In flaming letters written, was impress'd
Good Friday. And on mine, be it confess'd,
Is this year's Advent, as it passeth o'er.

I do not now begin,—I *still* adore
Her whom I early cherish'd in my breast,
Then once again with prudence dispossess'd,
And to whose heart I'm driven back once more.

The love of Petrarch, that all-glorious love,
Was unrequited, and, alas, full sad;
One long Good Friday 'twas, one heartache drear;

But may my mistress' Advent ever prove,
With its palm-jubilee, so sweet and glad,
One endless Mayday, through the livelong year!

10. As a type of an entirely different style of lyric, we give the drinking song, published in 1810 under the name of *Ergo Bibamus* (*Then, Let Us Drink*):

For a praiseworthy object we're now gather'd here,
So, brethren, sing: *Ergo bibamus!*
Tho' talk may be hush'd, yet the glasses ring clear,
Remember then: *Ergo bibamus!*
In truth 'tis an old, 'tis an excellent word,
With its sound so befitting each bosom is stirr'd,
And an echo the festal hall filling is heard,
A glorious *Ergo bibamus!*

I saw mine own love in her beauty so rare,
And bethought me of: *Ergo bibamus;*
So I gently approach'd, and she let me stand there,
While I help'd myself, thinking: *Bibamus!*
And when she's appeased, and will clasp you and kiss,
Or when those embraces and kisses ye miss,
Take refuge, till found is some worthier bliss,
In the comforting *Ergo bibamus!*

I am call'd by my fate far away from each friend;
Ye loved ones, then: *Ergo bibamus!*
With wallet light-laden from hence I must wend,
So double our *Ergo bibamus!*
Whate'er to his treasures the niggard may add,
Yet regard for the joyous will ever be had,
For gladness lends ever its charms to the glad,
So, brethren, sing: *Ergo bibamus!*

And what shall we say of to-day as it flies?
I thought but of: *Ergo bibamus!*
'Tis one of those truly that seldom arise,
So again and again sing: *Bibamus!*
For joy through a wide-open portal it guides,
Bright glitter the clouds, as the curtain divides,
And a form, a divine one, to greet us in glides,
While we thunder our: *Ergo bibamus!*

11. That love was not the only source of inspiration, the following *Song of Fellowship,* written in honor of the birthday of Parson Ewald in 1775, will show:

In ev'ry hour of joy
That love and wine prolong,
The moments we'll employ
To carol forth this song!
We're gathered in His name,
Whose power hath brought us here;
He kindled first our flame,
He bids it burn more clear.

Then gladly glow to-night,
And let our hearts combine!
Up! quaff with fresh delight
This glass of sparkling wine!
Up! hail the joyous hour,
And let your kiss be true;
With each new bond of power
The old becomes the new!

Who in our circle lives,
And is not happy there?
True liberty it gives,
And brother's love so fair.
Thus heart and heart through life
With mutual love are fill'd;
And by no causeless strife
Our union e'er is chill'd.

Our hopes a God has crown'd
With life-discernment free,
And all we view around,
Renews our ecstasy.
Ne'er by caprice oppress'd,
Our bliss is ne'er destroy'd;
More freely throbs our breast,
By fancies ne'er alloy'd.

Where'er our foot we set,
The more life's path extends,
And brighter, brighter yet
Our gaze on high ascends.
We know no grief or pain,
Though all things fall and rise;
Long may we thus remain!
Eternal be our ties!

12. *The Godlike* was written in 1782:

Noble be man,
Helpful and good!
For that alone
Distinguisheth him
From all the beings
Unto us known.

Hail to the beings,
Unknown and glorious,
Whom we forebode!
From *his* example
Learn we to know them!

For unfeeling
Nature is ever:
On bad and on good
The sun alike shineth;
And on the wicked,
As on the best,
The moon and stars gleam.

Tempest and torrent,
Thunder and hail,
Roar on their path,
Seizing the while,
As they haste onward,
One after another.

Even so, fortune
Gropes 'mid the throng—
Innocent boyhood's
Curly head seizing—
Seizing the hoary
Head of the sinner.

After laws mighty,
Brazen, eternal,
Must all we mortals
Finish the circuit
Of our existence.

Man, and man only
Can do the impossible.
He 'tis distinguisheth,
Chooseth and judgeth;
He to the moment
Endurance can lend.

He and he only
The good can reward,
The bad can he punish,
Can heal and can save;
All that wanders and strays
Can usefully blend.

And we pay homage
To the immortals
As though they were men,
And did in the great,
What the best, in the small,
Does or might do.

Be the man that is noble,
Both helpful and good,
Unweariedly forming
The right and the useful,
A type of those beings
Our mind hath foreshadow'd!

13. On the other hand, the beautiful *May Song* was written as early as 1775:

How fair doth Nature
Appear again!
How bright the sunbeams!
How smiles the plain!

The flow'rs are bursting
From ev'ry bough,
And thousand voices
Each bush yields now.

And joy and gladness
Fill ev'ry breast:
Oh, earth!—oh, sunlight!
Oh, rapture blest!

Oh, love! oh, loved one!
As golden bright,
As clouds of morning
On yonder height!

Thou blessest gladly
The smiling field—
The world in fragrant
Vapor conceal'd.

Oh, maiden, maiden,
How love I thee!
Thine eye, how gleams it!
How lov'st thou me!

The blithe lark loveth
Sweet song and air,
The morning flow'ret
Heav'n's incense fair,

As I now love thee
With fond desire,
For thou dost give me
Youth, joy, and fire,

For new-born dances
And minstrelsy.
Be ever happy,
As thou lov'st me!

14. One of his finest odes is *Prometheus*, written at about the same time as the preceding selection:

Cover thy spacious heavens, Zeus,
With clouds of mist,
And, like the boy who lops
The thistles' heads,
Disport with oaks and mountain-peaks;
Yet thou must leave
My earth still standing;
My cottage too, which was not raised by thee;
Leave me my hearth,
Whose kindly glow
By thee is envied.

I know nought poorer
Under the sun, than ye gods;
Ye nourish painfully,
With sacrifices
And votive prayers,
Your majesty;
Ye would e'en starve,
If children and beggars
Were not trusting fools.

While yet a child,
And ignorant of life,
I turned my wandering gaze
Up tow'rd the sun, as if with him
There were an ear to hear my wailings;
A heart, like mine,
To feel compassion for distress.

Who help'd me
Against the Titans' insolence?

Who rescued me from certain death,
From slavery?
Didst thou not do all this thyself,
My sacred glowing heart?
And glowedst, young and good,
Deceived with grateful thanks
To yonder slumbering one?

I honor thee! and why?
Hast thou e'er lighten'd the sorrows
Of the heavy laden?
Hast thou e'er dried up the tears
Of the anguish-stricken?
Was I not fashion'd to be a man
By omnipotent Time,
And by eternal Fate,
Masters of me and thee?

Didst thou e'er fancy
That life I should learn to hate,
And fly to deserts,
Because not all
My blossoming dreams grew ripe?

Here sit I, forming mortals
After my image;
A race resembling me,
To suffer, to weep,
To enjoy, to be glad,
And thee to scorn,
As I!

15. Among his most popular ballads is *The Erl-King*, which was published in 1782; it has been set to music and sung all over the world:

Who rides there so late through the night dark and drear?
The father it is, with his infant so dear;
He holdeth the boy tightly clasp'd in his arm,
He holdeth him safely, he keepeth him warm.

"My son, wherefore seek'st thou thy face thus to hide?"
"Look, father, the Erl-King is close by our side!
Dost see not the Erl-King, with crown and with train?"
"My son, 'tis the mist rising over the plain."

"Oh, come, thou dear infant! oh, come thou with me!
Full many a game I will play there with thee;
On my strand, lovely flowers their blossoms unfold,
My mother shall grace thee with garments of gold."

"My father, my father, and dost thou not hear
The words that the Erl-King now breathes in mine ear?"
"Be calm, dearest child, 'tis thy fancy deceives;
'Tis the sad wind that sighs through the withering leaves."

"Wilt go, then, dear infant, wilt go with me there?
My daughters shall tend thee with sisterly care;
My daughters by night their glad festival keep,
They'll dance thee, and rock thee, and sing thee to sleep."

"My father, my father, and dost thou not see,
How the Erl-King his daughters has brought here for me?"
"My darling, my darling, I see it aright,
'Tis the aged gray willows deceiving thy sight."

"I love thee, I'm charm'd by thy beauty, dear boy!
And if thou'rt unwilling, then force I'll employ."
"My father, my father, he seizes me fast,
Full sorely the Erl-King has hurt me at last."

The father now gallops, with terror half wild,
He grasps in his arms the poor shuddering child;
He reaches his courtyard with toil and with dread,—
The child in his arms finds he motionless, dead.

16. *Alexis and Dora* is one of his most charming little epics. It was published in 1796 in Schiller's *Horen (The Hours):*

Farther and farther away, alas! at each moment the vessel
Hastens, as onward it glides, cleaving the foam-cover'd flood!
Long is the track plough'd up by the keel where dolphins are sporting,
Following fast in its rear, while it seems flying pursuit.
All forebodes a prosperous voyage; the sailor with calmness
Leans 'gainst the sail, which alone all that is needed performs.
Forward presses the heart of each seaman, like colors and streamers;
Backward one only is seen, mournfully fix'd near the mast,
While on the blue tinged mountains, which fast are receding, he gazeth,
And as they sink in the sea, joy from his bosom departs.
Vanish'd from thee, too, oh, Dora, is now the vessel that robs thee
Of thine Alexis, thy friend—ah, thy betrothèd as well!
Thou, too, art after me gazing in vain. Our hearts are still throbbing,
Though, for each other, yet ah! 'gainst one another no more.
Oh, thou single moment, wherein I found life! thou outweighest
Every day which had else coldly from memory fled.
'Twas in that moment alone, the last, that upon me descended
Life, such as deities grant, though thou perceived'st it not.
Phoebus, in vain with thy rays dost thou clothe the ether in glory:
Thine all-brightening day hateful alone is to me.
Into myself I retreat for shelter, and there, in the silence,
Strive to recover the time when she appear'd with each day.
Was it possible beauty like this to see, and not feel it?
Work'd not those heavenly charms e'en on a mind dull as thine?

Blame not thyself, unhappy one! Oft doth the bard an enigma
Thus propose to the throng, skillfully hidden in words.
Each one enjoys the strange commingling of images graceful,
Yet still is wanting the word which will discover the sense.
When at length it is found, the heart of each hearer is gladden'd,
And in the poem he sees meaning of twofold delight.
Wherefore so late didst thou remove the bandage, O Amor,
Which thou hadst placed o'er mine eyes,—wherefore remove it so late?
Long did the vessel, when laden, lie waiting for favoring breezes,
'Till in kindness the wind blew from the land o'er the sea.
Vacant times of youth! and vacant dreams of the future!
Ye all vanish, and nought, saving the moment, remains.
Yes! it remains—my joy still remains! I hold thee, my Dora,
And thine image alone, Dora, by hope is disclos'd.
Oft have I seen thee go, with modesty clad, to the temple,
While thy mother so dear solemnly went by thy side.
Eager and nimble thou wert, in bearing thy fruit to the market,
Boldly the pail from the well didst thou sustain on thy head.
Then was reveal'd thy neck, then seen thy shoulders so beauteous,
Then, before all things, the grace filling thy motions was seen.
Oft have I fear'd that the pitcher perchance was in danger of falling,
Yet it ever remain'd firm on the circular cloth.
Thus, fair neighbor, yes, thus I oft was wont to observe thee,
As on the stars I might gaze, as I might gaze on the moon,

Glad indeed at the sight, yet feeling within my calm bosom
Not the remotest desire ever to call them mine own.
Years thus fleeted away! Although our houses were only
Twenty paces apart, yet I thy threshold ne'er cross'd.
Now by the fearful flood are we parted! Thou liest to Heaven,
Billow! thy beautiful blue seems to me dark as the night.
All were now in movement; a boy to the house of my father
Ran at full speed and exclaim'd: "Hasten thee quick to the strand!
Hoisted the sail is already, e'en now in the wind it is flutt'ring,
While the anchor they weigh, heaving it up from the sand;
Come, Alexis, oh, come!"—My worthy stout-hearted father
Press'd, with a blessing, his hand down on my curly-lock'd head,
While my mother carefully reach'd me a newly-made bundle;
"Happy may'st thou return!" cried they—"both happy and rich!"
Then I sprang away, and under my arm held the bundle,
Running along by the wall. Standing I found thee hard by,
At the door of thy garden. Thou smilingly saidst then:
"Alexis!
Say, are yon boisterous crew going thy comrades to be?
Foreign coasts wilt thou visit, and precious merchandise purchase,
Ornaments meet for the rich matrons who dwell in the town.
Bring me, also, I pray thee, a light chain; gladly I'll pay thee,
Oft have I wish'd to possess some such a trinket as that."

There I remain'd, and ask'd, as merchants are wont, with precision
After the form and the weight which thy commission should have.
Modest, indeed, was the price thou didst name! I meanwhile was gazing
On thy neck which deserv'd ornaments worn but by queens.
Loudly now rose the cry from the ship; then kindly thou spakest:
"Take, I entreat thee, some fruit out of the garden, my friend!
Take the ripest oranges, figs of the whitest; the ocean
Beareth no fruit, and, in truth, 'tis not produced by each land."
So I entered in. Thou pluckedst the fruit from the branches,
And the burden of gold was in thine apron upheld.
Oft did I cry, Enough! But fairer fruits were still falling
Into thy hand as I spake, ever obeying thy touch.
Presently didst thou reach the arbor; there lay there a basket,
Sweet blooming myrtle trees wav'd, as we drew nigh, o'er our heads.
Then thou began'st to arrange the fruit with skill and in silence:
First the orange, which lay heavy as though 'twere of gold,
Then the yielding fig, by the slightest pressure disfigur'd,
And with myrtle the gift soon was both cover'd and grac'd.
But I raised it not up. I stood. Our eyes met together,
And my eyesight grew dim, seeming obscured by a film.
Soon I felt thy bosom on mine! Mine arm was soon twining
Round thy beautiful form; thousand times kiss'd I thy neck.

On my shoulder sank thy head; thy fair arms, encircling,
Soon rendered perfect the ring knitting the rapturous pair.
Amor's hands I felt: he press'd us together with ardor,
And, from the firmament clear, thrice did it thunder; then tears
Stream'd from mine eyes in torrents, thou weptest, I wept, both were weeping,
And, 'mid our sorrow and bliss, even the world seem'd to die.
Louder and louder they call'd from the strand; my feet would no longer
Bear my weight, and I cried: "Dora! and art thou not mine?"
"Thine for ever!" thou gently didst say. Then the tears we were shedding
Seem'd to be wiped from our eyes, as by the breath of a god.
Nearer was heard the cry "Alexis!" The stripling who sought me
Suddenly peep'd through the door. How he the basket snatch'd up!
How he urged me away! how press'd I thy hand! Wouldst thou ask me
How the vessel I reach'd? Drunken I seem'd, well I know.
Drunken my shipmates believed me, and so had pity upon me;
And as the breeze drove us on, distance the town soon obscur'd.
"Thine for ever!" thou, Dora, didst murmur; it fell on my senses
With the thunder of Zeus! while by the thunderer's throne
Stood his daughter, the Goddess of Love; the Graces were standing.
Close by her side! so the bond beareth an impress divine!
Oh, then hasten, thou ship, with every favoring zephyr!

Onward, thou powerful keel, cleaving the waves as they foam!
Bring me unto the foreign harbor, so that the goldsmith
May in his workshop prepare straightway the heavenly pledge!
Ay, of a truth, the chain shall indeed be a chain, oh, my Dora!
Nine times encircling thy neck, loosely around it entwin'd.
Other and manifold trinkets I'll buy thee; gold-mounted bracelets,
Richly and skillfully wrought, also shall grace thy fair hand.
There shall the ruby and emerald vie, the sapphire so lovely
Be to the jacinth oppos'd, seeming its foil; while the gold
Holds all the jewels together, in beauteous union commingled.
Oh, how the bridegroom exults, when he adorns his betroth'd!
Pearls if I see, of thee they remind me; each ring that is shown me
Brings to my mind thy fair hand's graceful and tapering form.
I will barter and buy; the fairest of all shalt thou choose thee,
Joyously would I devote all of the cargo to thee.
Yet not trinkets and jewels alone is thy loved one procuring;
With them he brings thee whate'er gives to a housewife delight.
Fine and woollen coverlets, wrought with an edging of purple,
Fit for a couch where we both, lovingly, gently may rest;
Costly pieces of linen. Thou sittest and sewest, and clothest
Me, and thyself, and, perchance, even a third with it too.

Visions of hope, deceive ye my heart! Ye kindly Immortals,
Soften this fierce-raging flame, wildly pervading my breast!
Yet how I long to feel them again, those rapturous torments,
When, in their stead, care draws nigh, coldly and fearfully calm.
Neither the Furies' torch, nor the hounds of hell with their barking
Awe the delinquent so much, down in the plains of despair,
As by the motionless specter I'm awed, that shows me the fair one
Far away: of a truth, open the garden-door stands!
And another one cometh! For him the fruit, too, is falling,
And for him, also, the fig strengthening honey doth yield!
Doth she entice him as well to the arbor? He follows? Oh, make me
Blind, ye Immortals! efface visions like this from my mind!
Yes, she is but a maiden! And she who to one doth so quickly
Yield, to another ere long, doubtless, will turn herself round.
Smile not, Zeus, for this once, at an oath so cruelly broken!
Thunder more fearfully! Strike!—Stay—thy fierce lightnings withhold!
Hurl at me thy quivering bolt! In the darkness of midnight
Strike with thy lightning this mast, make it a pitiful wreck!
Scatter the planks all around, and give to the boisterous billows
All these wares, and let *me* be to the dolphins a prey!—
Now, ye Muses, enough! In vain would ye strive to depicture

How, in a love-laden breast, anguish alternates with bliss.
Ye cannot heal the wounds, it is true, that love hath inflicted;
Yet from you only proceeds, kindly ones, comfort and balm.

III. "FAUST." The idea of a drama founded upon the Faust legend was in Goethe's mind from a very early time, and truthfully it may be said that for nearly sixty years he was at intervals engaged on the work, which reached its conclusion not long before his death.

To the Faust legend we have referred before, and its development from ancient time, when the powers of nature were deified, to the form in which Goethe found it, is an interesting study, for which, however, we have not the space at our command. In Germany there had been one man, John Faust, a contemporary of Melanchthon, who had professed to occupy himself with magic, had boasted that the defeat of the imperial army was the direct result of his supernatural art, and was believed by the people to be everywhere accompanied by a black hound. At Maulbronn there are still shown a Faust kitchen and Faust tower which are said to have been occupied by this popular favorite. As time passed, many legends sprang up around his name: he had caused vines to spring from a table; he had commanded guests to put their knives to a grape cluster, but not to cut until he gave the word, and when the spell was removed, each guest was found to be

holding under his knife not a cluster of grapes, but his own nose. But it was left for Goethe to humanize and amplify the old legend and make of it a drama which is to the German language what Dante's *Divine Comedy* is to the Italian.

As in so many other instances, Goethe's habit of bringing his own life into his works is practiced as freely in *Faust* as elsewhere. The whole incident of Margaret, or Gretchen, which occupies so conspicuous a position in the "First Part" of *Faust* is drawn from life, as we have already seen in the extract from his *Poetry and Truth.* Again, the magic, religious mysticism and symbolism, which are so prominent, especially in the "Second Part" of *Faust,* may be attributed to his acquaintance with Katharina von Klettenberg, a pious and beautiful soul, who aroused his enthusiasm and inducted him into the mysteries of the Neoplatonic philosophy as it was then understood. Mr. Lewes, in his life of Goethe, says of the influences which produced *Faust:* "Three forms rise up from out the many influences of Strassburg in a distinct and memorable importance—Friederike, Herder and the Cathedral. An exquisite woman, a noble thinker and a splendid monument led him into the regions of passion, poetry and art."

To recur, however, more directly to *Faust:* Before 1775 numerous fragments had been composed and one or two had been published; at that time a play appeared, which, however,

contained nothing of the calm, philosophical spirit of the masterpiece, which was not completed as the "First Part" until 1808. The Gretchen tragedy had been conceived and produced with all the tempestuous energy of the *Sturm und Drang* period, but in 1790 another revision, with added scenes, was published.

1. *Part First.* The "First Part" of *Faust* raised the tragic poem immeasurably above all that had preceded and took upon itself the function of a world poem with universal human interests, far removed from the narrow personal tragedy which it had ceased to be. The new spirit appears at the very beginning in the unusual form of three prologues, each a perfect poem in Goethe's best style. The first, a dedication in elegiac form, looks backward over the days of the poet's youth; the prologue for the theater characterizes the three forces in all dramatic art, represented by the manager, the poet, and Merryman, the spectator; lastly, the superb prologue in heaven shows that the comparatively feeble *Faust* of Goethe's youth has become the stupendous modern mystery play which carries the spectator from heaven through the earth to hell.

This last prologue gives the key to Goethe's conception of his *Faust.* The three archangels speak, in the translation by Shelley:

Raphael: The sun makes music as of old
Amid the rival spheres of heaven,
On its predestined circle rolled
With thunder speed; the angels even

Draw strength from gazing on its glance,
Though none its meaning fathom may;
The world's unwithered countenance
Is bright as at creation's day.

Gabriel: And swift and swift with rapid lightness
The adorned earth spins silently,
Alternating Elysian brightness
With deep and dreadful night; the sea
Foams in broad billows from the deep
Up to the rocks, and rocks and ocean,
Onward, with spheres which never sleep,
Are hurried in eternal motion.

Michael: And tempests in contention roar
From land to sea, from sea to land;
And raging, weave a chain of power,
Which girds the earth as with a band.
A flashing desolation there
Flames before the thunder's way;
But thy servants, Lord, revere
The gentle changes of thy day.

CHORUS OF THE THREE

The angels draw strength from thy glance,
Though no one comprehend thee may;
Thy world's unwithered countenance
Is bright as on creation's day.

Mephistopheles, the personification of evil, or Satan himself, speaks thus of mankind:

I see alone mankind's self-torturing pains.
The little world-gold still the self-same stamp retains,
And is as wondrous now as on the primal day.
Better he might have fared, poor wight,
Hadst thou not given him a gleam of heavenly light;
Reason he names it, and doth so
Use it, than brutes more brutish still to grow.
With deference to your grace, he seems to me
Like any like long-legged grasshopper to be,
Which ever flies, and flying springs,
And in the grass its ancient ditty sings.

Would he but always in the grass repose!
In every heap of dung he thrusts his nose.

The Lord, however, calls attention to his servant Faust, the famous doctor, of whose wisdom and devotion he is assured, but Mephistopheles doubts the character of the scholar, and the prologue closes as follows:

THE LORD

Though now he serves me with imperfect sight,
I will ere long conduct him to the light.
The gard'ner knoweth, when the green appears,
That flowers and fruit will crown the coming years.

MEPHISTOPHELES

What wilt thou wager? Him thou yet shall lose,
If leave to me thou wilt but give,
Gently to lead him as I choose!

THE LORD

So long as he on earth doth live,
So long 'tis not forbidden thee.
Man still must err, while he doth strive.

MEPHISTOPHELES

I thank you; for not willingly
I traffic with the dead, and still aver
That youth's plump blooming cheek I very much prefer.
I'm not at home to corpses; 'tis my way,
Like cats with captive mice to toy and play.

THE LORD

Enough! 'tis granted thee! Divert
This mortal spirit from his primal source;
Him, canst thou seize, thy power exert
And lead him on thy downward course,
Then stand abash'd, when thou perforce must own,
A good man, in the direful grasp of ill,
His consciousness of right retaineth still.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Agreed!—the wager will be quickly won.
For my success no fears I entertain;

And if my end I finally should gain,
Excuse my triumphing with all my soul.
Dust he shall eat, ay, and with relish take,
As did my cousin, the renownèd snake.

THE LORD

Here too thou'rt free to act without control;
I ne'er have cherished hate for such as thee.
Of all the spirits who deny,
The scoffer is least wearisome to me.
Ever too prone is man activity to shirk,
In unconditioned rest he fain would live;
Hence this companion purposely I give,
Who stirs, excites, and must, as devil, work.
But ye, the genuine sons of heaven, rejoice!
In the full living beauty still rejoice!
May that which works and lives, the ever-growing,
In bonds of love enfold you, mercy-fraught,
And Seeming's changeful forms, around you flowing,
Do ye arrest, in ever-during thought!
(*Heaven closes; the Archangels disperse.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES (*alone*)

The ancient one I like sometimes to see,
And not to break with him am always civil;
'Tis courteous in so great a lord as he,
To speak so kindly even to the devil.

The first scene is at night in the high vaulted, narrow, Gothic chamber of Faust, who sits restlessly at his desk. He has mastered all human knowledge, but is still discontented. With magic power he summons spirits about him and communicates with them. Wagner, a student devoted to literature, enters, and they converse learnedly. Despairing of it all, Faust is about to drink from the vial the magic liquid he has compounded, when the early Easter bells of

the nearby cathedral bring him back to his senses. On Easter morning he goes out to walk with Wagner among the great variety of people who are abroad at that time. All welcome the wise doctor. In the long conversation between the friends we can make one extract which will indicate the character of Faust at this time:

WAGNER

To strange conceits oft I myself must own,
But impulse such as this I ne'er have known:
Nor woods, nor fields, can long our thoughts engage,
Their wings I envy not the feather'd kind;
Far otherwise the pleasures of the mind,
Bear us from book to book, from page to page!
Then winter nights grow cheerful; keen delight
Warms every limb; and ah! when we unroll
Some old and precious parchment, at the sight
All heaven itself descends upon the soul.

FAUST

Your heart by one sole impulse is possess'd;
Unconscious of the other still remain!
Two souls, alas! are lodg'd within my breast,
Which struggle there for undivided reign:
One to the world, with obstinate desire,
And closely-cleaving organs, still adheres;
Above the mist, the other doth aspire,
With sacred vehemence, to purer spheres.
Oh, are there spirits in the air,
Who float 'twixt heaven and earth, dominion wielding,
Stoop hither from your golden atmosphere,
Lead me to scenes, new life and fuller yielding!
A magic mantle did I but possess,
Abroad to waft me as on viewless wings,
I'd prize it far beyond the costliest dress,
Nor would I change it for the robe of kings.

As they proceed in their walk, Wagner notices that Faust is gazing with wondering eyes into the gloom, and asks him what he sees:

FAUST

Yon black hound
See'st thou, through corn and stubble scampering round?

WAGNER

I've marked him long, naught strange in him I see!

FAUST

Note him! What takest thou the brute to be?

WAGNER

But for a poodle, whom his instinct serves
His master's track to find once more.

FAUST

Dost mark how round us, with wide spiral curves,
He wheels, each circle closer than before?
And, if I err not, he appears to me
A fiery whirlpool in his track to leave.

WAGNER

Naught but a poodle black of hue I see;
'Tis some illusion doth your sight deceive.

FAUST

Methinks a magic coil our feet around,
He for a future snare doth lightly spread.

WAGNER

Around us as in doubt I see him shyly bound,
Since he two strangers seeth in his master's stead.

FAUST

The circle narrows, he's already near!

WAGNER

A dog dost see, no specter have we here;
He growls, doubts, lays him on his belly too,
And wags his tail—as dogs are wont to do.

FAUST

Come hither, Sirrah! join our company!

WAGNER

A very poodle, he appears to be!

Thou standest still, for thee he'll wait;
Thou speak'st to him, he fawns upon thee straight;
Aught you may lose, again he'll bring,
And for your stick will into water spring.

FAUST

Thou'rt right indeed; no traces now I see
Whatever of a spirit's agency.
'Tis training—nothing more.

WAGNER

A dog well taught
E'en by the wisest of us may be sought.
Ay, to your favor he's entitled too,
Apt scholar of the students, 'tis his due!

(*They enter the gate of the town.*)

Alone in his chamber, Faust summons the spirits, and Mephistopheles, in the dress of a traveling scholar, appears. After conversing on many subjects, they enter into the fatal pact:

MEPHISTOPHELES

My little ones these spirits be.
Hark! with shrewd intelligence,
How they recommend to thee
Action, and the joys of sense!
In the busy world to dwell,
Fain they would allure thee hence:
For within this lonely cell,
Stagnate sap of life and sense.

Forbear to trifle longer with thy grief,
Which, vulture-like, consumes thee in this den.
The worst society is some relief,
Making thee feel thyself a man with men.
Nathless it is not meant, I trow,
To thrust thee 'mid the vulgar throng.
I to the upper ranks do not belong;
Yet if, by me companion'd, thou

Thy steps through life forthwith wilt take,
Upon the spot myself I'll make
Thy comrade;—
Should it suit thy need,
I am thy servant, am thy slave indeed!

FAUST

And how must I thy services repay?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Thereto thou lengthen'd respite hast!

FAUST

No! no!

The devil is an egotist I know:
And, for Heaven's sake, 'tis not his way
Kindness to any one to show.
Let the condition plainly be exprest;
Such a domestic is a dangerous guest.

MEPHISTOPHELES

I'll pledge myself to be thy servant *here*,
Still at thy back alert and prompt to be;
But when together *yonder* we appear,
Then shalt thou do the same for me.

FAUST

But small concern I feel for yonder world;
Hast thou this system into ruin hurl'd,
Another may arise the void to fill.
This earth the fountain whence my pleasures flow,
This sun doth daily shine upon my woe,
And if this world I must forego,
Let happen then,—what can and will.
I to this theme will close mine ears,
If men hereafter hate and love,
And if there be in yonder spheres
A depth below or height above.

MEPHISTOPHELES

In this mood thou mayest venture it. But make
The compact, and at once I'll undertake
To charm thee with mine arts. I'll give thee more
Than mortal eye hath e'er beheld before.

FAUST

What, sorry Devil, hast thou to bestow?
Was ever mortal spirit, in its high endeavor,
Fathom'd by Being such as thou?
Yet food thou hast which satisfieth never,
Hast ruddy gold, that still doth flow
Like restless quicksilver away,
A game thou hast, at which none win who play,
A girl who would, with amorous eyen,
E'en from my breast, a neighbor snare,
Lofty ambition's joy divine,
That, meteor-like, dissolves in air.
Show me the fruit that, ere 'tis pluck'd, doth rot,
And trees, whose verdue daily buds anew.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Such a commission scares me not,
I can provide such treasures, it is true;
But, my good friend, a season will come round,
When on what's good we may regale in peace.

FAUST

If e'er upon my couch, stretched at my ease, I'm found,
Then may my life that instant cease;
Me canst thou cheat with glozing wile
Till self-reproach away I cast?—
Me with joy's lure canst thou beguile?—
Let that day be for me the last!
Be this our wager!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Done!

FAUST

Sure and fast!
When to the moment I shall say,
"Linger a while, so fair thou art!"
Then mayst thou fetter me straightway,
Then to the abyss will I depart;
Then may the solemn death-bell sound,
Then from thy service thou art free,
The index then may cease its round,
And time be never more for me!

MEPHISTOPHELES

I shall remember: pause, ere 'tis too late.

FAUST

Thereto a perfect right hast thou.
My strength I do not rashly overrate.
Slave am I here, at any rate,
If thine, or whose, it matters not, I trow.

After the compact is made, Faust and Mephistopheles go out together, and among other incidents visit the students in a drinking scene, where wine is brought from holes in the table; the students are finally thrown into confusion and find that instead of grasping clusters of grapes, each has taken hold of the other's nose. Following this is the scene among the witches, and then the street scene, in which Faust for the first time sees Margaret passing by, loves her, demands her, and through the aid of Mephistopheles sees her singing at the window:

There was a king in Thule,
True even to the grave;
To whom his dying mistress
A golden beaker gave.

At every feast he drained it,
Naught was to him so dear,
And often as he drained it,
Gush'd from his eyes the tear.

When death he felt approaching,
His cities o'er he told;
And grudged his heir no treasure
Except his cup of gold.

Girt round with knightly vassals
At a royal feast sat he,

In yon proud hall ancestral,
In his castle o'er the sea.

Up stood the jovial monarch,
And quaff'd his last life's glow,
Then hurled the hallow'd goblet
Into the flood below.

He saw it splashing, drinking,
And plunging in the sea;
His eyes meanwhile were sinking,
And never again drank he.

After Margaret finds the casket sent by Faust and dons the jewels, Mephistopheles, through Martha, a neighbor, secures a rendezvous, and the four converse in the garden, Faust making love to Margaret. Near the end comes the following pretty scene:

FAUST

Me, little angel, didst thou recognize,
When in the garden first I came?

MARGARET

Did you not see it? I cast down my eyes.

FAUST

Thou dost forgive my boldness, dost not blame
The liberty I took that day,
When thou from church didst lately wend thy way?

MARGARET

I was confused. So had it never been;
No one of me could any evil say.
Alas, thought I, he doubtless in thy mien,
Something unmaidenly or bold hath seen?
It seemed as if it struck him suddenly,
Here's just a girl with whom one may make free!
Yet I must own that then I scarcely knew
What in your favor here began at once to plead;

Yet I was angry with myself indeed,
That I more angry could not feel with you.

FAUST

Sweet love!

MARGARET

Just wait a while!
(*She gathers a star-flower and plucks off the leaves one after another.*)

FAUST

A nosegay may that be?

MARGARET

No! It is but a game.

FAUST

How?

MARGARET

Go, you'll laugh at me!
(*She plucks off the leaves and murmurs to herself.*)

FAUST

What murmurest thou?

MARGARET (*half aloud*)

He love me,—loves me not.

FAUST

Sweet angel, with thy face of heavenly bliss!

MARGARET (*continues*)

He loves me—not—he loves me—not—
(*plucking off the last leaf with fond joy.*)
He loves me!

FAUST

Yes!
And this flower-language, darling, let it be,
A heavenly oracle! He loveth thee!
Know'st thou the meaning of, He loveth thee?
(*He seizes both her hands.*)

MARGARET

I tremble so!

FAUST

Nay! do not tremble, love!
Let this hand-pressure, let this glance reveal

Feelings, all power of speech above;
To give oneself up wholly and to feel
A joy that must eternal prove!
Eternal!—Yes, its end would be despair.
No end!—It cannot end!

(MARGARET *presses his hand, extricates herself, and runs away. He stands a moment in thought, and then follows her.*)

Margaret, alone in her room at her spinning wheel, sings:

My peace is gone,
My heart is sore,
I find it never,
And nevermore!

Where him I have not,
Is the grave to me;
And bitter as gall
The whole world to me.

My wilder'd brain
Is overwrought;
My feeble senses
Are distraught.

My peace is gone,
My heart is sore,
I find it never,
And nevermore!

For him from the window
I gaze, at home;
For him and him only
Abroad I roam.

His lofty step,
His bearing high,
The smile of his lip,
The power of his eye,

His witching words,
  Their tones of bliss,
His hand's fond pressure,
  And ah—his kiss!

My peace is gone,
  My heart is sore,
I find it never,
  And nevermore.

My bosom aches
  To feel him near;
Ah, could I clasp
  And fold him here!

Kiss him and kiss him
  Again would I,
And on his kisses
  I fain would die!

Margaret is very suspicious of Mephistopheles and warns Faust against him, but the latter, remembering his compact, pays no heed. Valentine, the brother of Margaret, appears, shows his devotion to his sister, is met by Faust, and in the fight which follows, Valentine is slain through the treachery of Mephistopheles. Before he dies, Margaret comes in and receives his bitter reproaches and revilings. It is in the cathedral that Margaret learns the burden and shame of her sin. Then follows the wild Walpurgis-night scene in the Hartz Mountains, where Faust and Mephistopheles sail through the air, accompanied by witches and spirits dancing. The Walpurgis-night dream of the golden wedding feast of Oberon and Titania is introduced. Repentance has now seized the soul of Faust:

FAUST

In misery! despairing! long wandering pitifully on the face of the earth and now imprisoned! This gentle hapless creature, immured in the dungeon as a malefactor and reserved for horrid tortures! That it should come to this! To this! Perfidious, worthless spirit, and this thou hast concealed from me! Stand! ay, stand! roll in malicious rage thy fiendish eyes! Stand and brave me with thine insupportable presence! Imprisoned! In hopeless misery! Delivered over to the power of evil spirits and the judgment of unpitying humanity! And me, the while, thou wert lulling with tasteless dissipations, concealing from me her growing anguish and leaving her to perish without help!

MEPHISTOPHELES

She is not the first.

FAUST

Hound! Execrable monster! Back with him, O thou infinite spirit! back with the reptile into his dog's shape, in which it was his wont to scamper before me at eventide, to roll before the feet of the harmless wanderer, and to fasten on his shoulders when he fell! Change him again into his favorite shape, that he may crouch on his belly before me in the dust, whilst I spurn him with my foot, the reprobate! Not the first! Woe! Woe! By no human soul is it conceivable, that more than one human creature has ever sunk into a depth of wretchedness like this, or that the first in her writhing death-agony, should not have atoned in the sight of all-pardoning Heaven, for the guilt of all the rest! The misery of this one pierces me to the very marrow, and harrows up my soul; thou art grinning calmly over the doom of thousands!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Now we are once again at our wit's end, just where the reason of you mortals snaps! Why dost thou seek our fellowship, if thou canst not go through with it? Wilt fly, and art not proof against dizziness? Did we force ourselves on thee, or thou on us?

FAUST

Cease thus to gnash thy ravenous fangs at me! I loathe thee! Great and glorious spirit, thou who didst vouchsafe to reveal thyself unto me, thou who dost know my very heart and soul, why hast thou linked me with this base associate, who feeds on mischief and revels in destruction?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Hast done?

FAUST

Save her! or woe to thee! The direst of curses on thee for thousands of years!

MEPHISTOPHELES

I cannot loose the bands of the avenger, nor withdraw his bolts. Save her! Who was it plunged her into perdition? I or thou?

(FAUST *looks wildly around*)

MEPHISTOPHELES

Would'st grasp the thunder? Well for you, poor mortals, that 'tis not yours to wield! To smite to atoms, the being however innocent, who obstructs his path, such is the tyrant's fashion of relieving himself in difficulties!

FAUST

Convey me thither! She shall be free!

MEPHISTOPHELES

And the danger to which thou dost expose thyself? Know, the guilt of blood, shed by thy hand, lies yet upon the town. Over the place where fell the murdered one, avenging spirits hover and watch for the returning murderer.

FAUST

This too from thee? The death and downfall of a world be on thee, monster! Conduct me thither, I say, and set her free!

MEPHISTOPHELES

I will conduct thee. And what I can do—hear! Have I all power in heaven and upon earth? I'll cloud the senses of the warder—do thou possess thyself of the keys

and lead her forth with human hand! I will keep watch! The magic steeds are waiting, I bear thee off. Thus much is in my power.

FAUST

Up and away!

We have now reached the last terrible scene in the dungeon:

FAUST

(*with a bunch of keys and a lamp before a small iron door*)

A fear unwonted o'er my spirit falls;
Man's concentrated woe o'erwhelms me here!
She dwells immur'd within these dripping walls;
Her only trespass a delusion dear!
Thou lingerest at the fatal door?
Thou dread'st to see her face once more?
On! While thou dalliest, draws her death-hour near.

(*He seizes the lock. Singing within.*)

My mother, the harlot,
She took me and slew!
My father, the scoundrel,
Hath eaten me too!
My sweet little sister
Hath all my bones laid.
Where soft breezes whisper
All in the cool shade!
Then became I a wood-bird, and sang on the spray,
Fly away! little bird, fly away! fly away!

FAUST (*opening the lock*)

Ah! she forebodes not that her lover's near,
The clanking chains, the rustling straw, to hear.

(*He enters.*)

MARGARET

(*hiding her face in the bed of straw*)

Woe! woe! they come! oh, bitter 'tis to die!

FAUST (*softly*)

Hush! hush! be still! I come to set thee free!

MARGARET (*throwing herself at his feet*)
If thou art human, feel my misery!

FAUST
Thou wilt awake the jailor with thy cry!
(*He grasps the chains to unlock them.*)

MARGARET (*on her knees*)
Who, headsman, unto thee this power
O'er me could give?
Thou com'st for me at midnight-hour.
Be merciful, and let me live!
Is morrow's dawn not time enough?
(*She stands up.*)
I'm still so young, so young—
And must so early die!
Fair was I too, and that was my undoing.
My love is now afar, he then was nigh;
Torn lies the garland, the fair blossoms strew'd.
Nay, seize me not with hand so rude!
Spare me! What harm have I e'er done to thee?
Oh, let me not in vain implore!
I ne'er have seen thee in my life before!

FAUST
Can I endure this bitter agony?

MARGARET
I now am at thy mercy quite.
Let me my babe but suckle once again!
I fondled it the live-long night;
They took it from me but to give me pain,
And now, they say that I my child have slain.
Gladness I ne'er again shall know.
Then they sing songs about me—'tis wicked of the throng—
An ancient ballad endeth so;
Who bade them thus apply the song?

FAUST
(*throwing himself on the ground*)
A lover at thy feet bends low,
To loose the bonds of wretchedness and woe.

MARGARET

(*throws herself beside him*)

Oh, let us kneel and move the saints by prayer!
Look! look! yon stairs below,
Under the threshold there,
Hell's flames are all aglow!
Beneath the floor,
With hideous noise,
The devils roar!

FAUST (*aloud*)

Gretchen! Gretchen!

MARGARET (*listening*)

That was my lov'd one's voice!

(*She springs up, the chains fall off.*)

Where is he? I heard him calling me.
Free am I! There's none shall hinder me.
To his neck will I fly,
On his bosom will lie!
Gretchen, he called! On yon threshold he stood;
Amidst all the howling of hell's fiery flood,
The scoff and the scorn of its devilish crew,
The tones of his voice, sweet and loving, I knew.

FAUST

'Tis I!

MARGARET

'Tis thou! O say so once again!

(*embracing him*)

'Tis he! 'Tis he! where's now the torturing pain?
Where are the fetters? where the dungeon's gloom?
'Tis thou! To save me thou art come!
And I am sav'd!
Already now the street I see
Where the first time I caught a glimpse of thee.
There too the pleasant garden shade,
Where I and Martha for thy coming stay'd.

FAUST

(*endeavoring to lead her away*)

Come! come away!

MARGARET

Oh, do not haste!
I love to linger where thou stayest. (*caressing him*)

FAUST

Ah, haste! For if thou still delayest,
Our lingering we shall both deplore.

MARGARET

How, dearest? canst thou kiss no more!
So short a time away from me, and yet,
To kiss thou couldst so soon forget!
Why on thy neck so anxious do I feel—
When formerly a perfect heaven of bliss
From thy dear looks and words would o'er me steal?
As thou wouldst strifle me thou then didst kiss!
Kiss me!
Or I'll kiss thee! (*She embraces him.*)
Woe! woe! Thy lips are cold,—
Are dumb!
Thy love where hast thou left?
Who hath me of thy love bereft? (*She turns away from him.*)

FAUST

Come! Follow me, my dearest love, be bold!
I'll cherish thee with ardor thousand-fold;
I but entreat thee now to follow me!

MARGARET

(*turning toward him*)
And art thou he? and art thou really he?

FAUST

'Tis I! Oh, come!

MARGARET

Thou wilt strike off my chain,
And thou wilt take me to thine arms again.
How comes it that thou dost not shrink from me?
And dost thou know, love, whom thou wouldst set free?

FAUST

Come! come! already night begins to wane.

MARGARET

I sent my mother to her grave,
I drown'd my child beneath the wave.
Was it not given to thee and me—thee too?
'Tis thou thyself! I scarce believe it yet.
Give me thy hand! It is no dream! 'Tis true!
Thine own dear hand! But how is this? 'Tis wet!
Quick, wipe it off! Meseems that yet
There's blood thereon.
Ah, God! what hast thou done?
Put up thy sword,
I beg of thee!

FAUST

Oh, dearest, let the past forgotten be!
Death is in every word.

MARGARET

No, thou must linger here in sorrow!
The graves I will describe to thee,
And thou to them must see
To-morrow:
The best place give to my mother,
Close at her side my brother,
Me at some distance lay—
But not too far away!
And the little one place on my right breast.
Nobody else will near me lie!
To nestle beside thee so lovingly,
That was a rapture, gracious and sweet!
A rapture I never again shall prove;
Methinks I would force myself on thee, love,
And thou dost spurn me, and back retreat—
Yet 'tis thyself, thy fond kind looks I see.

FAUST

If thou dost feel 'tis I, then come with me!

MARGARET

What, there? without?

FAUST

Yes, forth in the free air.

MARGARET

Ay, if the grave's without—If death lurk there!
Hence to the everlasting resting-place,
And not one step beyond! Thou'rt leaving me?
O Henry! would that I could go with thee!

FAUST

Thou canst! But will it! Open stands the door.

MARGARET

I dare not go! I've naught to hope for more.
What boots it to escape? They lurk for me!
'Tis wretched to beg, as I must do,
And with an evil conscience thereto!
'Tis wretched, in foreign lands to stray;
And me they will catch, do what I may!

FAUST

With thee will I abide.

MARGARET

Quick! Quick!
Save thy poor child!
Keep to the path
The brook along,
Over the bridge
To the wood beyond,
To the left, where the plank is,
In the pond.
Seize it at once!
It fain would rise,
It struggles still!
Save it. Oh, save!

FAUST

Dear Gretchen, more collected be!
One little step, and thou art free!

MARGARET

Were we but only past the hill!
There sits my mother upon a stone—
My brain, alas, is cold with dread!
There sits my mother upon a stone,
And to and fro she shakes her head;

She winks not, she nods not, her head it droops sore;
She slept so long, she waked no more;
She slept, that we might taste of bliss:
Ah! those were happy times, I wis!

FAUST

Since here avails nor argument nor prayer,
Thee hence by force I needs must bear.

MARGARET

Loose me! I will not suffer violence!
With murderous hand hold not so fast!
I have done all to please thee in the past!

FAUST

Day dawns! My love! My love!

MARGARET

Yes! day draws near
The day of judgment too will soon appear!
It should have been my bridal! No one tell,
That thy poor Gretchen thou hast known too well.
Woe to my garland!
Its bloom is o'er!
Though not at the dance—
We shall meet once more.
The crowd doth gather, in silence it rolls;
The squares, the streets,
Scarce hold the throng.
The staff is broken—the death-bell tolls
They bind and seize me! I'm hurried along,
To the seat of blood already I'm bound!
Quivers each neck as the naked steel
Quivers on mine the blow to deal—
The silence of the grave now broods around!

FAUST

Would I had ne'er been born!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*appears without*)

Up! or you're lost.
Vain hesitation! Babbling, quaking!
My steeds are shivering,
Morn is breaking.

MARGARET

What from the floor ascendeth like a ghost?
'Tis he! 'Tis he! Him from my presence chase!
What would he in this holy place?
It is for me he cometh!

FAUST

Thou shalt live!

MARGARET

Judgment of God! To thee my soul I give!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to* FAUST)

Come! come! I'll leave thee else to share her doom!

MARGARET

Father, I'm thine! Save me! To thee I come!
Ye angels! Ye angelic hosts! descend,
Encamp around to guard me and defend!—
Henry! I shudder now to look on thee!

MEPHISTOPHELES

She now is judged!

VOICES (*from above*)

Is saved!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to* FAUST)

Come thou with me!
(*vanishes with* FAUST)

VOICE (*from within, dying away*)

Henry! Henry!

2. *Part Second.* It was early in the year 1832 that Goethe finished the "Second Part" of *Faust.* Allegory, science and philosophy come into the "Second Part" almost as freely as they are thrust into *Wilhelm Meister's Travels,* yet the dramatic poem is a unified whole, artistic and complete in itself. In the "First Part," as we have seen, Goethe was dealing with his personal feelings and experiences, and he departed little from the learned view of German life, but in the "Second Part"

he goes to the universe for his subjects and his characters, bringing all in with a hand that never stints itself. The result is a gigantic world-drama, incomplete indeed, for no such stupendous conception could ever be completed.

At the beginning of the first act Faust has awakened to a new world and a new life, redeemed from much that has been by his association with nature. It is in the midst of a pleasing landscape. Faust lies on a flowery turf, restless, seeking sleep in the twilight, through which spirits, hovering, flutter round in graceful, tiny forms. Ariel sings:

When, in vernal showers descending,
Blossoms gently veil the earth,
When the fields' green wealth, up-tending,
Gleams on all of mortal birth:
Tiny elves, where help availeth,
Large of heart, there fly apace;
Pity they whom grief assaileth,
Be he holy, be he base.
Ye round this head on airy wing careering,
Attend, in noble Elfin guise appearing;
Assuage the cruel strife that rends his heart,
The burning shaft remove of keen remorse,
From rankling horror cleanse his inmost part:
Four are the pauses of the nightly course;
Them, without rest, fill up with kindly art.
And first his head upon cool pillow lay,
Then bathe ye him in dew from Lethe's stream;
His limbs, cramp-stiffen'd, will more freely play,
If sleep-refreshed he wait morn's wakening beam.

Perform the noblest Elfin-rite,
Restore ye him to the holy light!

CHORUS

(*singly, two or more, alternately and together*)

Softly when warm gales are stealing
O'er the green-environed ground,
Twilight sheddeth all-concealing
Mists and balmy odors round:
Whispers low sweet peace to mortals,
Rocks the heart to childlike rest,
And of daylight shuts the portals
To these eyes, with care oppressed.

Night hath now descended darkling,
Holy star is linked to star;
Sovereign fires, or faintly sparkling,
Glitter near and shine afar;
Glitter here lake-mirror'd, yonder
Shine adown the clear night sky;
Sealing bliss of perfect slumber,
Reigns the moon's full majesty.

Now the hours are canceled; sorrow,
Happiness, have passed away:
Whole thou shalt be on the morrow!
Feel it! Trust the new-born day!
Swell the hills, green grow the valleys,
In the dusk ere breaks the morn;
And in silvery wavelets dallies,
With the wind, the ripening corn.

Cherish hope, let naught appall thee!
Mark the East, with splendor dyed!
Slight the fetters that enthrall thee;
Fling the shell of sleep aside!
Gird thee for the high endeavor;
Shun the crowd's ignoble ease!
Fails the noble spirit never,
Wise to think, and prompt to seize.

(*A tremendous tumult announces the uprising of the Sun.*)

ARIEL

Hark! the horal tempest nears!
Sounding but for spirit ears,
Lo! the new-born day appears;
Clang the rocky portals, climb
Phoebus' wheels with thund'rous chime;
Breaks with tuneful noise the light!

Blare of trumpet, clarion sounding,
Eye-sight dazing, ear astounding!
Hear not the unheard; take flight!
Into petaled blossoms glide
Deeper, deeper, still to bide,
In the clefts, 'neath thickets! ye,
If it strike you, deaf will be.

FAUST

Life's pulses reawakened freshly bound,
The mild ethereal twilight fain to greet.
Thou, Earth, this night wast also constant found,
And, newly-quickened, breathing at my feet,
Beginnest now to gird me with delight;
A strong resolve dost rouse, with noble heat
Aye to press on to being's sovereign height.
The world in glimmering dawn still folded lies;
With thousand-voicèd life the woods resound;
Mist-wreaths the valley shroud; yet from the skies
Sinks heaven's clear radiance to the depths profound;
And bough and branch from dewy chasms rise,
Where they had drooped erewhile in slumber furled;
Earth is enameled with unnumber'd dyes,
Leaflet and flower with dew-drops are impearled;
Around me everywhere is paradise.

Gaze now aloft! Each mountain's giant height
The solemn hour announces, herald-wise;
They early may enjoy the eternal light,
To us below which later finds its way.
Now are the Alpine slopes and valleys dight

With the clear radiance of the new-born day,
Which, downward, step by step, steals on apace.—
It blazes forth,—and, blinded by the ray,
With aching eyes, alas! I veil my face.

So when a hope, the heart hath long held fast,
Trustful, still striving toward its highest goal,
Fulfillment's portals open finds at last;—
Sudden from those eternal depths doth roll
An over-powering flame;—we stand aghast!
The torch of life to kindle we were fain;—
A fire-sea—what a fire!—doth round us close;
Love is it? Is it hate? with joy and pain,
In alternation vast, that round us glows?
So that to earth we turn our wistful gaze,
In childhood's veil to shroud us once again!

So let the sun behind me pour its rays!
The cataract, through rocky cleft that roars,
I view, with growing rapture and amaze.
From fall to fall, with eddying shock, it pours,
In thousand torrents to the depths below,
Aloft in air up-tossing showers of spray.
But see, in splendor bursting from the storm,
Arches itself the many-colored bow,
An ever-changeful, yet continuous form,
Now drawn distinctly, melting now away,
Diffusing dewy coolness all around!
Man's efforts there are glassed, his toil and strife;
Reflect, more true the emblem will be found:
This bright reflected glory pictures life!

Faust, accompanied by Mephistopheles, comes to the court of the Kaiser and finds the government approaching ruin, but Mephistopheles introduces paper money and prevents bankruptcy, whereupon the court rejoices in a great masquerade. Faust undertakes to con-

jure up Helen and Paris for the amusement of the Kaiser, and when she appears Faust himself falls in love with her and attempts to grasp her, but the shade vanishes, and he falls to the ground bewildered.

In the second act he is back in his old study watching a retort in which Wagner generates a manikin, who represents his will; and the little being leads him back through the ages to a classical Walpurgis-night, in the artistic representation of which Goethe indulges in an obscure symbolism and a scientific allegory of the universe which is difficult of comprehension.

The third act was published separately five years before, under the name of *Helena,* and is the most perfectly finished portion of the "Second Part." Less extraneous matter is thrown in, and the spirit of the act is easily understood. It concerns itself with Faust's marriage with Helen of Troy, who, to escape the wrath of Menelaus, has taken refuge with the German doctor. By summoning her from her Grecian home to his German town, Goethe is able to bring together and effectively contrast those classic and romantic ideas, which he himself has done so much to reconcile in northern art and poetry. Helen and Faust have a son, Euphorion, in whose character the poet has symbolized Lord Byron. In ever ascending flights of song, Euphorion rises before his astonished parents, the chorus singing with him:

CHORUS

High he soars—mark, upward gazing—
And to us not small doth seem:
Victor-like, in harness blazing,
As of steel and brass the gleam!

EUPHORION

Not on moat or wall relying,
On himself let each one rest!
Firmest stronghold, all defying,
Ever is man's iron breast!

Dwell for aye unconquered would ye?
Arm, by no vain dreams beguiled!
Amazons your women should be,
And a hero every child!

CHORUS

O hallowed Poesie,
Heavenward still soareth she!
Shine on, thou brightest star,
Farther and still more far!
Yet us she still doth cheer;
Ever her voice to hear,
Joyful we are.

EUPHORION

Child no more; a stripling bearing
Arms appears, with valor fraught:
Leagued with the strong, the free, the daring,
In soul already who hath wrought.
Hence, away!
No delay!
There where glory may be sought.

HELENA *and* FAUST

Scarcely summoned to life's gladness,
Scarcely given to day's bright gleam,
Downward now to pain and sadness
Wouldst thou rush, from heights supreme!
Are then we
Naught to thee?
Is our gracious bond a dream?

EUPHORION

Hark! What thunders seaward rattle,
Echoing from vale to vale!
'Mid dust and foam, in shock of battle,
Throng on throng, to grief and bale!
And the command
Is, firm to stand;
Death to face, nor ever quail.

HELENA, FAUST *and* CHORUS

Oh, what horror! Hast thou told it!
Is then death for thee decreed?

EUPHORION

From afar shall I behold it?
No! I'll share the care and need!

HELENA, FAUST *and* CHORUS

Rashness to peril brings,
And deadly fate!

EUPHORION

Yet—see a pair of wings
Unfoldeth straight!
Thither—I must, I must—
Grudge not my flight!

(*He casts himself into the air; his garments support him for a moment; his head flames, a trail of light follows him.*)

CHORUS

Icarus! Icarus!
Oh, woeful sight!

(*A beautiful youth falls at the parents' feet, we imagine that in the dead we recognize a well-known form; yet suddenly the corporeal part vanishes; the aureole rises like a comet to heaven; dress, mantle, and lyre remain lying on the ground.*)

HELENA *and* FAUST

Follows on joy new-born
Anguishful moan!

EUPHORION'S VOICE (*from the depths*)

Leave me in realms forlorn,
Mother, not all alone! (*Pause.*)

CHORUS (*dirge*)

Not alone—for hope we cherish,
Where thou bidest thee to know!
Ah, from daylight though thou perish,
Ne'er a heart will let thee go!
Scarce we venture to bewail thee,
Envying we sing thy fate:
Did sunshine cheer, or storm assail thee,
Song and heart were fair and great.
Earthly fortune was thy dower,
Lofty lineage, ample might,
Ah, too early lost, thy flower
Withered by untimely blight!
Glance was thine the world discerning,
Sympathy with every wrong,
Woman's love for thee still yearning,
And thine own enchanting song.

Yet the beaten path forsaking,
Thou didst run into the snare:
So with law and usage breaking,
On thy willful course didst fare;
Yet at last high thought has given
To thy noble courage weight,
For the loftiest thou hast striven—
It to win was not thy fate.

Who does win it? Unreplying
Destiny the question hears,
When the bleeding people lying,
Dumb with grief, no cry uprears!—
Now new songs chant forth, in sorrow
Deeply bowed lament no more;
Them the earth brings forth to-morrow,
As she brought them forth of yore!

(*Full pause. The music ceases.*)

HELENA (*to* FAUST)

An ancient word, alas, approves itself in me:
That joy and beauty ne'er enduringly are linked!

Rent is the bond of life, with it the bond of love;
Lamenting both, I say a sorrowful farewell,
And throw myself once more, once only, in thine arms.—
Persephoneia, take the boy, take also me!
(*She embraces* FAUST, *her corporeal part vanishes, her garment and veil remain in his arms.*)

Faust, in dreamlike ecstasy, is led back by Mephistopheles into practical life.

In the fourth act Goethe depicts the ideal side of politics; Faust aids the Kaiser to vanquish an opponent in battle, and then to develop industry and commerce throughout his realm.

The fifth act shows Faust with his life work finished and from the battlements of his palace looking down upon what he has accomplished. He is worried by the fact that everything he sees does not belong to him, and to attain his end he causes the cottage of two old peasants to be burned to the ground. He still finds, however, that his life is in the hands of a higher power, and four gray figures, Want, Guilt, Care and Need, approach, but only Care is able to enter the palace:

Four say I come, but only three went hence.
Of their discourse I could not catch the sense;
There fell upon mine ear a sound like breath,
Thereon a gloomy rhyme-word followed—Death;
Hollow the sound, with spectral horror fraught!
Not yet have I, in sooth, my freedom wrought;
Could I my pathway but from magic free,
And quite unlearn the spells of sorcery,
Stood I, oh, nature, man alone 'fore thee,
Then were it worth the trouble man to be!
Such was I once, ere I in darkness sought,

And curses dire, through words with error fraught,
Upon myself and on the world have brought;
So teems the air with falsehood's juggling brood,
That no one knows how them he may elude!
If but one day shines clear, in reason's light—
In spectral dream envelopes us the night;
From the fresh fields, as homeward we advance—
There croaks a bird: what croaks he? some mischance!
Ensnared by superstition, soon and late;
As sign and portent, it on us doth wait—
By fear unmanned, we take our stand alone;
The portal creaks, and no one enters,—none.
(*Agitated.*)
Is some one here?

CARE

The question prompteth, yes!

FAUST

What art thou then?

CARE

Here, once for all, am I.

FAUST

Withdraw thyself!

CARE

My proper place is this.

FAUST

(*First angry, then appeased. Aside.*)
Take heed, and speak no word of sorcery.

CARE

Though by outward ear unheard,
By my moan the heart is stirred;
And in ever-changeful guise,
Cruel force I exercise;
On the shore and on the sea,
Comrade dire hath man in me,
Ever found, though never sought,
Flattered, cursed, so have I wrought.
Hast thou as yet Care never known?

FAUST

I have but hurried through the world, I own.

I by the hair each pleasure seized;
Relinquished what no longer pleased,
That which escaped me I let go,
I've craved, accomplished, and then craved again;
Thus through my life I've storm'd—with might and main,
Grandly, with power, at first; but now indeed,
It goes more cautiously, with wiser heed.
I know enough of earth, enough of men;
The view beyond is barred from mortal ken;
Fool, who would yonder peer with blinking eyes,
And of his fellows dreams above the skies!
Firm let him stand, the prospect round him scan,
Not mute the world to the true-hearted man.
Why need he wander through eternity?
What he can grasp, that only knoweth he.
So let him roam adown earth's fleeting day;
If spirits haunt, let him pursue his way;
In joy or torment ever onward stride,
Though every moment still unsatisfied!

Care breathes on the eyes of Faust and blinds him, and at the bidding of Mephistopheles the Lemures dig his grave with mocking gestures, while they sing:

In youth when I did live and love,
Methought, it was very sweet!
Where frolic rang and mirth was rife,
Thither still sped my feet.

Now with his crutch hath spiteful age
Dealt me a blow full sore:
I stumbled o'er a yawning grave,
Why open stood the door!

FAUST

(Comes forth from the palace, groping his way by the door posts.)

How doth the clang of spades delight my soul!
For me my vassals toil, the while

Earth with itself they reconcile,
The waves within their bounds control,
And gird the sea with stedfast zone—

MEPHISTOPHELES (*aside*)

And yet for us dost work alone,
While thou for dam and bulwark carest;
Since thus for Neptune thou preparest,
The water-fiend, a mighty fête;
Before thee naught but ruin lies;
The elements are our allies;
Onward destruction strides elate.

FAUST

Inspector!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Here.

FAUST

As many as you may,
Bring crowds on crowds to labor here;
Them by reward and rigor cheer;
Persuade, entice, give ample pay!
Each day be tidings brought me at what rate
The moat extends which here we excavate.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*half aloud*)

They speak, as if to me they gave
Report, not of a moat—but of a grave.

FAUST

A marsh along the mountain chain
Infecteth what's already won;
Also the noisome pool to drain—
My last best triumph then were won:
To many millions space I thus should give,
Though not secure, yet free to toil and live;
Green fields and fertile; men, with cattle blent,
Upon the newest earth would dwell content,
Settled forthwith upon the firm-based hill,
Up-lifted by a valiant people's skill;
Within, a land like Paradise; outside,
E'en to the brink, roars the impetuous tide,

And as it gnaws, striving to enter there,
All haste, combined, the damage to repair.
Yea, to this thought I cling, with virtue rife,
Wisdom's last fruit, profoundly true:
Freedom alone he earns as well as life,
Who day by day must conquer them anew.
So girt by danger, childhood bravely here,
Youth, manhood, age, shall dwell from year to year;
Such busy crowds I fain would see,
Upon free soil stand with a people free;
Then to the moment might I say:
Linger a while, so fair thou art!
Nor can the traces of my earthly day
Through ages from the world depart!
In the presentiment of such high bliss,
The highest moment I enjoy—'tis this.

(FAUST *sinks back, the* LEMURES *lay hold of him and lay him upon the ground.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES

Him could no pleasure sate, no joys appease,
So wooed he ever changeful phantasies;
The last worst empty moment to retain,
E'en to the last, the sorry wretch was fain.
Me who so stoutly did withstand—
Time conquers,—lies the old man on the sand!
The clock stands still—

CHORUS

Stands still, no sound is heard;

The index falls—

MEPHISTOPHELES

It falls, 'tis finished now.

CHORUS

Yes, it is past!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Past, 'tis a stupid word.

Why past?
Past and pure nothingness are one, I trow.
Of what avail creation's ceaseless play?

Created things forthwith to sweep away?
"There, now 'tis past."—'Tis past, what may it mean?
It is as good as if it ne'er had been,
And yet as if it Being did possess,
Still in a circle it doth ceaseless press:
I should prefer the Eternal—Emptiness.

Mephistopheles, believing that he has won his wager and that his triumph has come, summons his demons to carry Faust off. The angels of the heavenly host descend to battle for his soul, scattering roses as they come:

Roses, with dazzling sheen,
Balsam out-pouring!
Float heaven and earth between,
Sweet life restoring!
Branchlets with plumy wing,
Buds softly opening
Hasten to blow!
Burst into verdure, Spring,
Purple and green!
To him who sleeps below,
Paradise bring!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to the Satans*)
Why duck and shrink? Is this hell's wonted way?
Stand firm, and let them scatter to and fro.
Back to his place each fool! Imagine they,
Forsooth, with such a pretty flowery show,
To cover the hot devils, as with snow?
They'll shrink and shrivel where your breathings play.

Blow now, ye Blowers! Hold! not quite so fast!
Pales the whole bevy 'neath your fiery blast.
Not quite so fiercely! Mouth and nostril close!
Your breathing now too strongly blows.
O that ye never the just mean will learn!
That shrivels not alone, 'twill scorch and burn.

Floating they come, with poisonous flames and clear;
Stand firm against them, press together here!—

Force is extinguished, courage all is spent;
A strange alluring glow the devils scent.

ANGELS

Blossoms, with rapture crown'd,
Flames fraught with gladness,
Love they diffuse around,
Banishing sadness,
As the heart may:
Words, blessed truth that tell,
Give, by their potent spell,
Spirits eterne to dwell
In endless day!

MEPHISTOPHELES

A curse upon the idiot band!
Upon their heads the Satans stand!
Tail-foremost down the hellward path
Plunge round and round the clumsy host.
Enjoy your well-earned fiery bath!
But for my part, I'll keep my post.

(*Striking aside the hovering roses.*)

Off, will o' the wisp! How bright soe'er thy ray,
Captured, thou'rt but an odious, pulpy thing;
Why flutterest? Wilt vanish, straight away!—
Like pitch and brimstone to my neck dost cling?

ANGEL (*chorus*)

Doth aught thy nature mar?
Cease to endure it;
If 'gainst thy soul it war,
Must ye abjure it;
If to press in it try,
Quell it right valiantly!
'Tis love the loving-one
Leadeth on high.

MEPHISTOPHELES

I'm all aflame, head, heart, and liver burn—

An over-devilish element,
Than hellish fire more sharp by far!
Hence ye so mightily lament,
Unhappy lovers, who, when scorned ye are,
After your sweethearts still your necks must turn.

Thus too with me, what draws my head aside?
Them have I not to deadly war defied?
My fiercest hate their aspect waked of yore;
Hath something alien pierced me through and through?
These gracious youths, them am I fain to view!—
What now restrains me that I curse no more?
And if befooled I now should be,
Who may henceforth "the fool" be styled?—
The rascals, whom I hate, for me
Too lovely are, I fairly am beguiled!

Sweet children, tell me, to the race
Belong ye not of Lucifer?
So fair ye seem, you I would fain embrace!
At the right moment ye appear;
So pleasant 'tis, so natural, as though
I you had seen a thousand times before,
So lustfully alluring now ye show.
With every look your beauty charms me more!
O nearer come! O grant me but one glance!

ANGEL

We come, why dost thou shrink as we advance?
So, if thou canst, abide; go not away.
(*The angels hover round, and occupy the entire space.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES

(*Who is pressed into the proscenium.*)

As spirits damned we're blamed by you—
Yourselves are yet the sorcerers true,
For man and maid ye lead astray.—
A curs'd adventure this I trow!
Is this love's element? My frame
In fire is plunged, I scarcely now
Feel on my neck the scorching flame!—

Ye hover to and fro; with pinions furl'd
Float downward, after fashion of the world
Move your sweet limbs; in sooth that earnest style
Becomes you, yet, for once, I fain would see you smile;
That were for me a rapture unsurpassed,—
A glance, I mean, like that which lovers cast:
A slight turn of the mouth, so is it done.—
Thee, tall and stately youth, most dearly thee I prize;
But ill beseemeth thee that priestly guise,
Give me one loving glance, I crave but one!
Ye might, with decency, less clothed appear,
O'er modest in such lengthened drapery.—
They wheel around, to see them in the rear!
All too enticing are the rogues for me!

CHORUS OF ANGELS

Love now with lustrous ray
Thy fires reveal!
Those to remorse a prey
Truth's power can heal;
No longer evil's thrall,
Joyful and blest,
One with the All-in-all,
Henceforth they rest!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*collecting himself*)

How is't with me? The man entire, like Job,
Must loathe himself, cleft through with boil on boil,—
Yet triumphs too, after the first recoil,
If he his inward nature fairly probe,
And in himself confides and in his kin:
Saved are the noble devil parts within.
This love attack he casts upon the skin,—
Burnt out already are the cursed flames,
And, one and all, I curse you, as the occasion claims!

CHORUS OF ANGELS

Whom ye with hallow'd glow,
Pure fires, o'erbrood,
Blest in love's overflow,
Lives with the good.

Singing with voices clear,
Soar from beneath;
Pure is the atmosphere,
Breathe, spirit, breathe!
(*They rise, bearing with them the immortal part of* FAUST.)

The angels ascend with the body of Faust through the whole hierarchy of medieval Christianity, even to the seat of the Glorious Mother herself, where Gretchen intercedes:

Encircled by the choirs of heaven,
Scarcely himself the stranger knows;
Scarce feels the existence newly given,
So like the heavenly host he grows.
See, how he every band hath riven!
From earth's old vesture freed at length,
Now clothed upon by garb of heaven,
Shines forth his pristine youthful strength,
To guide him, be it given to me;
Still dazzles, him the new-born day.

MATER GLORIOSA

Ascend, thine influence feeleth he,
He'll follow on thine upward way.

DOCTOR MARIANUS

(*adoring, prostrate on his face*)
Penitents, her Savior-glance
Gratefully beholding
To beatitude advance,
Still new powers unfolding!
Thine each better thought shall be,
To thy service given!
Holy Virgin, gracious be,
Mother, Queen of Heaven!

CHORUS MYSTICUS

All of mere transient date
As symbol showeth;

Here, the inadequate
To fullness groweth;
Here the ineffable
Wrought is in love
The ever-womanly
Draws us above.

Robertson, in his *History of German Literature*, concludes his chapter on the "Second Part" of *Faust* as follows:

So culminates Goethe's representative work, a work which, in conception, at least, extends over sixty years of the poet's life. It is difficult to believe that the Goethe who gave the nineteenth century its greatest poem, whose later years belonged to the age of exact science, invention, and industrialism, began his intellectual career in the narrow, provincial atmosphere of Gottsched's Leipzig. Never was there a life so rich as his. Not only did he lead German literature through the stormy days of "Sturm und Drang" to the calm age of classical perfection; not only does he form the end and goal of the movement of eighteenth-century thought, which had begun in England, and become Europeanized in France; but he was able to understand, as no other man of his generation, the new time. He was the spiritual leader of the Romantic movement, and he encouraged all that was modern and healthy in the literatures of Europe, which sprang up under the influence of Romanticism. He looked on life, it is true, with the eyes of eighteenth-century humanitarianism, but, at the same time, he showed an understanding for modern conflicts, for modern ethics, for modern ideals in art and literature, which made him, in the fullest sense, a poet of the nineteenth century. That Goethe was the most universally gifted of men of letters has long been recognized; but it is sometimes forgotten that he was also the representative poet of two centuries, of two widely different epochs of history.

IV. "Poetry and Truth." After Goethe was sixty years old he composed his autobiography, the first part of which he published under the title *Aus meinem Leben: Dichtung und Wahrheit (From my Life: Poetry and Truth)*. It appeared in successive volumes, and, though its reception was somewhat disappointing to Goethe, yet it ranks now as the greatest autobiography in the German language and one of the greatest in literature. It is the work of an artist from beginning to end, and it contains the judgment and reflections of a philosopher. If Goethe had passed the age when he could depict his childhood with the enthusiasm one would expect, he yet retained sufficient recollection of it to dress the incidents with artistic finish and to exploit the development of his genius in a masterly manner.

Whatever his plan may have been, and it appears that he changed it a number of times, the present account terminates with the year 1775, although in his *Italian Journey* he resumes the account of his life eleven years later. We have his word that he was twenty-four years in writing it, though during that time there was a long intermission of seventeen years in which he did nothing. He describes his family and relatives carefully and tells of his love episodes in a series of delightful pictures of the charming girls with whom he successively fell in love—Gretchen, Kätchen, Friederike, Lotte and Lili. Nothing is much more ingenuous or attractive than the description of

his affair with Gretchen, which begins as follows:

On our entrance the table was already neatly and tidily set, and sufficient wine had been served; so we sat down, and were left to ourselves, without requiring any attendance. However, as the wine ran short at last, one of them called for the maid; but instead of the maid there came in a girl of uncommon, and, when contrasted with her surroundings, of astonishing beauty. "What is it you want?" she asked, after a friendly greeting; "the maid is ill in bed. Can I serve you?" "The wine has run short," said one; "if you would fetch us a few bottles, it would be very kind of you." "Do, Gretchen," said another, "it is only a step or two." "Why not?" she answered, and, taking a few empty bottles from the table, she hastened out. Her appearance, as she turned her back on us, was even more attractive. The little cap sat so neatly upon her little head, poised gracefully in its turn upon a slender throat. Her whole person breathed a peculiar charm which could be more fully appreciated when one's attention was no longer exclusively attracted and fettered by the clear, calm eyes and lovely mouth. I reproved my comrades for sending the girl out alone at night, but they only laughed at me, and I was soon consoled by her return, as the publican lived only just across the way. "Sit down with us, as a reward," said one. She did so; but, alas, she did not come near me. She drank a glass to our health, and left us, advising us not to carry on our revels too late into the night, and not to be so noisy, as her mother was just going to bed. It was not, however, her own mother, but the mother of our hosts.

This girl's image never left me from that moment; it was the first durable impression made upon me by any woman; and as I could find no pretext to see her at home, and would not seek one, I went to church for love of her, and soon discovered where she sat. Thus, during the long Protestant service, I gazed my fill at her. When the

congregation left the church I did not venture to accost her, much less to accompany her, and was perfectly delighted if she seemed to observe me and to return my greeting with a nod. Yet I was not long denied the happiness of approaching her. They had persuaded the suitor, whose poetical secretary I had been, that the letter written in his name had been actually sent to the lady, so that he lived in daily expectation of an answer. It was intended that I should write this too; and the roguish conspirators entreated me earnestly, through Pylades, to exert all my wit and employ all my art, to make this composition a masterpiece of elegance.

In the hope of again seeing my fair one, I set to work immediately, and thought of everything that would please me most if Gretchen were writing it to me. I seemed to have expressed myself so completely after her form, her nature, her manner, and her mind, that I could not refrain from wishing that it were so in reality, and lost myself in rapture at the mere thought that something similar could be sent from her to me. Thus I deluded myself, while I intended to impose upon another; and so laid myself open to much joy and to much trouble. By the time I was once more summoned, my work was ready; I promised to come, and did not fail at the appointed hour. Only one of the young men was at home; Gretchen sat at the window spinning; the mother was busy about the house. The young man asked me to read it aloud to him; I complied, not without emotion, glancing at intervals from the paper at the beautiful girl before me; and, as I read, the slight uneasiness and faint flush I seemed to notice only helped me to render with more zest and fire those words which I would fain have heard from her own lips. The cousin, who had often interrupted me with commendations, at last entreated me to make some improvements. These concerned some passages which indeed were rather adapted to Gretchen's condition than to that of the lady in question, who was of a good family, wealthy, and known and respected in the city. The young man then pointed out the desired

changes, brought me writing materials, and took his leave for a short time to attend to some business matters. I remained sitting on the bench against the wall, behind the large table, and made an attempt at the alterations that were to be made, using for the purpose the large slate, which almost covered the whole table, and a pencil that always lay in the window, both of which were used to jot down reckonings or memoranda of various kinds, or even as a means of communication between incoming and outgoing guests.

I had for a while written different things and rubbed them out again, when I exclaimed impatiently, "It will not do!" "So much the better," the girl said gravely; "I am glad it will not do. You should not meddle in such matters." She arose from the distaff, and stepping towards the table, gave me a severe lecture, with a great deal of good sense and kindliness. "The thing seems an innocent jest; it is a jest, but it is not innocent. I have already known several cases, in which our young men, for the sake of mere mischief of that kind, have brought themselves into great difficulties." "But what shall I do?" I asked; "the letter is written, and they rely upon me to alter it." "Trust me," she replied, "and do not alter it; rather take it back, put it in your pocket, go away, and try to put matters straight through your friend. I will also put in a word; for look you, though I am a poor girl, and dependent upon these relations—who indeed do no harm, though they will often risk a good deal for the sake of fun or profit—I held out against them, and would not copy the first letter, as they requested. They wrote it in a feigned hand, and can do the same with this one, unless they devise some other expedient. But you, a young man of good family, rich, independent, why will you allow yourself to be used as a tool in a business which can certainly bring you no good, and may possibly have most unpleasant consequences?" It was a pleasure to me to hear her speak at such length, for as a rule she took small part in the conversation. My feeling for her grew so strong, that, no longer master of

myself, I replied, "I am not so independent as you suppose; and of what use is wealth to me, when I may not have the most precious thing I can desire?"

She drew the rough copy of my verses toward her, and read them in soft, low undertones. "That is very pretty," said she, stopping short at a sort of naïve conceit; "but it is a pity that it is not destined for any genuine purpose." "That would indeed be desirable," I cried, "and, oh! how happy would that man be who received such a proof of affection from a girl he tenderly loved." "It would not be likely to happen," she answered; "and yet many things are possible." "For example," I continued, "if any one who knew, prized, honored, and worshiped you, were to lay such a paper before you, and besought you very earnestly and tenderly, what would you do?" And I once more pushed towards her the paper she had just returned to me. She smiled, considered for a moment, took the pen, and signed her name. I was beside myself with rapture, sprang to my feet, and would have embraced her. "No kissing!" she said, "that is so vulgar; but let us love each other if we can." I had picked up the paper, and thrust it into my pocket. "No one shall ever get it," said I; "the affair is at an end. You have rescued me." "Now complete the rescue," she exclaimed, "and hurry off, before the others come, and you get into trouble and difficulty." I could not tear myself away from her, but she gently urged me, warmly pressing my right hand in both of hers! Tears stood in my eyes; I thought hers, too, were wet. I pressed my face upon her hands and hastened away.

The first impulses of love, where youth is still pure and unspoiled, will be free from all taint of sensuality. Nature seems to intend that each sex should find in the other an embodiment of the ideas of virtue and beauty. Thus the sight of this girl, and my love for her, had opened out to me a new world of loveliness and goodness. I read my poetic epistle a hundred times, gazed upon the signature, kissed it, pressed it to my heart, and rejoiced in its gracious avowal.

Interesting indeed is the account he gives of his native town, Frankfurt, and of the other cities he visited; of the condition of his country during the French Revolution; of his splendid friends, Herder, Merck, Lavater and others, all of whom are described most graphically. German literature of the time is sketched with a broad outlook and a careful attention to detail, while foreign literatures, especially English and French, are carefully traced in their relation to German; and, finally, he gives a realistic account of the inception, progress and completion of his own early writings. More entertaining, perhaps, than any other portion of the autobiography is his account of his childhood and youth and the influences that made him what he was. Among the latter was the earthquake of Lisbon, which, as we have already seen, produced a sensible effect upon Voltaire. We quote from the translation of Minna Steele Smith:

But an extraordinary event, affecting the whole world, deeply disturbed the boy's peace of mind, for the first time. On the 1st of November, 1755, the earthquake at Lisbon occurred, and spread a mighty terror over the world, long accustomed to peace and quiet. A great and magnificent capital, at the same time a trading and maritime city, is smitten, without warning, by a most fearful calamity. The earth trembles and totters, the sea rages, ships are dashed together, houses collapse, churches and towers on the top of them, the royal palace is in part swallowed by the waters, the cleft earth seems to vomit flames, since smoke and fire are seen everywhere amid the ruins. Sixty thousand persons, a moment before in ease and comfort, are annihilated at once, and he is to

be deemed most fortunate who was not allowed time for thought or consciousness of the disaster. The flames rage on, and with them rage a troop of desperadoes, who usually lurk in concealment, and who were set at large by this event. The wretched survivors are exposed to pillage, massacre, and every outrage: and thus, on all sides, Nature asserts her boundless caprice.

Vague intimations of this event had spread far and wide more quickly than the authentic reports: slight shocks had been felt in many places: many springs, particularly those with medicinal properties, were seen to be much less full than usual; all the greater was the effect of the accounts themselves, which were rapidly circulated, at first in general terms, but finally with shocking details. Hereupon, the religious were ready with reflections, the philosophic with grounds for consolation, and the clergy with warnings. All this combined to turn the attention of the world for a time in this direction; and, as additional and more detailed accounts of the far-reaching effects of this explosion came from every quarter, people whose minds were already perturbed by the misfortunes of others, began to be more and more anxious about themselves and their friends. Perhaps at no other time has the demon of terror sent his tremors through the earth so rapidly and overwhelmingly.

The boy, who had to listen to frequent repetitions of these events, was not a little shocked. God, the Creator and Preserver of Heaven and Earth, whom the explanation of the first article of the creed represented as so wise and benignant, had, by giving both the just and the unjust a prey to the same destruction, not manifested Himself, by any means, in a fatherly character. In vain his young mind strove to resist these impressions. It was the more impossible, as the wise and devout could not themselves agree as to the light in which such a phenomenon should be regarded.

The next summer gave a further opportunity of direct cognizance of that wrathful God, of whom the Old Testament records so much. A sudden hail-storm, accom-

panied by thunder and lightning, burst with terrific violence and broke the new panes of plate-glass at the back of our house, which faced towards the west, damaged the new furniture, injured some highly prized books and other valuables. The storm seemed the more terrible to the children because the servants, quite beside themselves, dragged them into a dark passage, and there, falling on their knees, thought to conciliate the wrathful Deity by their frightful groans and cries. Meanwhile, my father, who alone retained his self-possession, forced open and lifted out the window-frames, and so saved many panes of glass, but opened a freer course to the torrent of rain that followed the hail, so that when at last we recovered ourselves, the passages and staircases were found to be swimming with streams of water.

Goethe's introduction to books may prove interesting to the modern reader:

No libraries for children had at that time been established. Their elders still had childish ideas, and did not trouble themselves to do more than impart their own education to their successors. Except the *Orbis Pictus* of Amos Comenius, no book of its kind fell into our hands; but we often turned over the leaves of the large folio Bible, with engravings by Merian; Gottfried's Chronicles, with plates by the same master, instructed us in the most notable events of universal history; the *Acerra Philologica* added all sorts of fables, mythologies and wonders: and as I soon discovered Ovid's *Metamorphoses,* the first books of which in particular I studied carefully, my young brain was comparatively early furnished with a mass of pictures and events, of significant and wonderful figures and occurrences, and I never felt time hang heavy on my hands, as I always occupied myself in assimilating, repeating, and reproducing what I had acquired.

A more moral and elevating effect than that of these somewhat coarse and questionable antiquities, was produced by Fénelon's *Telemaque,* with which I first became

acquainted in Neukirch's translation, and which, in spite of its imperfect rendering, had a sweet and beneficent influence on my mind. That *Robinson Crusoe* was added betimes, follows in the nature of things; and it may be imagined that the *Island of Felsenberg* was not omitted. Lord Anson's *Voyage round the World* combined the dignity of truth with the imaginativeness of a fairy tale, and while accompanying this excellent seaman in thought, we were conducted over all the world, and endeavored to follow him with our fingers on the globe. But a still richer harvest lay before me when I lighted on a mass of writings, which cannot, it is true, be called excellent in their present state, but by their contents show us, in an innocent way, much that is admirable in former times.

The publication, or rather the manufacture, of those books which at a later day became so well known and celebrated under the name of *Volksschriften, Volksbucher* (popular works or chap-books), was carried on in Frankfort itself. The immense demand for them led to their being printed from stereotypes on the most hideous absorbent paper, so that they were barely legible. We children were lucky to find these precious survivals from the Middle Ages every day on a little table at the door of a vendor of old books, and to make them our own for a few *kreutzer*. The Eulenspiegel, the Four Sons of Aymon, the Fair Melusina, the Emperor Octavian, the Beautiful Magelone, Fortunatus, and all the rest of them down to the Wandering Jew, were at our service, whenever we coveted such works in preference to sweet-meats. One great advantage was, that when we had read, worn out, or otherwise damaged such a sheet, it could easily be procured again and devoured anew.

V. "CONVERSATIONS." *The Conversations of Goethe with Eckermann and Soret* is, as we have elsewhere stated, a Boswellian account of Goethe's conversations, and it covers a great variety of topics in a most familiar and enter-

taining manner. It is quite impossible to give an adequate idea of the *Conversations* because of the range that they took and the chronological manner in which they are presented. Eckermann must have given very close and devoted attention; he reproduced his notes in a spirit of friendliness and admiration that is rarely exhibited by a biographer. Speaking of his relation to Goethe, he says:

My relation to him was peculiar, and of a very intimate kind: it was that of the scholar to the master; of the son to the father; of the poor in culture to the rich in culture. He drew me into his own circle, and let me participate in the mental and bodily enjoyments of a higher state of existence. Sometimes I saw him but once a week, when I visited him in the evening; sometimes every day, when I had the happiness to dine with him either alone or in company. His conversation was as varied as his works. He was always the same, and always different. Now he was occupied by some great idea, and his words flowed forth rich and inexhaustible; they were often like a garden in spring where all is in blossom, and where one is so dazzled by the general brilliancy that one does not think of gathering a nosegay. At other times, on the contrary, he was taciturn and laconic, as if a cloud pressed upon his soul; nay, there were days when it seemed as if he were filled with icy coldness, and a keen wind was sweeping over plains of frost and snow. When one saw him again he was again like a smiling summer's day, when all the warblers of the wood joyously greet us from hedges and bushes, when the cuckoo's voice resounds through the blue sky, and the brook ripples through flowery meadows. Then it was a pleasure to hear him; his presence then had a beneficial influence, and the heart expanded at his words.

Winter and summer, age and youth, seemed with him to be engaged in a perpetual strife and change; never-

theless, it was admirable in him, when from seventy to eighty years old, that youth always recovered the ascendancy; those autumnal and wintry days I have indicated were only rare exceptions.

One or two passages in addition to those already quoted may perhaps be permitted here. They are from the translation of John Oxenford. The first is a striking comparison of classical and modern peoples:

We admire the tragedies of the ancient Greeks; but, to take a correct view of the case, we ought rather to admire the period and the nation in which their production was possible than the individual authors; for though these pieces differ a little from each other, and though one of these poets appears somewhat greater and more finished than the other, still, taking all things together, only one decided character runs through the whole.

This is the character of grandeur, fitness, soundness, human perfection, elevated wisdom, sublime thought, pure, strong intuition, and whatever other qualities one might enumerate. But when we find all these qualities, not only in the dramatic works that have come down to us, but also in lyrical and epic works, in the philosophers, the orators, and the historians, and in an equally high degree in the works of plastic art that have come down to us, we must feel convinced that such qualities did not merely belong to individuals, but were the current property of the nation and the whole period.

Now, take up Burns. How is he great, except through the circumstance that the whole songs of his predecessors lived in the mouth of the people,—that they were, so to speak, sung at his cradle; that, as a boy, he grew up amongst them, and the high excellence of these models so pervaded him that he had therein a living basis on which he could proceed further? Again, why is he great, but from this, that his own songs at once found susceptible ears amongst his compatriots; that, sung by reapers and

sheaf-binders, they at once greeted him in the field; and that his boon-companions sang them to welcome him at the alehouse? Something was certainly to be done in this way.

On the other hand, what a pitiful figure is made by us Germans! Of our old songs—no less important than those of Scotland—how many lived among the people in the days of my youth? Herder and his successors first began to collect them and rescue them from oblivion; then they were at least printed in the libraries. Then, more lately, what songs have not Burger and Voss composed! Who can say that they are more insignificant or less popular than those of the excellent Burns? but which of them so lives among us that it greets us from the mouth of the people?—they are written and printed, and they remain in the libraries, quite in accordance with the general fate of German poets. Of my own songs, how many live? Perhaps one or another of them may be sung by a pretty girl to the piano; but among the people, properly so called, they have no sound. With what sensations must I remember the time when passages from Tasso were sung to me by Italian fishermen!

We Germans are of yesterday. We have indeed been properly cultivated for a century; but a few centuries more must still elapse before so much mind and elevated culture will become universal amongst our people that they will appreciate beauty like the Greeks, that they will be inspired by a beautiful song, and that it will be said of them "it is long since they were barbarians."

Goethe's letter from Scott and the comments thereon are interesting to English readers. They bear the date of July 25, 1827:

Goethe has lately received a letter from Walter Scott, which has given him great pleasure. He showed it to me to-day, and as the English handwriting was very illegible to him, he begged me to translate the contents to him. It appears that Goethe had first written to the renowned English poet, and that this letter was in reply.

"I feel myself highly honored," writes Walter Scott, "that any of my productions should have been so fortunate as to attract the attention of Goethe, to the number of whose admirers I have belonged since the year 1798, when, notwithstanding my slight knowledge of the German language, I was bold enough to translate into English the *Götz von Berlichingen*. In this youthful undertaking, I had quite forgotten that it is not enough to feel the beauty of a work of genius, but that one must also thoroughly understand the language in which it is written before one can succeed in making such beauty apparent to others. Nevertheless, I still set some value on that youthful effort, because it at least shows that I knew how to choose a subject which was worthy of admiration.

"I have often heard of you, through my son-in-law, Lockhart, a young man of literary eminence, who, some years before he became connected with my family, had the honor of being introduced to the father of German literature. It is impossible that you should recollect every individual of the great number of those who feel themselves urged to pay you their respects; but I believe no one is more heartily devoted to you than that young member of my family.

. . . . . .

"It is highly gratifying to all admirers of genius to know that one of the greatest European models enjoys a fortunate and honorable retreat, at an age when he sees himself respected in so remarkable a manner. Poor Lord Byron's destiny did not grant him so fortunate a lot, since it carried him off in the prime of life, and cut short all that had been hoped and expected from him. He esteemed himself fortunate in the honor which you paid him, and felt how much he was indebted to a poet to whom all the writers of the present generation owe so much, that they feel themselves bound to look up to him with childlike veneration.

"I have taken the liberty of requesting MM. Treuttel and Wurtz to send to you my attempt at a biography of that remarkable man who for so many years had so

terrible an influence in the world which he governed. Besides, I do not know whether I am not under some obligation to him, inasmuch as he made me carry arms for 12 years, during which time I served in a corps of our militia, and, in spite of a long standing lameness, became a good horseman, huntsman, and shot. These good qualities have latterly a little forsaken me; rheumatism, that sad torment of our northern climate, having affected my limbs. However, I do not complain; for I see my sons join in the pleasures of the chase, since I have been obliged to give them up.

"My eldest son has a squadron of hussars, which is a great deal for a young man of five-and-twenty. My younger son has lately taken the degree of Bachelor of Arts at Oxford, and is now going to spend some months at home, before he enters into the world. As it has pleased God to take their mother from me, my youngest daughter manages my domestic affairs. My eldest daughter is married, and has a family of her own.

"This is the domestic condition of a man concerning whom you have so kindly inquired. For the rest, I possess enough to live quite as I wish, notwithstanding some very heavy losses. I inhabit a stately old mansion, where every friend of Goethe's will at all times be welcome. The hall is filled with armor, which would even have suited Jaxthausen; a large bloodhound guards the entrance.

"I have, however, forgotten him who contrived that people should not forget him while alive. I hope you will pardon the faults of the work, whilst you consider that the author was animated by the wish to treat the memory of this extraordinary man as sincerely as his island prejudices would allow.

"As this opportunity of writing to you has suddenly and accidentally been afforded me by a traveler, and admits of no delay, I have not time to say more, excepting that I wish you a continuance of good health and repose, and subscribe myself, with the deepest esteem,

"Edinburgh, July 9, 1827." WALTER SCOTT.

Goethe was, as I said, delighted with this letter. He was, however, of opinion that it paid him so much respect that he must put a great deal to the account of the courtesy of a man of rank and refined cultivation.

He then mentioned the good and affectionate manner in which Walter Scott spoke of his family connections, which pleased him highly, as a sign of brotherly confidence.

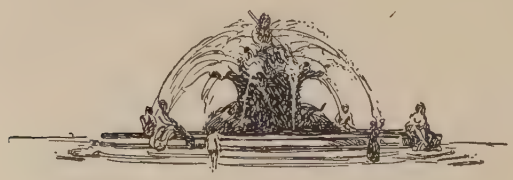
"I am really quite impatient," continued he, "for his *Life of Napoleon*, which he announces to me. I hear so many contradictions and vehement protestations concerning the book, that I am already certain it will, in any case, be very remarkable."

I asked about Lockhart, and whether he still recollected him.

"Perfectly well!" returned Goethe. "His personal appearance makes so decided an impression that one cannot easily forget him. From all I hear from Englishmen, and from my daughter-in-law, he must be a young man from whom great things in literature are to be expected.

"I almost wonder that Walter Scott does not say a word about Carlyle, who has so decided a German tendency that he must certainly be known to him.

"It is admirable in Carlyle that, in his judgment of our German authors, he has especially in view the mental and moral core as that which is really influential. Carlyle is a moral force of great importance. There is in him much for the future, and we cannot foresee what he will produce and effect."



FOUNTAIN OF SCHLOSSBRUNNEN, BERLIN

CHAPTER XIII

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY (CONCLUDED)

SCHILLER

BIOGRAPHY. Johann Christoph Friedrich von Schiller was born at Marbach, in Württemberg, in November, 1759. He was the only son of Johann Caspar Schiller, a man of humble origin but excellent character and remarkable abilities, for he began life as a barber and was advanced to be military surgeon and, finally, major in a Bavarian regiment of Hussars. The last years of his life were spent as a landscape gardener in the service of the Duke of Württemberg. Schiller's mother was an innkeeper's daughter, but an affectionate, intelligent woman, with fine tastes and a remarkably keen appreciation of good poetry. Such parents could not but be anxious for the education and future of their son, and they destined him for the ministry, a profession to which

Schiller never felt himself called. Duke Karl of Württemberg had established a school, and in this the young Schiller, when he was fourteen, was placed, much against his will; in fact, the discipline and surroundings were not calculated to foster the genius of the new pupil or to encourage him in his education. He began early to write, but every attempt of this sort was frowned upon not only by his parents, but by the school; and when he was discovered in attempting to evade the rules by pleading headache or some other ailment so that he might have leisure to read or spend some time in composing, he was strictly forbidden to write again under any circumstances.

When Schiller was graduated from the ducal school in 1780, he was compelled to take service as regimental surgeon in the Duke's forces, but he was so violently opposed to this galling servitude that he expressed his feelings in a poem, that, when published, brought him popularity among his readers but the disapproval of his ruler. Then, in 1782, when he stole away to see the production of his first play, *The Robbers*, at Mannheim, he was arrested, sentenced to two weeks' confinement and forbidden to publish anything thereafter. In September of that year, fearing still further persecutions, he escaped with a friend and for eight months remained in retirement, under the name of Doctor Ritter, at the home of a generous patroness, Frau von Wolzogen, at Bauerbach. Here he completed his historical drama,

Fiesco, which he sold for ten louis and was so encouraged by this that he began on other dramas with new enthusiasm. By 1784 Schiller's plays had been recognized as the work of genius, and early the next year he left Mannheim; for two years he lived in straightened circumstances near Leipzig and in Dresden, where he was aided by the father of Körner, the patriotic poet. Wieland's enthusiasm had already affected Schiller, and he began turning his prose dramas into verse.

In July, 1787, he went to Weimar, influenced probably by his platonic affection for the charming Charlotte von Kalb, which proceeded without interruption, although at the same time he was in love with Henriette von Arnim. In Weimar he became the intimate friend of Herder and Wieland, turned his attention to historical and philosophical work, and in 1789, the year after he published his *History of the Revolt of the United Netherlands*, he was appointed to a professorship in the faculty of Jena. His *History of the Thirty Years' War* followed, and then a number of philosophical articles on various aesthetic and literary subjects. Meanwhile, he had turned his attention to lyric poetry and had produced some of his most charming poems.

In 1791 his labors were interrupted by a catarrhal fever, from which he never fully recovered. He gave up his lectures at Jena, and for a year wandered about in search of health. Schiller at this time was poor and needy, but

the Danish poet, Jens Baggesen, induced the Duke of Holstein-Augustenberg and the Danish minister to grant the poet a pension equivalent to about a thousand dollars a year for three years and to accompany it with a suggestion that he need not feel under obligation to work hard to deserve it. About this time Schiller met Goethe, of whose fame he had been somewhat jealous, but the two became friends and until the death of Schiller they worked together most harmoniously, criticizing each other's work, offering suggestions, and each stimulating in the other that which was best and most productive in his genius. A correspondence covering more than a thousand letters shows their intimacy and personal regard. Together they edited *The Hours*, and Goethe brought Schiller back from his historical labors to poetry and the drama. They took part together in a literary controversy in which they produced some four hundred epigrams under the title of *Xenien,* in the *Musenalmanach.* (*Xenia* [*Gifts to Guests*], it will be remembered, is the title of the thirteenth book of epigrams of Martial.) Goethe and Schiller both produced witty and happy epigrams at the expense of the theories of the day, and more personal ones against the foibles of individuals. While the caustic nature of some of these made enemies for the two, yet in many instances the only title that the offended one has to remembrance is that he was embalmed in an epigram. The result of the friendship of

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1759–1805

Goethe was manifested also in a new outburst of Schiller's genius, and during the remainder of his life he was actively engaged on the greatest and most famous of his works. Lyrics and ballads familiar to every German schoolboy and dramas that mark the height of German accomplishment in that department were produced in rapid succession.

A visit to Dresden brought Schiller in contact with ideals of classic art, and he showed the result in *The Bride of Messina*, a severely classical drama that failed to win popular applause.

While a professor at Jena, Schiller married Charlotte von Lengefeld, by whom he had two sons and two daughters, and when in 1802 he was ennobled, he remarked that he cared little for the honor himself, but he was glad "for Lolo's and the children's sake." Personally he appreciated much more highly the fact that the French National Convention had in 1793 made him a citizen of the French Republic. His wife survived him for more than twenty years.

Wilhelm Tell, Schiller's last and, in the minds of many, his greatest drama, was finished in 1804, after much exacting labor and many interruptions from the inquisitive Madame de Stael, who at that time was in Weimar and whose departure left the poet feeling "as though he had recovered from a severe illness." The practical realism of *Tell* was extremely popular, and as Germany was just then enter-

ing upon her period of humiliation, the patriotism of the great Swiss was inspiring. Schiller was invited to Berlin and royally welcomed at a presentation of his great play, but the exertion caused a relapse to his old malady and prostrated him on his return to Weimar. From this attack he partially recovered and began new work, but in May, 1805, his old complaint again seized him, and he died an untimely death.

Schiller was a simple, noble-hearted man with a clear intellect. Filled with enthusiasm and delicate sensibility, he was so versatile in his gifts that he might have excelled in any department, but his peculiar bent toward poetry nothing could overcome, and his human sympathy made him personally the object of love and veneration by all Germans, to say nothing of the wide circle of those acquainted with his writings in all parts of the civilized world. Carlyle says:

> Schiller was at once fiery and tender; impetuous, soft, affectionate; his enthusiasm clothed the universe with grandeur, and sent his spirit forth to explore its secrets, and mingle warmly in its interests. Thus poetry in Schiller was not one, but many gifts. It was not the "lean and flashy song" of an ear apt for harmony, combined with a maudlin sensibility, or a mere animal ferocity of passion, and an imagination creative chiefly because unbridled; it was, what true poetry is always, the quintessence of general mental riches, the purified result of strong thought and conception, and of refined as well as powerful emotion. In his writings we behold him a moralist, a philosopher, a man of universal knowledge;

in each of these capacities he is great, but also in more; for all that he achieves in these is brightened and gilded with the touch of another quality; his maxims, his feelings, his opinions, are transformed from the lifeless shape of didactic truths, into living shapes that address faculties far finer than the understanding.

Bulwer-Lytton has written:

With Schiller the imagination and the intellect were so nicely balanced, that one knows not which was the greater; owing, happily, to the extensive range of his studies, it may be said that as the intellect was enriched, the imagination was strengthened. He did not sing "as the bird sings," from the mere impulse of song, but he rather selected poetry as the most perfect form for the expression of noble fancies and high thoughts. "His conscience was his muse."

II. SCHILLER'S WORKS. The first of Schiller's published plays was *Die Räuber (The Robbers)*, produced under circumstances we have already noted. *Fiesco*, a disguised political manifesto, appeared in 1784, and failed; *Love and Intrigue*, however, was enthusiastically received at Mannheim in the same year as the best German drama of contemporary life, although also political in tone. *Don Carlos*, in blank verse, was given an unprecedented reception, and Schiller found himself everywhere famous, though its publication had been delayed till 1787. In the meantime, he had written an ode and some lyrics and had begun *The Ghost-seer*, a prose romance which was never finished.

At Weimar he produced the two histories already mentioned, and besides, a number of

dissertations *On Tragic Art, On Grace and Dignity, On the Sublime* and other subjects, all tinged more or less with the philosophy of Kant. Besides these, he finished an admirable and more distinctly literary essay, *On Naïve (Simple) and Sentimental Poetry*. And yet is the tale of his labor incomplete, for he wrote the noble hymn *To Joy*, which was subsequently set to music in Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, and a number of lyrics and ballads, many of which are among his best. The year 1797 was his great ballad year, in which he wrote *The Cranes of Ibycus, The Glove, The Ring of Polycrates, The Knight Toggenburg* and *Fridolin, or the Walk to the Iron Foundry,* remarkable for their intensity. In the same year he began *The Lay of the Bell,* most highly regarded of lyrics, and in the next year appeared the ballads *The Hostage* and *The Fight with the Dragon.*

Then came the return to the drama, in which Schiller scored his greatest triumphs by means of the great trilogy, *Wallenstein's Camp, The Piccolomini* and *Wallenstein's Death,* which in completed form were first presented in April, 1799, on dates ever memorable in German stage history. *Mary Stuart* was first acted in 1800, and the *Maid of Orleans* in 1801, at Leipzig. One more great drama appeared from his facile pen before its labor was stopped by death, the *William Tell,* a masterpiece.

III. "The Robbers." *The Robbers* is the demonstration of Schiller's genius in early

years, the genuine expression of *Sturm und Drang* in politics. Unlike *Goetz*, it does not go to medieval times for its subject, but takes its background, so far as it has one, from the Seven Years' War. "A strange, rugged, fiery melodrama, which seemed destined to announce and to animate the revolution of a world," it is, as Bulwer says, "one sweeping, uncompromising defiance of the sober proprieties, in which the mature see decorum and the young dissimulation." Carlyle remarks:

> In perusing this play we are alternately shocked and inspired; there is a perpetual conflict between our understanding and our feelings. Yet the latter on the whole come off victorious. *The Robbers* is a tragedy that will long find readers to astonish, and, with all its faults, to move. It stands, in our imagination, like some ancient rugged pile of a barbarous age; irregular, fantastic, useless; but grand in its height and massiveness, and black frowning strength. It will long remain a singular monument of the early genius and early fortune of its author.

The subject is the enmity of two brothers; Charles Moor, endowed with all the characteristics that were admired in that vigorous age, has been supplanted in his father's affections by his false and scheming brother, Francis, though just on the point of returning repentant from his wildness. Thrown into a fury of despair, Charles organizes a band of robbers to act in the Bohemian forests. In the meantime, Francis fails by threats or cajoleries to shake the constancy of Amelia, a cousin, who is pledged to Charles.

Francis, pursuing his fiendish plans, causes his father and Amelia to believe that Charles is dead, and the old man seems to die in the presence of his niece, while Francis rejoices and promises a cruel, oppressive rule over his servants. The robbers are a wild and conscienceless set, who revere only their master Charles, who robs rich oppressors and gives to the poor and destitute. This tale is told of him by Razmann, one of the gang, to Spiegelbert, another:

Raz. Without joking! And they are not ashamed to serve under such a leader. He does not commit murder, as we do, for the sake of plunder—and as to money, as soon as he had plenty of it at command, he did not seem to care a straw for it; and his third of the booty, which belongs to him of right, he gives away to orphans, or supports promising young men with it, at college. But should he happen to get a country squire into his clutches, who grinds down his peasants like cattle, or some gold-laced villain, who warps the law to his own purposes, and hoodwinks the eyes of justice with his gold,—or any other chap of that kidney,—then, my boy, he is in his element, and rages like a very devil, as if every fiber in his body were a fury.

Spie. Humph!

Raz. The other day, we were told, at a tavern, that a rich count from Ratisbon was about to pass through, who had gained the day in a suit worth a million of money, by the craftiness of his lawyer. The captain was just sitting down to a game at backgammon.—"How many of us are there?" said he to me, rising in haste. I saw him bite his nether lip, which he never does except when he is very determined.—"Not more than five," I replied.—"That's enough," he said; threw his score on the table, left the wine he had ordered untouched,

and off we went. The whole time he did not utter a syllable, but walked aloof and alone, only asking us from time to time whether we heard anything, and now and then desiring us to lay our ears to the ground. At last the count came in sight, his carriage heavily laden, the lawyer seated by his side, an outrider in advance, and two horsemen riding behind. Then you should have seen the man. With a pistol in each hand he ran before us to the carriage,—and the voice with which he thundered, "Halt!"—The coachman, who would not halt, was soon toppled from his box; the count fired out of the carriage and missed—the horsemen fled.—"Your money, rascal!" cried Moor, with his stentorian voice. The count lay like a bullock under the axe:—"And are you the rogue who turns justice into a venal prostitute?" The lawyer shook till his teeth chattered again;—and a dagger soon stuck in his body, like a stake in a vineyard.—"I have done my part," cried the captain, turning proudly away; "the plunder is your affair."—And with this he vanished into the forest.

Roller, one of the robbers, is condemned to death; the tale of his rescue is as follows:

Schweitzer. We waited till the thoroughfares were clear. —The whole town was out after the sight; equestrians, pedestrians, carriages, all pell-mell; the noise and the gibbet-psalm sounded far and wide. Now, says the captain, light up, light up!—We all flew like darts; they set fire to the city in three-and-thirty places at once; threw burning firebrands on the powder-magazine, and into the churches and granaries.—*Morbleu!* in less than a quarter of an hour a northeaster, which, like us, must have owed a grudge to the city, came seasonably to our aid, and helped to lift the flames up to the highest gables. Meanwhile we ran up and down the streets like furies, crying, fire! ho! fire! ho! in every direction.—There was such howling—screaming

—tumult—fire-bells tolling.—And presently the powder-magazine blew up into the air with a crash as if the earth were rent in twain, heaven burst to shivers, and hell sunk ten thousand fathoms deeper.

Roller. Now my guards looked behind them—there lay the city, like Sodom and Gomorrah—the whole horizon was one mass of fire, brimstone, and smoke; and forty hills echoed and reflected the infernal prank far and wide.—A panic seized them all—I take advantage of the moment, and, quick as lightning—my fetters had been taken off, so nearly was my time come—while my guards were looking away petrified, like Lot's wife,—I shot off—tore through the crowd—and away!—After running some sixty paces I throw off my clothes, plunge into the river, and swim along under water till I think they have lost sight of me.—My captain stood ready, with horses and clothes—and here I am.—Moor! Moor! I only wish that you may soon get into just such another scrape, that I may requite you in like manner.

Raz. A brutal wish, for which you deserve to be hanged.—It was a glorious prank, though.

Rol. It was help in need; you cannot judge of it.—You should have marched, like me, with a rope round your neck, traveling to your grave in the living body, and seen their horrid sacramental forms and hangman's ceremonies—and then, at every reluctant step, as the struggling feet were thrust forward, to see the infernal machine, on which I was to be elevated, glaring more and more hideously in the blaze of a noon-day sun—and the hangman's rascallions watching for their prey—and the horrible psalm singing—the cursed twang still rings in my ears—and the screeching hungry ravens, a whole flight of them, who were hovering over the half-rotten carcase of my predecessor.—To see all this—ay, more, to have a foretaste of the blessedness which was in store for me!—Brother, brother!—And then, all of a sudden, the signal of deliverance.—It was an explosion as if the vault of heaven were rent

in twain.—Hark ye, fellows! I tell you, if a man were to leap out of a fiery furnace into a freezing lake, he could not feel the contrast half so strongly as I did when I gained the opposite shore.

Spie. (*laughs*). Poor wretch! Well, you have got over it. (*Pledges him.*) Here's to a happy regeneration!

Rol. (*flings away his glass*). No, by all the treasures of Mammon, I should not like to go through it a second time. Death is something more than a harlequin's leap, and its terrors are even worse than death itself.

Spie. And the powder-magazine leaping into the air!—Don't you see it now, Razmann?—That was the reason the air stunk so, for miles round, of brimstone, as if the whole wardrobe of Moloch was being aired under the open firmament.—It was a master-stroke, captain! I envy you for it.

Schw. If the town makes it a holiday treat to see our comrade killed like a baited hog, why the devil should we scruple to sacrifice the city for the rescue of our comrade? And, by the way, our fellows had the extra treat of being able to plunder worse than the old Emperor.—Tell me, what have you sacked?

A Trooper. I crept into St. Stephen's church during the hubbub, and tore the gold lace from the altar cloth. The patron saint, thought I to myself, can make gold lace out of packthread.

Schw. 'Twas well done.—What is the use of such rubbish in a church? They offer it to the Creator who despises such trumpery, while they leave his creatures to die of hunger.—And you, Sprazeler—where did you throw your net?

A Second. I and Brizal broke into a merchant's store, and have brought stuffs enough with us to serve fifty men.

A Third. I have filched two gold watches and a dozen silver spoons.

Schw. Well done, well done! And we have lighted them a bonfire that will take a fortnight to put out again. And, to get rid of the fire, they must ruin the city with

water.—Do you know, Schufterle, how many lives have been lost?

Schufterle. Eighty-three, they say. The powder-magazine alone blew threescore to atoms.

Charles. (*very seriously*). Roller, thou art dearly bought.

Schuf. Bah! bah! What of that?—If they had but been men, it would have been another matter—but they were babes in swaddling clothes, and shriveled old nurses that kept the flies from them, and dried-up stove-squatters who could not crawl to the door—patients whining for the doctor, who, with his stately gravity, was marching to the sport.—All that had the use of their legs had gone forth to the sight, and nothing remained at home but the dregs of the city.

Charles. Alas, for the poor creatures! Sick people, sayest thou? old men and infants?

Schuf. Ay, the devil go with them! Poor poets, without a shoe, because their only pair had been sent to the cobbler to mend—and other such vermin, not worth the trouble of mentioning.—As I chanced to pass by a cottage, I heard a great squalling inside. I looked in; and, when I came to examine, what do you think it was? Why, an infant—a plump and ruddy urchin—lying on the floor under a table which was just beginning to burn.—Poor little wretch! said I, you will be cold there, and with that I threw it into the flames——

Charles. Indeed, Shufterle?—Then may those flames burn in thy bosom to all eternity!—Avaunt! monster! Never let me see thee again in my troop! What! Do you murmur?—Do you hesitate?—Who dares hesitate when I command?—Away with him, I say!—And there are others among you ripe for my vengeance.—I know thee, Spiegelberg.—But I will step in among you ere long, and hold a fearful muster-roll. (*Exeunt, trembling.*

Charles (*alone, walking up and down in great agitation*). Hear them not, thou avenger in heaven!—How can I avert it? Art thou to blame, great God, if thy engines, pestilence, and famine, and floods, overwhelm the just

with the unjust? Who can stay the flame, which is kindled to destroy the hornet's nest, from extending to the blessed harvest?—Oh! fie on the slaughter of women, and children, and the sick!—How this deed weighs me down! It has poisoned my fairest achievements!—There he stands, poor fool, abashed and disgraced in the sight of heaven; the boy that presumed to wield Jove's thunder, and overthrew pigmies when he should have crushed Titans.—Go, go! 'tis not for thee, puny son of clay, to wield the avenging sword of sovereign justice! Thou didst fail at thy first essay. —Here, then, I renounce the audacious scheme.—I go to hide myself in some deep cleft of the earth, where no daylight will be witness of my shame. (*He is about to fly.*)

The band is surrounded by eighteen hundred soldiers, and Charles returns to lead his followers to safety. Father Dominic comes with promises of amnesty to the troop, if they will give up their captain. Charles denounces Father Dominic and his companions with all the venomous eloquence of intense passion, disarms and binds himself, and jeers at his followers as he urges them to betray him. Not a one is treacherous; all gather round to fight at his side, with the war-cry, "Death or liberty! At least they shall not take a man of us alive."

Francis has usurped the control of his father's affairs, and he vilely threatens Amelia, who refuses to be false to her betrothed, even though he is dead, and when her persecutor attempts to use force she seizes his sword from its scabbard and defends herself. Hermann, the natural son of a nobleman and the instrument of Francis in his iniquities, has been

promised Amelia, but when he discovers the double treachery of his master, he informs Amelia that both her uncle and her lover are still alive. In a soliloquy on the banks of the Danube before some of his band, Charles shows signs of remorse, and when Kosinsky comes to join the troop and tells of his own imprisonment and the loss of his love, who sacrificed her honor to the Prince to save Kosinsky's life, Charles accepts him, but resolves to set out at once to see and perhaps rescue his Amelia.

Charles has returned to the vicinity of the castle of his childhood:

Hail to thee, Earth of my Fatherland!—(*Kisses the earth.*)—Heaven of my Fatherland!—Sun of my Fatherland!—Ye meadows and hills, ye streams and woods!—Hail, hail to ye all!—How deliciously the breezes are wafted from my native hills!—What streams of balmy perfume greet the poor fugitive!—Elysium!—Realms of poetry!—Stay, Moor! thy foot has strayed into a holy temple (*Comes nearer.*)

See there! the old swallow-nests in the castle yard!—and the little garden gate!—and this corner of the fence, where I so often watched in ambuscade to tease old Towzer!—and down there, in the green valley, where, as the great Alexander, I led my Macedonians to the battle of Arbela—and the grassy hillock yonder, from which I hurled the Persian satrap—and then waved on high my victorious banner! (*He smiles*). The golden age of boyhood lives again in the soul of the outcast.—I was then so happy, so wholly, so cloudlessly happy—and now—behold all my prospects a wreck! Here should I have presided, a great, a noble, an honored man—here have lived over again the years of boyhood in the blooming children of my Amelia—here! here have been the idol of my people—but the foul fiend

opposed it! (*Starting.*) Why am I here? To feel like the captive when the clanking of his chains awakes him from his dream of liberty.—No, let me return to my wretchedness!—The captive had forgotten the light of day, but the dream of liberty flashes past his eyes like a blaze of lightning in the night, which leaves it darker than before.—Farewell, ye native vales! once ye saw Charles as a boy, and then Charles was happy.—Now ye have seen the man, his happiness turned to despair! (*He moves rapidly towards the most distant point of the landscape, where he suddenly stops and casts a melancholy look across to the castle.*) Not to behold her! not even one look?—and only a wall between me and Amelia! —No! see her I must!—and him too!—though it crush me! (*He turns back.*) Father! father! thy son approaches.—Away with thee, black, reeking gore! Away with that grim, ghastly look of death! Oh, give me but this one hour free!—Amelia! Father! thy Charles approaches! (*He goes quickly towards the castle.*)—Torment me when the morning dawns—give me no rest with the coming night—beset me in frightful dreams! But, oh! poison not this my only hour of bliss! (*He is standing at the gate.*)—What is it I feel? What means this, Moor? Be a man!—These death-like shudders—foreboding terrors—— [*Enters.*

Under disguise Charles is in his own castle, and, talking with Amelia, finds that she still loves him; but the discovery brings only remorse for his terrible deeds. In the meantime, Francis penetrates the disguise, and under threats of imprisonment and torture extorts from Daniel, an old and faithful servant, a promise to murder the visitor before the morrow. After an interview with Amelia, in which each is assured of the love of the other, Charles rejoins his troop, and, restless and sleepless,

hears Hermann come to a dungeon and speak to an imprisoned man. Charles interrupts, opens the door with housebreaker's tools, and finds his father, who tells of the hideous cruelty of Francis and his own terrible sufferings. Charles raves in horror and calls for vengeance:

Charles. Revenge, revenge, revenge! thou horribly injured, profaned old man! Thus, from this moment, and for ever, I rend in twain all ties of fraternity. (*He rends his garment from top to bottom.*) Here, in the face of heaven I curse him—curse every drop of blood which flows in his veins! Hear me, O moon and stars! and thou black canopy of night, that lookest down upon this horror!—Hear me, thrice terrible avenger! Thou who reignest above yon pallid orb, who sittest an avenger and a judge above the stars, and dartest thy fiery bolts through darkness on the head of guilt! Behold me on my knees—behold me raise this hand aloft in the gloom of night—and hear my oath—and may nature vomit me forth as some horrible abortion from out the circle of her works, if I break that oath! —Here I swear that I will never more greet the light of day, till the blood of that foul parricide, spilt upon this stone, reeks in misty vapor towards heaven. (*He rises.*)

Robbers. 'Tis a deed of hell! After this, who shall call us villains?—No! by all the dragons of darkness! we never have done anything half so horrible.

Charles. True! and by all the fearful groans of those whom your daggers have despatched—of those who on that terrible day were consumed by fire, or crushed by the falling tower—no thought of murder or rapine shall be harbored in your breast, till every man among you has dyed his garments scarlet in this monster's blood.—It never, I should think, entered your dreams, that it would fall to your lot to execute the great de-

crees of Heaven? The tangled web of our destiny is unraveled! To-day, to-day, an invisible power has ennobled our craft! Worship Him who has called you to this high destiny, who has conducted you hither, and deemed ye worthy to be the terrible angels of his inscrutable judgments! Uncover your heads! Bow down and kiss the dust, and rise up sanctified. (*They kneel.*)

Schweitzer. Now, captain, issue your commands! What shall we do?

Charles. Rise, Schweitzer! and touch these sacred locks! (*Leading him to his father, and putting a lock of hair in his hand.*) Do you remember still, how you cleft the skull of that Bohemian trooper, at the moment his saber was descending on my head, and I had sunk down on my knees, breathless and exhausted?—'Twas then I promised thee a reward that should be right royal. But to this hour I have never been able to discharge that debt.—

Schweitzer. You swore that much to me, 'tis true; but let me call you my debtor for ever!

Charles. No; now will I repay thee. Schweitzer! No mortal has yet been honored as thou shalt be.—I appoint thee avenger of my father's wrongs!

(SCHWEITZER *rises.*)

Schweitzer. Mighty captain! this day you have, for the first time, made me truly proud!—Say, when, where, how shall I smite him?

Charles. The minutes are sacred—You must hasten to the work.—Choose the best of the band, and lead them straight to the count's castle! Drag him from his bed, though he sleep, or lie folded in the arms of pleasure!—Drag him from the table, though he be drunk!—Tear him from the crucifix, though he lie on his knees before it! But mark my words—I charge thee, deliver him into my hands alive!—I will hew that man to pieces, and feed the hungry vultures with his flesh, who dares but graze his skin, or injure a single hair of his head! I must have him whole. Bring him to me whole and

alive, and a million shall be thy reward. I'll plunder kings at the risk of my life, but thou shalt have it, and go free as air.—Thou hast my purpose— see it done!

Schweitzer. Enough, captain!—here is my hand upon it. You shall see both of us, or neither.—Come, Schweitzer's destroying angels, follow me!

[*Exit with a troop.*

The robbers surround the castle, and Francis, full of terror and remorse, begs Daniel, the old servant, to send for Parson Moser, who has no comfort for the parricide. When the robbers set fire to the castle and flames are rising, Francis strangles himself with the golden cord from his hat, and Schweitzer shoots himself in disappointment at not being able to take Francis alive. The robbers bring Amelia to Charles as a prize as he is receiving the blessing of his unknowing father. Recognition follows, the old man dies, and after a terrible scene Charles stabs Amelia that he may keep his vow to the robbers, and the tragedy closes as follows:

Robbers. Put him in chains! he has lost his senses!

Charles. Not that I have any doubt but that justice would find me speedily enough, if the powers above so ordained it. But she might surprise me in sleep, or overtake me in flight, or seize me with violence and the sword, and then I should have lost the only merit left me, that of making my death a freewill atonement. Why should I, like a thief, any longer conceal a life, which in the counsels of the heavenly ministry has long been forfeited?

Robbers. Let him go. He is infected with the great-man-mania; he means to offer up his life for empty admiration.

Charles. I might, 'tis true, be admired for it. (*After a moment's reflection.*) I remember, on my way hither, talking to a poor creature, a day-laborer, with eleven living children. A reward has been offered of a thousand Louis-d'ors to any one who shall deliver up the great robber alive—that man shall be served. [*Exit.*

Originally the drama was intended for reading only, but when the manager of the theater at Mannheim read it he engaged Schiller to revise it for the stage, and the young author saw an audience go wild over the exaggerated passions of unreal personages. In the acting edition of *The Robbers* numerous changes have been made, especially in the later scenes—changes not only in phraseology, but in the plot and final disposition of characters; but the rudeness, even coarseness, was not modified, and the unhumanity of his characters and the absurdity of the plot passed unchallenged.

Thus Schiller, but twenty-two years of age, thundered his furious indictment against the age in which he lived, in a play that, whatever its crudities, had all the elements of a great tragedy. In later years he was first to see and severest to criticize the faults of his youthful production.

IV. Other Early Dramas. 1. *"Fiesco."* In 1547 Luigi Fiesco (Fieschi), an Italian count, conspired against Andrea Doria, the famous Genoese admiral, and was all but successful. He had forced the gates of the city, captured the fleet and put Doria to flight, but when in the moment of victory they sought for

Fiesco, he was nowhere to be found. Later it was discovered that in the darkness of night, while stepping from one galley to another, he had fallen into the sea, and, encumbered by the weight of his armor, had drowned.

Upon this incident Schiller founded his tragedy, but, to quote the author himself, as the "nature of the drama, which does not allow the interposition either of chance or a particular providence," he caused the patriot, Verina, disgusted with Fiesco's assumption of the purple robe of sovereignty, to push the conspirator into the sea. In the stage version, a happy ending is given to the play, and Fiesco breaks his scepter and returns to his citizen friends. Though in no sense one of Schiller's great dramas, *Fiesco* has fine scenes.

2. *"Love and Intrigue"* (*"Kabale und Liebe"*). Schiller, in the third of his early dramas, comes into the field of the burghers and produces "the best 'tragedy of common life' in German literature." Inevitably in the reader's mind it is drawn into comparison with Lessing's *Emilia Galotti,* much to the detriment of the latter as an imaginative and poetic creation. The scenes of both dramas are laid at the court of a petty German Prince, and Schiller drew largely upon unpleasant incidents that had recently occurred in Württemberg. While still in a state of mental revolt, he has acquired evidently a more mature outlook, and is less violent in his attacks upon the social order.

President von Walter by chicane and political treachery has gained complete control of the affairs of his state, when he discovers that his son, Ferdinand, loves Louise Miller, the daughter of the town musician. The President, for political reasons, has determined to marry his son to Lady Milford, a former mistress of the reigning Duke, and will not listen to his son's wishes. When fair methods have failed to separate the lovers, the President, aided by his secretary, Wurm, evolves a villainous plot to accomplish his purpose. By this cabal Louise is convinced that her father's life is in danger and that she can save him only by writing a letter which will show that she is carrying on an intrigue with Marshal von Kalb, a court official. When Ferdinand reads the letter she has been forced to write, he prepares for himself and for her a draught of poison, and Louise feels the force of her oath to be so binding that she drinks the poison before an explanation is made. After the death of Louise, but before Ferdinand, who has also drunk, expires, the President and Wurm are hurried out to justice by officers, who have taken them because of earlier enormities.

V. "DON CARLOS." The long historical drama, *Don Carlos,* marks a new era in Schiller's development, though only can it be said to occupy an intermediate position between *The Robbers* and *Wallenstein,* with a nearer relation to the former than the latter. Begun in prose, the author subsequently changed to

iambic blank verse, which Lessing, in *Nathan the Wise,* had wedded to the German stage. In this new vehicle of expression Schiller came to his own, for the tragedy won an immediate increase in his fame and proved to him and his admirers that in poetry lay the real domain of his genius. Still youthful, still tinged with *Sturm und Drang,* Schiller voices his passion, but with a restraint and a subdued force that show his rapid development. From what Wieland had written, Schiller had derived the inspiration for verse: "A tragedy in prose is like a heroic poem in prose. Verse is essential to tragedy; so the ancients thought, and so the greatest of moderns have thought; and one who is able to write a tragedy or a comedy in beautiful verse will hardly ever be so careless of his fame as to prefer prose." His friendship for Körner had satisfied his longings and filled his soul with the romantic ideal of universal brotherhood, and life held greater possibilities for joy than he had ever dreamed. That this should be reflected in his writing was inevitable.

For a plot Schiller reverted to the love of Don Carlos, the Spanish heir-apparent, for his step-mother Elizabeth. The cruel Duke of Alva and Domingo the confessor arouse the King's suspicions of his son and they are confirmed by means of the Princess Eboli, who is in love with Don Carlos. Meanwhile, Carlos enters actively into political life in an effort to control his passion, but cannot, because of his position as heir-apparent, carry out his de-

signs. Finally the King discovers Don Carlos in a stolen interview with the Queen and hands him over to the inquisitors.

Don Carlos was begun when Schiller was in the throes of his passion for Charlotte von Kalb, and three acts were completed by 1785. At this time Schiller contemplated only a tragedy of domestic life, but when the author came to complete his work he was laboring under different conditions, and his interests were centered more in political affairs. Thus it is that the drama contains material for two plays. Moreover, Schiller had lost interest in his Spanish hero and transferred his ideal to the Marquis Posa, a Maltese knight, who becomes the hero of the last two acts. In the famous scene in the third act, the speeches of the Marquis give form to the noblest political thought of the eighteenth century and show the extension into Germany of the ideals of the French Revolution.

The following extract from that scene is taken from the translation of R. D. Boylan:

MARQUIS

Your Majesty,
I lately pass'd through Flanders and Brabant,
So many rich and blooming provinces,
Fill'd with a valiant, great, and honest people!
To be the father of a race like this,
I thought must be divine indeed! and then
I stumbled on a heap of burnt men's bones!

(*He stops, he fixes a penetrating look on the* KING, *who endeavors to return his glance; but he looks on the ground embarrassed and confused.*)

True, you are forced to act so; but that you
Could dare fulfill your task—this fills my soul
With shuddering horror! O 'tis pity that
The Victim, weltering in his blood, must cease
To chant the praises of his sacrificer!
And that mere men—not beings loftier far—
Should write the history of the world. But soon
A milder age will follow that of Philip,
An age of truer wisdom:—hand in hand,
The subjects' welfare, and the Sovereign's greatness,
Will walk in union. Then the careful state
Will spare her children, and necessity
No longer glory to be thus inhuman.

KING

When, think you, would that blessed age arrive,
If I had shrunk before the curse of this?
Behold my Spain, see here the burgher's good
Blooms in eternal and unclouded peace.
A peace like this will I bestow on Flanders.

MARQUIS (*hastily*)

The churchyard's peace! And do you hope to end
What you have now begun? Say, do you hope
To check the ripening change of Christendom,
The universal spring, that shall renew
The earth's fair form? Would you alone, in Europe,
Fling yourself down before the rapid wheel
Of destiny—which rolls its ceaseless course—
And seize its spokes with human arm. Vain thought!
Already thousands have your kingdom fled,
In joyful poverty: the honest burgher
For his faith exiled, was your noblest subject!
See, with a mother's arms, Elizabeth
Welcomes the fugitives, and Britain blooms
In rich luxuriance, from our country's arts.
Bereft of the new Christian's industry,
Grenada lies forsaken, and all Europe,
Exulting, sees its foe oppress'd with wounds,
By its own hands inflicted!

(*The* KING *is moved; the* MARQUIS *observes it, and advances a step nearer.*)

You would plant
For all eternity—and yet the seeds
You sow around you are the seeds of death!
This hopeless task, with nature's laws at strife,
Will ne'er survive the spirit of its founder,
You labor for ingratitude:—in vain,
With nature you engage in desperate struggle—
In vain you waste your high and royal life,
In projects of destruction. Man is greater
Than you esteem him. He will burst the chains
Of a long slumber, and reclaim once more
His just and hallow'd rights. With Nero's name,
And fell Busiris', will he couple yours:
And—ah! you once deserved a better fate.

KING

How know you that?

MARQUIS

In very truth you did—
Yes, I repeat it—by the Almighty power!
Restore us all you have deprived us of,
And, generous as strong, let happiness
Flow from your horn of plenty—let man's mind
Ripen in your vast empire—give us back
All you have taken from us—and become,
Amidst a thousand kings, a king indeed!

(*He advances boldly, and fixes on him a look of earnestness and enthusiasm.*)

O! that the eloquence of all those myriads,
Whose fate depends on this momentous hour,
Could hover on my lips, and fan the spark
That lights thine eye into a glorious flame!
Renounce the mimicry of godlike powers
Which levels us to nothing. Be, in truth,
An image of the Deity himself!
Never did mortal man possess so much,
For purpose so divine. The kings of Europe

Pay homage to the name of Spain. Be you
The leader of these kings. One pen-stroke now,
One motion of your hand, can new create
The earth!— but grant us liberty of thought!

[*Casts himself at his feet.*

KING (*surprised, turns away his face, than again looks towards the* MARQUIS)

Enthusiast most strange! arise; but I——

MARQUIS

Look round on all the glorious face of nature,
On freedom it is founded—see how rich,
Through freedom, it has grown. The great Creator
Bestows upon the worm its drop of dew,
And gives free-will a triumph, in abodes
Where lone corruption reigns. See *your* creation,
How small, how poor! The rustling of a leaf
Alarms the mighty lord of Christendom.
Each virtue makes you quake with fear. While he,
Not to disturb fair freedom's blest appearance,
Permits the frightful ravages of evil
To waste his fair domains. The great Creator,
We see not—he conceals himself within
His own eternal laws. The skeptic sees
Their operation, but beholds not Him.
"Wherefore a God!" he cries, "the world itself
Suffices for itself!" And Christian prayer
Ne'er praised him more, than doth this blasphemy.

VI. HISTORICAL WRITINGS. Taking Freedom for his thesis, Schiller wrote two histories, both of which are interesting, artistic and highly literary, but neither has that breadth of view and keenness of insight required by a modern reader. In fact, Schiller never saw clearly the issues involved in the Thirty Years' War, and when Wallenstein and Tilly, his idealized leaders of what he considered the opposing

elements in the religious strife, disappeared from the scene of action, he lost concern in his work. As Wallenstein had excited his interest and led him to write his *History of the Thirty Years' War,* so it was Don Carlos who led him to an interest in the Low Countries and the composition of the *Revolt of the Netherlands.* However ineffective as histories these works may be, they will always be noted for their stirring descriptions of incidents and their vivid delineations of persons.

The following account of the acts of the iconoclasts is taken from Eastwick's translation of the fourth book of the *Revolt of the Netherlands:*

A rude mob, consisting of the very dregs of the populace, rendered brutal by harsh treatment, by sanguinary decrees which dogged them in every town, scared from place to place, and driven almost to despair, were compelled to worship their God, and to hide, like a work of darkness, the universal sacred privilege of humanity. Before their eyes proudly rose the temples of the dominant church, in which their haughty brethren indulged in ease their magnificent devotion, while they themselves were driven from the walls, expelled, too, by the weaker number perhaps, and forced, here in the wild woods, under the burning heat of noon, in disgraceful secrecy to worship the same God—cast out from civil society into a state of nature, and reminded, in one dread moment, of the rights of that state! The greater their superiority of numbers, the more unnatural did their lot appear—with wonder they perceive the truth. The free heaven, the arms lying ready, the frenzy in their brains and fury in their hearts combine to aid the suggestions of some preaching fanatic; the occasion calls, no premeditation is necessary, where all eyes at once declare consent; the

resolution is formed ere yet the word is scarcely uttered; ready for any unlawful act, no one yet clearly knows what, the furious band rushes onwards. The smiling prosperity of the hostile religion insults the poverty of their own; the pomp of the authorized temples casts contempt on their proscribed belief; every cross set up upon the highway, every image of the saints that they meet, is a trophy erected over their humiliation, and they all must be removed by their avenging hands. Fanaticism suggests these detestable proceedings, but base passions carry them into execution.

The commencement of the attack on images took place in West Flanders and Artois, in the districts between Lys and the sea. A frantic herd of artisans, boatmen and peasants, mixed with prostitutes, beggars, vagabonds and thieves, about 300 in number, furnished with clubs, axes, hammers, ladders and cords (a few only were provided with swords or fire-arms), cast themselves, with fanatical fury, into the villages and hamlets near St. Omer, and breaking open the gates of such churches and cloisters as they find locked, overthrow everywhere the altars, break to pieces the images of the saints, and trample them under foot. With their excitement increased by its indulgence, and reinforced by newcomers, they press on, by the direct road, to Ypres, where they can count on the support of a strong body of Calvinists. Unopposed, they break into the cathedral, and mounting on ladders, they hammer to pieces the pictures, hew down with axes the pulpits and pews, despoil the altars of their ornaments, and steal the holy vessels. This example was quickly followed in Menin, Comines, Verrich, Lille and Oudenard; in a few days, the same fury spreads through the whole of Flanders. At the very time, when the first tidings of this occurrence arrived, Antwerp was swarming with a crowd of houseless people, which the feast of the Assumption of the Virgin had brought together in that city. Even the presence of the Prince of Orange was hardly sufficient to restrain the licentious mob, who burned to imitate the doings of their brethren in St.

Omer; but an order from the court, which summoned him to Brussels, where the regent was just assembling her Council of State, in order to lay before them the royal letters, obliged him to abandon Antwerp to the outrages of this band. His departure was the signal for tumult. Apprehensive of the lawless violence, of which, on the very first day of the festival, the mob had given indications in derisory allusions, the priests, after carrying about the image of the Virgin for a short time, brought it for safety to the choir, without, as formerly, setting it up in the middle of the church. This incited some mischievous boys from among the people, to pay it a visit there, and jokingly inquire, why she had so soon absented herself from among them? Others mounting the pulpit mimicked the preacher, and challenged the Papists to a dispute. A Roman Catholic waterman, indignant at this jest, attempted to pull them down, and blows were exchanged in the preacher's seat. Similar scenes occurred on the following evening. The numbers increased, and many came already provided with suspicious implements and secret weapons. At last it came into the head of one of them to cry, "Long live the Gueux!" immediately the whole band took up the cry, and the image of the Virgin was called upon to do the same. The few Roman Catholics who were present, and who had given up the hope of effecting anything against these desperadoes, left the church, after locking all the doors except one. So soon as they found themselves alone, it was proposed to sing one of the psalms in the new version, which was prohibited by the government. While they were yet singing, they all, as at a given signal, rushed furiously upon the image of the Virgin, piercing it with swords and daggers, and striking off its head; thieves and prostitutes tore the great wax-lights from the altar, and lighted them to the work. The beautiful organ of the church, a masterpiece of the art of that period, was broken to pieces, all the paintings were effaced, the statues smashed to atoms. A crucifix, the size of life, which was set up between the two thieves opposite the high altar, an ancient and highly

valued piece of workmanship, was pulled to the ground with cords, and cut to pieces with axes, while the two malefactors at its side were respectfully spared. The holy wafers were strewed on the ground and trodden under foot; in the wine used for the Lord's Supper, which was accidently found there, the health of the Gueux was drunk; while with the holy oil they rubbed their shoes. The very tombs were opened, and the half-decayed corpses torn up and trampled on. All this was done with as much wonderful regularity, as if each had previously had his part assigned to him; every one worked into his neighbor's hands; no one, dangerous as the work was, met with injury; in the midst of thick darkness, which the tapers only served to render more sensible, with heavy masses falling on all sides, and though on the very topmost steps of the ladders, they scuffled with each other for the honors of demolition—yet no one suffered the least injury. In spite of the many tapers which lighted them below in their villainous work, not a single individual was recognized. With incredible rapidity was the dark deed accomplished; a number of men, at most a hundred, despoiled in a few hours a temple of seventy altars—after St. Peter's at Rome, perhaps, the largest and most magnificent in Christendom.

The devastation of the cathedral did not content them: with torches and tapers purloined from it, they set out at midnight to perform a similar work of havoc on the remaining churches, cloisters and chapels. The destructive hordes increased with every fresh exploit of infamy, and thieves were allured by the opportunity. They carried away whatever they found of value, the consecrated vessels, altar-cloths, money and vestments; in the cellars of the cloisters they drank to intoxication; to escape greater indignities, the monks and nuns abandoned everything to them. The confused noises of these riotous acts had startled the citizens from their first sleep; but night made the danger appear more alarming than it really was, and instead of hastening to defend their churches, the citizens fortified themselves in their houses, and in

terror and anxiety awaited the dawn of morning. The rising sun at length revealed the devastation which had been going on during the night; but the havoc did not terminate with the darkness. Some churches and cloisters still remained uninjured; the same fate soon overtook them also. The work of destruction lasted three whole days.

VII. Lyrics. The first appearance of Schiller as a lyric poet was in the *Anthology for the Year 1782,* a collection that contained about ninety poems, of which not quite two-thirds are now supposed to be the work of this poet. Many of Schiller's poems may be ascribed to the influence of the Laura whose image then absorbed his mind. The following is Bulwer's translation of *Rapture—To Laura:*

Laura, above this world methinks I fly,
And feel the glow of some May-lighted sky,
When thy looks beam on mine!
And my soul drinks a more ethereal air,
When mine own shape I see reflected there
In those blue eyes of thine!

A lyre sound from the Paradise afar,
A harp note trembling from some gracious star,
Seems the wild ear to fill;
And my Muse feels the Golden Shepherd hours,
When from thy lips the silver music pours
Slow, as against its will.

I see the young Loves flutter on the wing—
Move the charmed trees, as when the Thracian's string
Wild life to forests gave;
Swifter the globe's swift circle seems to fly,
When in the whirling dance thou glidest by,
Light as a happy wave.

Thy looks, when there Love's smiles their gladness
wreathe,
Could life itself to lips of marble breathe,
Lend rocks a pulse divine;
Reading thine eyes, my veriest life but seems
Made up and fashioned from my wildest dreams,—
Laura, sweet Laura, mine!

Schiller's one great passion seems to have been for Charlotte von Kalb, the wife of a French officer, and the intensity of his feeling is shown in *Resignation* and *Conflict,* of which we give the second in Bowring's translation:

No longer will I fight this conflict weary,
The giant fight that Duty bids me wage;
Why, Virtue, ask a sacrifice so dreary,
If thou my bosom's pangs canst not assuage?

I've sworn it,—yes! I solemnly have sworn it,—
Upon my passions to impose a rein;
Behold thy garland!—yet, tho' long I've worn it,
Take it back now, and let me sin again!

Dissolv'd be ev'ry vow between us spoken—
She loves me!—What is now thy crown to me?
Happy the man who, wrapp'd in bliss unbroken,
His deep, deep fall can view so tranquilly!

She sees the worm my youthful bloom assailing,
She sees my days in sorrow fleeting on;
And my heroic efforts gently hailing,
Awards the prize she deems me to have won.

Fair soul! mistrust this virtue angel-seeming,
For on to crime thy pity hurries me
In the unbounded realms where life is beaming,
Is there another, fairer prize than *thee?*

Or than that sin so dreaded by my spirit?—
Oh, cruel, all-relentless tyranny!
The only prize my virtue e'er can merit
Must, in the moment, see that virtue die!

The germ of Schiller's aesthetic theories which grew into his dissertations and essays in prose may be found in *The Artists,* a wonderful poem of some five hundred verses, published in 1789. In fact, if we except the drama, Schiller's great power as a poet lies in his philosophical lyrics, of which, perhaps, the noblest is *The Ideal and Life,* which, though too long to quote entire, may give us two stanzas of interest:

When thou art weigh'd down by human care,
When the son of Priam there
Strives against the snakes with speechless pain,
Then let man revolt! Then let his cry
To the canopy of heav'n mount high,—
Let thy feeling heart be rent in twain!
Let the radiant cheek of joy turn pale,
Nature's fearful voice triumphant be,
And let holy sympathy prevail
O'er thine immortality!

But in yonder blissful realms afar,
Where the forms unsullied are,
Sorrow's mournful tempests cease to rave.
There reflection cannot pierce the soul,
Tears of anguish there no longer roll,
Nought remains but mind's resistance brave.
Beauteous e'en as Iris' color'd bow
On the thunder-cloud's soft vaporous dew,
Glimm'ring through the dusky veil of woe
There is seen Rest's radiant blue.

The lyric mood may not have been so natural to Schiller as to Goethe, but after his friendship with the latter was well established he composed some that bear the marks of highest genius.

The Sharing of the Earth is thus translated by Bulwer:

"Take the world," cried the God from his heaven
To men—"I proclaim you its heirs;
To divide it amongst you 'tis given:
You have only to settle the shares."

Each takes for himself as it pleases,
Old and young have alike their desire:
The harvest the husbandman seizes;
Through the wood and the chase sweeps the squire.

The merchant his warehouse is locking;
The abbot is choosing his wine;
Cries the monarch, the thoroughfare blocking,
"Every toll for the passage is mine!"

All too late, when the sharing was over,
Comes the poet,—he came from afar;
Nothing left can the laggard discover,
Not an inch but its owners there are.

"Woe is me! is there nothing remaining
For the son who best loves thee alone!"
Thus to Jove went his voice in complaining,
As he fell at the Thunderer's throne.

"In the land of thy dreams if abiding,"
Quoth the God, "Canst thou murmur at *me?*
Where wert *thou* when the earth was dividing?"
"*I was,*" said the poet, "by thee!

"Mine eye by thy glory was captured,
Mine ear by thy music of bliss:
Pardon him whom *thy* world so enraptured
As to lose him his portion in this!"

"Alas," said the God, "earth is given!
Field, forest, and market, and all!
What say you to quarters in heaven?
We'll admit you whenever you call!"

Bulwer renders *The Maiden's Lament* as follows:

The wind rocks the forest,
The clouds gather o'er;
The maiden sits lonely
Beside the green shore;
The breakers are dashing with might, with might:
And she mingles her sighs with the gloomy night,
And her eyes are dim with tears.

"The earth is a desert,
And broken my heart,
Nor aught to my wishes
The world can impart.
Thou Holy One, call now thy child from below;
I have known all the joys that the world can bestow—
I have lived and have loved."—

"In vain, oh, how vainly,
Flows tear upon tear!
Human woe never waketh
Dull Death's heavy ear!
Yet say what can soothe for the sweet vanished love,
And I, the Celestial, will shed from above
The balm for thy breast."

Let ever, though vainly,
Flow tear upon tear;
Human woe never waketh
Dull Death's heavy ear:

Yet still when the heart mourns the sweet vanished love,
No balm for its wound can descend from above
Like Love's sorrows and tears.

The *Punch Song,* "to be sung in Northern countries," has been rendered by Bulwer:

Four elements joined in
An emulous strife
Fashion the world and
Constitute life.

From the sharp citron
The starry juice pour:
Acid to life is
The innermost core.

Now let the sugar
The bitter one meet:
Still be life's bitter
Tamed down to the sweet.

Let the bright water
Flow into the bowl:
Water, the calm one,
Embraces the whole.

Drops from the spirit
Pour quickening within:
Life but its life from
The spirit can win.

Haste while it gloweth,
Your vessel to bring:
The wave has but virtue
Drunk hot from the spring.

The following is Bulwer's translation of a riddle, *The Rainbow:*

From pearls her lofty bridge she weaves,
A gray sea arching proudly over;
A moment's toil the work achieves,
And on the height behold her hover!

Beneath that arch securely go
The tallest barks that ride the seas;
No burthen e'er the bridge may know,
And as thou seek'st to near—it flees!

First with the floods it came, to fade
As rolled the waters from the land;
Say where that wondrous arch is made,
And whose the artist's plastic hand?

A riddle on the moon and the stars is translated by Bowring in the following stanzas:

Upon a spacious meadow play
Thousands of sheep, of silv'ry hue;
And as we see them move to-day,
The man most aged saw them too.

They ne'er grow old, and, from a rill
That never dries, their life is drawn;
A shepherd watches o'er them still,
With curv'd and beauteous silver horn.

He drives them out through gates of gold,
And ev'ry night their number counts;
Yet ne'er has lost, of all his fold,
One lamb, though oft that path he mounts.

A hound attends him faithfully,
A nimble ram precedes the way;
Canst thou point out that flock to me,
And who the shepherd, canst thou say?

VIII. "THE SONG OF THE BELL." Schiller's *Song of the Bell* was completed in 1799, and it

still remains Germany's favorite lyric. The motto, *Vivos voco; mortuos plango; fulgura frango* (I call the living; I toll for the dead; I subdue the thunderbolt), was engraved on the minster-bell at Schaffhausen. The foreman in brief stanzas tells of the preparation and the casting of the bell, its cooling and successful removal from the mold, while in the pauses between these acts he descants on the various uses of the bell, so that the poem finally recites a beautiful epitome of human life. The following are extracts from Bowring's translation:

Bubbles white I see ascend;
Good! the heap dissolves at last;
Let the potash with it blend,
Urging on the fusion fast.
Foam and bubble-free
Must the mixture be,
That from metal void of stain
Pure and full may rise the strain.
For in a song with gladness rife
The cherish'd child it loves to greet,
When first he treads the path of life,
Wrapt in the arms of slumbers sweet;
His coming fate of joy or gloom
Lies buried in the future's womb;
The tender cares that mothers prove
His golden morning guard with love:
The years with arrowy swiftness fleet.
The proud boy bids the maid adieu,
And into life with wildness flies,
The world on pilgrim's-staff roams through,—
Then as a stranger homeward hies;
And gracefully, in beauty's pride,
Like to some heav'nly image fair,
Her modest cheeks with blushes dyed,

He sees the maiden standing there.
A nameless yearning now appears
And fills his heart; alone he strays,
His eyes are ever moist with tears,
He shuns his brothers' noisy plays;
Her steps he blushingly pursues,
And by her greeting is made blest,
Gathers the flow'rs of fairest hues,
With which to deck his true love's breast.
Oh, tender yearning, blissful hope,
Thou golden time of love's young day!
Heav'n seems before the eye to ope,
The heart in rapture melts away.
Oh, may it ever verdant prove,
That radiant time of early love!

. . . . . .

Though passion may fly,
Yet love must remain;
Though the flow'ret may die,
Yet the fruit scents the plain.
Man must gird for his race
Thro' the stern paths of life,
Midst turmoil and strife,
Must plant and must form,
Gain by cunning or storm;
Must wager and dare,
Would he reach fortune e'er.
Then wealth without ending upon him soon pours,
His granaries all overflow with rich stores;
The room is enlarged, and his house grows apace;
And o'er it is ruling
The housewife so modest,
His children's dear mother;
And wisely she governs
The circle of home.
The maidens she trains,
And the boys she restrains,
Keeps plying for ever
Her hands that flag never,

And wealth helps to raise
With her orderly ways,
The sweet-scented presses with treasures piles high,
Bids the thread round the fast-whirling spindle to fly;
The cleanly and bright-polish'd chest she heaps full
With the flax white as snow, and the glistening wool;
All glitter and splendor ordains for the best,
And takes no rest.

. . . . . .

Woe, when within a city's walls,
Where firebrands secretly are pil'd,
The people, bursting from their thralls,
Tread their own path with fury wild!
Sedition then the Bell surrounds,
And bids it yield a howling tone;
And, meant for none but peaceful sounds,
The signal to the fray spurs on.

"Freedom! Equality!" they shout;
The peaceful townsman grasps his arms.
Mobs stand the streets and halls about,
The place with bands of murderers swarms.
Into hyenas women grow,
From horrors their amusement draw;
The heart, still quivering, of the foe
With panther's teeth they fiercely gnaw.
All that is holy is effaced,
Rent are the bonds of modesty;
The good is by the bad replaced,
And crime from all restraint is free.
Death-fraught the tiger's tooth appears,
To wake the lion madness seems;
Yet the most fearful of all fears
Is man obeying his wild dreams.
Woe be to him who, to the blind,
The heav'nly torch of light conveys!
It throws no radiance on *his* mind,
But land and town in ashes lays.

NEW THEATER, WEIMAR

IN THE OLD THEATER, ON THIS SITE, WERE PRESENTED MANY OF GOETHE'S AND SCHILLER'S PLAYS, ALSO SEVERAL OF WAGNER'S OPERAS. HERE THE GERMAN ASSEMBLY DREW UP THE CONSTITUTION OF THE REPUBLIC IN 1919.

God hath hearken'd to my vow!
See, how like a star of gold
Peels the metal kernel now,
Smooth and glistening from the mold!
E'en from crown to base
Sunlike gleams its face,
While the scutcheons, fairly plann'd,
Praise the skillful artist's hand.

Now let us gather round the frame!
The ring let ev'ry workman swell,
That we may consecrate the Bell!
Concordia be henceforth its name,
Assembling all the loving throng
In harmony and union strong!

. . . . . .

Now then, with the ropes so strong,
From the vault the Bell upweigh,
That it gains the realms of song,
And the heav'nly light of day!
All hands nimbly ply!
Now it mounts on high!
To this city Joy reveals,—
Peace be the first strain it peals!

IX. Ballads. In the hands of Goethe and Schiller the ballad became a more artistic creation, looked more deeply into the problems of life, and took on a refinement it had not possessed before. Schiller tells his tales well; there is little moralizing, and in some instances the action is intensely dramatic. Many of his ballads became extremely popular, and still form a part of the literary education of all German youth. *The Ring of Polycrates, The Cranes of Ibycus, The Hostage, The Knight Toggenburg, Fridolin, or the Walk to the*

Forge, and *The Glove* are considered the best of the group.

1. The story upon which *The Ring of Polycrates* is founded is in Herodotus; the extract is from Bowring's translation. Polycrates, conversing with the King of Egypt, calls himself blest because all Samos is subject to his sway. The Egyptian says one person still lives to bring vengeance; but as they speak, a messenger brings the gory head of that one man. Still Egypt's King suggests that storms may scatter the fleet of Polycrates; but they are seen riding safely at anchor. The navy of the Cretans is approaching; but news comes that it has been scattered by a tempest. The ballad concludes:

> The shout with horror hears the guest:
> "In truth, I must esteem thee blest!
> Yet dread I the decrees of Heaven.
> The envy of the gods I fear;
> To taste of unmix'd rapture here
> Is never to a mortal given.
>
> "With me, too, everything succeeds;
> In all my sovereign acts and deeds
> The grace of Heaven is ever by;
> And yet I had a well-lov'd heir—
> I paid my debt to fortune there,—
> God took him hence—I saw him die.
>
> "Wouldst thou from sorrow, then, be free,
> Pray to each unseen Deity,
> For thy well-being, grief to send;
> The man on whom the gods bestow
> Their gifts with hands that overflow,
> Comes never to a happy end.

"And if the gods thy prayer resist,
Then to a friend's instruction list,—
Invoke *thyself* adversity;
And what, of all thy treasures bright,
Gives to thy heart the most delight—
That take and cast thou in the sea!"

Then speaks the other, mov'd by fear:
"This ring to me is far most dear
Of all this Isle within it knows—
I to the Furies pledge it now,
If they will happiness allow"—
And in the flood the gem he throws.

And with the morrow's earliest light
Appear'd before the monarch's sight
A Fisherman, all joyously;
"Lord, I this fish just now have caught,
No net before e'er held the sort;
And as a gift I bring it thee."

The fish was opened by the cook,
Who suddenly, with wond'ring look,
Runs up, and utters these glad sounds:
"Within the fish's maw, behold,
I've found, great Lord, thy ring of gold!
Thy fortune truly knows no bounds!"

The guest with terror turn'd away:
"I cannot here, then, longer stay,—
My friend thou canst no longer be!
The gods have will'd that thou shouldst die:
Lest I, too, perish, I must fly"—
He spoke,—and sail'd thence hastily.

2. *The Cranes of Ibycus* is thus translated by Bowring:

Once to the Song and Chariot-fight,
Where all the tribes of Greece unite

On Corinth's Isthmus joyously,
The God-lov'd Ibycus drew nigh.
On him Apollo had bestow'd
The gift of song and strains inspir'd;
So, with light staff, he took his road
From Rhegium, by the Godhead fir'd.

Acrocorinth, on mountain high,
Now bursts upon the wanderer's eye,
And he begins, with pious dread,
Poseidon's glove on firs to tread.
Nought moves around him, save a swarm
Of Cranes, who guide him on his way;
Who from far southern regions warm
Have hither come in squadron gray.

"Thou friendly band, all hail to thee!
Who ledst me safely o'er the sea!
I deem thee as a favoring sign,—
My destiny resembles thine.
Both come from a far-distant coast,
Both pray for some kind shelt'ring place;—
Propitious tow'rd us be the host
Who from the stranger wards disgrace!"

And on he hastes, in joyous mood,
And reaches soon the middle wood
When, on a narrow bridge, by force
Two murderers sudden bar his course.
He must prepare him for the fray,
But soon his wearied hand sinks low;
Inur'd the gentle lyre to play,
It ne'er has strung the deadly bow.

On gods and men for aid he cries—
No savior to his prayer replies;
However far his voice he sends,
Nought living to his cry attends.
"And must I in a foreign land,
Unwept, deserted perish here,

Falling beneath a murderous hand,
Where no avenger can appear?''

Deep-wounded, down he sinks at last,
When, lo! the Cranes' wings rustle past.
He hears,—though he no more can see—
Their voices screaming fearfully.
''By you, ye Cranes, that soar on high,
If not another voice is heard,
Be borne to Heaven my murder-cry!''
He speaks, and dies, too, with the word.

The naked corpse, ere long, is found,
And, though defac'd by many a wound,
His host in Corinth soon could tell
The features that he lov'd so well.
''And is it thus I find thee now,
Who hop'd the pine's victorious crown
To place upon the Singer's brow,
Illumin'd by his bright renown?''

The news is heard with grief by all
Met at Poseidon's festival;
All Greece is conscious of the smart—
He leaves a void in every heart;
And to the Prytanis swift hie
The people, and they urge him on
The dead man's manes to pacify,
And with the murderer's blood atone.

But where's the trace that, from the throng,
The people's streaming crowds among,
Allur'd there by the sports so bright,
Can bring the villain black to light?
By craven robbers was he slain?
Or by some envious hidden foe?
That Helios only can explain,
Whose rays illume all things below.

Perchance, with shameless step and proud,
He threads e'en now the Grecian crowd—
Whilst vengeance follows in pursuit,
Gloats over his transgression's fruit.
The very gods perchance he braves
Upon the threshold of their fane—
Joins boldly in the human waves
That haste yon theater to gain.

For there the Grecian tribes appear,
Fast pouring in from far and near;
On close-pack'd benches sit they there—
The stage the weight can scarcely bear.
Like ocean-billows' hollow roar,
The teeming crowds of living man
Tow'rd the cerulean Heavens upsoar,
In bow of ever-widening span.

Who knows the nation, who the name
Of all who there together came?
From Theseus' town, from Aulis' strand,
From Phocis, from the Spartan land,
From Asia's distant coast, they wend,
From ev'ry island of the sea,
And from the stage they hear ascend
The Chorus's dread melody,

Who, sad and solemn, as of old,
With footsteps measur'd and controll'd,
Advancing from the far back-ground,
Circle the theater's wide round.
Thus, mortal women never move!
No mortal home to them gave birth!
Their giant-bodies tower above,
High o'er the puny sons of earth.

With loins in mantle black conceal'd,
Within their fleshless hands they wield
The torch, that with a dull red glows—
While in their cheek no life-blood flows;

And where the hair is floating wide
And loving, round a mortal brow,
Here, snakes and adders are descried,
Whose bellies swell with poison now.

And, standing in a fearful ring,
The dread and solemn chant they sing,
That through the bosom thrilling goes,
And round the sinner fetters throws.
Sense-robbing, of heart-madd'ing power,
The Furies' strains resound through air
The list'ner's marrow they devour—
The lyre can yield such numbers ne'er.

"Happy the man who, blemish free,
Preserves a soul of purity!
Near him we ne'er avenging come,
He freely o'er life's path may roam.
But woe to him who, hid from view,
Hath done the deed of murder base!
Upon his heels we close pursue—
We, who belong to Night's dark race!

"And if he thinks to 'scape by flight,
Wing'd we appear, our snare of might
Around his flying feet to cast,
So that he needs must fall at last.
Thus we pursue him, tiring ne'er,—
Our wrath repentance cannot quell,—
On to the shadows, and e'en there
We leave him not in peace to dwell!"

Thus singing, they the dance resume,
And silence, like that of the tomb,
O'er the whole house lies heavily,
As if the Deity were nigh.
And, staid and solemn, as of old,
Circling the theater's wide round,
With footstep measur'd and controll'd,
They vanish in the far back-ground.

Between deceit and truth each breast,
No doubting hangs, by awe possess'd,
And homage pays to that dread might,
That judges what is hid from sight—
That, fathomless, inscrutable,
The gloomy skein of fate entwines,
That reads the bosom's depths full well,
Yet flies away where sunlight shines.

When sudden, from the tier most high,
A voice is heard by all to cry:
"See there, see there, Timotheus!
Behold the Cranes of Ibycus!"
The Heavens become as black as night,
And o'er the theater they see,
Far over-head, a dusky flight
Of Cranes, approaching hastily.

"Of Ibycus!"—That name so blest
With new-born sorrow fills each breast.
As waves on waves in ocean rise,
From mouth to mouth it swiftly flies:
"Of Ibycus, whom we lament?
Who fell beneath the murderer's hand?
What mean those words that from him went?
What means this Cranes' advancing band?"

And louder still become the cries,
And soon this thought foreboding flies
Through ev'ry heart, with speed of light—
"Observe in this the Furies' might!
The poet's manes are now appeas'd:
The murderer seeks his own arrest!
Let him who spoke the word be seiz'd,
And him to whom it was address'd!"

That word he had no sooner spoke,
Than he its sound would fain revoke;
In vain! his mouth, with terror pale,

Tells of his guilt the fearful tale.
Before the Judge they drag them now,
The scene becomes the tribunal;
Their crimes the villains both avow,
When 'neath the vengeance-stroke they fall.

3. *The Hostage* is the old story of Damon and Pythias. One condemned to death for an attempt on the tyrant's life begs three days to go home to attend the marriage of his sister, and the friend remains as hostage. Storms, robbers, thirst and weariness unite to detain the returning criminal, but he forces his way through all and arrives just in time to save his friend from the cross. The tyrant is so struck by this exhibition of friendship that he pardons the offender, releases his friend and begs to be taken as a third in the magic circle of friendship.

4. *The Knight Toggenburg* we reproduce in the translation by Bulwer:

"Knight, a sister's quiet love
Gives my heart to thee!
Ask me not for other love,
For it paineth me!
Calmly couldst thou greet me now,
Calmly from me go;
Calmly ever,—why dost thou
Weep in silence so?"

Sadly—not a word he said—
To the heart she wrung,
Sadly clasped he once the maid,
On his steed he sprung!
"Up, my men of Switzerland!"
Up, awake the brave!

Forth they go—the Red-Cross band—
To the Savior's grave!

High your deeds, and great your fame,
Heroes of the tomb!
Glancing through the carnage came
Many a dauntless plume.
Terror of the Moorish foe,
Toggenburg, thou art!
But thy heart is heavy! oh,
Heavy is thy heart!

Heavy was the load his breast
For a twelvemonth bore;
Never can his trouble rest!
And he left the shore.
Lo! a ship on Joppa's strand,
Breeze and billow fair,—
On to that belovèd land
Where she breathes the air!

Knocking at the castle gate
Was the pilgrim heard;
Woe the answer from the grate!
Woe the thunder-word!
"She thou seekest lives—a Nun!
To the world she died
When, with yester-morning's sun,
Heaven received a Bride!"

From that day his father's hall
Ne'er his home may be;
Helm and hauberk, steed and all,
Evermore left he!
Where his castle-crownèd height
Frowns the valley down,
Dwells unknown the hermit knight,
In a sackcloth gown.

Rude the hut he built him there,
Where his eyes may view
Wall and cloister glisten fair
Dusky lindens through.
There when dawn was in the skies,
Till the eve-star shone,
Sate he with mute wistful eyes,
Sate he there—alone!

Looking to the cloister still,
Looking forth afar,
Looking to her lattice till
Clinked the lattice bar.
Till—a passing glimpse allowed—
Paused her image pale,
Calm and angel-mild, and bowed
Meekly towards the vale.

Then the watch of day was o'er;
Then, consoled a while,
Down he lay, to greet once more
Morning's early smile.
Days and years are gone, and still
Looks he forth afar,
Uncomplaining, hoping—till
Clinks the lattice bar;

Till—a passing glimpse allowed—
Paused her image pale,
Calm and angel-mild, and bowed
Meekly towards the vale.
So upon that lonely spot
Sate he, dead at last,
With the look where life was not,
Towards the casement cast.

5. *Fridolin, or the Walk to the Forge,* as translated by Bowring, begins as follows:

A gentle page was Fridolin,
And he his mistress dear,
Savern's fair Countess, honor'd in
All truth and godly fear.
She was so meek, and, ah! so good!
Yet each wish of her wayward mood,
He would have studied to fulfill,
To please his God, with earnest will.

From the first hour when daylight shone
Till rang the vesper-chime,
He liv'd but for her will alone,
And deem'd e'en *that* scarce time.
And if she said, "Less anxious be!"
His eye then glisten'd tearfully,
Thinking that he in duty fail'd,
And so before no toil he quail'd.

And so, before her serving train,
The Countess lov'd to raise him;
While her fair mouth, in endless strain,
Was ever wont to praise him.
She never held him as her slave,
Her heart a child's-rights to him gave;
Her clear eye hung in fond delight
Upon his well-form'd features bright.

Soon in the huntsman Robert's breast
Was poisonous anger fir'd;
His black soul, long by lust possess'd,
With malice was inspir'd;
He sought the Count, whom, quick in deed,
A traitor might with ease mislead,
As once from hunting home they rode,
And in his heart suspicion sow'd.

"Happy art thou, great Count, in truth,"
Thus cunningly he spoke;
"For ne'er mistrust's envenom'd tooth
Thy golden slumbers broke;

A noble wife thy love rewards,
And modesty her person guards.
The Tempter will be able ne'er
Her true fidelity to snare.''

A gloomy scowl the Count's eye fill'd:
''What's this thou say'st to me?
Shall I on woman's virtue build,
Inconstant as the sea?
The flatterer's mouth with ease may lure;
My trust is placed on ground more sure.
No one, methinks, dare ever burn
To tempt the wife of Count Savern.''

The other spoke: ''Thou sayest it well;
The fool deserves thy scorn
Who ventures on such thoughts to dwell,
A mere retainer born,—
Who to the lady he obeys
Fears not his wishes' lust to raise.''—
''What!'' tremblingly the Count began,
''Dost speak, then, of a living man?''—

Robert succeeds in making the Count suspicious of Fridolin and in rousing him to such furious jealousy that he plans a terrible revenge:

Into the neighboring wood then rode
The Count, inflam'd with wrath,
Where, in his iron-foundry, glow'd
The ore, and bubbled forth.
The workmen here, with busy hand,
The fire both late and early fann'd.
The sparks fly out, the bellows ply,
As if the rock to liquefy.

The fire and water's might twofold
Are here united found;

The mill-wheel, by the flood seiz'd hold,
Is whirling round and round;
The works are clatt'ring night and day,
With measur'd stroke the hammers play,
And, yielding to the mighty blows,
The very iron plastic grows.

Then to two workmen beckons he,
And speaks thus in his ire:
"The first who's hither sent by me
Thus of ye to inquire:
'Have ye obey'd my lord's word well?'
Him cast ye into yonder hell,
That into ashes he may fly,
And ne'er again torment mine eye!"

Th' inhuman pair were overjoy'd,
With devilish glee possess'd:
For as the iron, feeling void,
Their heart was in their breast.
And brisker with the bellows' blast,
The foundry's womb now heat they fast,
And with a murderous mind prepare
To offer up the victim there.

Fridolin is despatched to the Forge, but before setting out he goes to the Countess to see if she has any commission for him, and she tells him to hear mass and to pray. His delay in the church saves his life:

And when he saw the furnace smoke,
And saw the workmen stand,
"Have ye, ye fellows," thus he spoke,
"Obey'd the Count's command?"
Grinning they ope the orifice,
And point into the fell abyss:
"He's car'd for—all is at an end!
The Count his servants will commend."

The answer to his lord he brought,
Returning hastily,
Who, when his form his notice caught,
Could scarcely trust his eye:
"Unhappy one! whence comest thou?"—
"Back from the foundry"—"Strange, I vow!
Hast in thy journey, then, delay'd?"
" 'Twas only, lord, till I had pray'd.

"For when I from thy presence went
(Oh, pardon me!), to-day,
As duty bid, my steps I bent
To her whom I obey.
She told me, lord, the mass to hear,
I gladly to her wish gave ear,
And told four rosaries at the shrine,
For her salvation and for thine."

In wonder deep the Count now fell,
And, shudd'ring, thus spake he:
"And, at the foundry, quickly tell,
What answer gave they thee?"
"Obscure the words they answer'd in,
Showing the furnace with a grin:
'He's car'd for—all is at an end!
The Count his servants will commend.' "

"And Robert?" interrupted he,
While deadly pale he stood,—
"Did he not, then, fall in with thee?
I sent him to the wood."—
"Lord, neither in the wood nor field
Was trace of Robert's foot reveal'd."
"Then," cried the Count, with awe-struck mien,
"Great God in heav'n his judge hath been!"

With kindness he before ne'er prov'd,
He led him by the hand

Up to the Countess,—deeply mov'd—
Who nought could understand.
"This child, let him be dear to thee,
No angel is so pure as he!
Though *we* may have been counsel'd ill,
God and His hosts watch o'er him still."

6. Bowring's translation of *The Glove* is as follows:

Before his lion-court,
Impatient for the sport,
King Francis sat one day;
The peers of his realm sat around,
And in balcony high from the ground
Sat the ladies in beauteous array.

And when with his finger he beckon'd,
The gate open'd wide in a second,
And in, with deliberate tread,
Enters a lion dread,
And looks around
Yet utters no sound;
Then long he yawns
And shakes his mane,
And, stretching each limb,
Down lies he again.

Again signs the king,
The next gate open flies,
And, lo! with wild spring,
A tiger out hies.
When the lion he sees, loudly roars he about,
And a terrible circle his tail traces out.
Protruding his tongue, past the lion he walks,
And, snarling with rage, round him warily stalks:
Then, growling anew,
On one side lies down too.

Again signs the king,
And two gates open fly,
And, lo! with one spring,
Two leopards out hie.
On the tiger they rush, for the fight nothing loth,
But he with his paws seizes hold of them both.
And the lion, with roaring, gets up,—then all's still;
The fierce beasts stalk around, madly thirsting to kill.

From the balcony rais'd high above
A fair hand lets fall now a glove
Into the lists, where 'tis seen
The lion and tiger between.

To the knight, Sir Delorges, in tone of jest,
Then speaks young Cunigund fair;
"Sir Knight, if the love that thou feel'st in thy breast
Is as warm as thou'rt wont at each moment to swear,
Pick up, I pray thee, the glove that lies there!"

And the knight, in a moment, with dauntless tread,
Jumps into the lists, nor seeks to linger,
And, from out the midst of those monsters dread,
Picks up the glove with a daring finger.

And the knights and ladies of high degree
With wonder and horror the action see.
While he quietly brings in his hand the glove.
The praise of his courage each mouth employs;
Meanwhile, with a tender look of love,
The promise to him of coming joys,
Fair Cunigund welcomes him back to his place.
But he threw the glove point-blank in her face:
"Lady, no thanks from thee I'll receive!"
And that selfsame hour he took his leave.

X. THE "WALLENSTEIN TRILOGY." Schiller stands as the greatest historical dramatist, and chief among his productions in point of length,

historic interest and poetic skill is that collection of three distinct plays which in literature goes by the name of the *Wallenstein Trilogy,* though in reality it consists of two distinct plays of five acts each and a prologue. In all of these, however, the overshadowing figure is Wallenstein, who in the hands of Schiller is redeemed from many of his errors and unheroic qualities and given a fictitious interest that makes him one of the greatest tragic characters in literature. Though the idea of Wallenstein as the leading character in a drama had long been in Schiller's mind, the plays were not completed until after his successful controversy with his literary opponents in 1796, nor until after his friendship for Goethe had deepened and ripened and they set forth together to produce "some great and worthy work of art." Schiller's part in this friendly rivalry was the *Wallenstein Trilogy;* Goethe's, *Hermann and Dorothea.*

To understand Schiller's comprehensive drama it is necessary for us to review the historic basis in the history of the Thirty Years' War. Albrecht Wallenstein (Waldstein), Duke of Friedland, Sagan and Mecklenburg, was born of Bohemian Protestant parents, but shortly after their death he went over to the Roman Catholic Church. After finishing his university education and returning from extensive travels, he served in the Austrian army, and when the Thirty Years' War broke out he joined the imperial forces against his native

country. His success was phenomenal; and partly from plunder and partly through the influence of the Emperor he gained for himself the duchies named above. In 1630 he was removed from his command, owing to the jealousy of the nobles and the license of his followers, but when Gustavus Adolphus threatened the Empire Wallenstein was given absolute command of the imperial forces and the disgraced Duke soon found himself at the head of forty thousand well armed and disciplined men. After fighting with varying success for some months, he met Gustavus in the battle of Lützen and was defeated, although the Swedes lost their King, and from that time their power waned and danger to the Empire grew less.

Wallenstein now began a career of independence from the Empire, entered into personal negotiations with other nations, and continued the internal conflicts which were wasting the realm. His enemies at the court of the Emperor desired to remove him from command, and, aware of their intrigues, he bound his officers to him by treachery in a pledge of absolute obedience. However, his enemies triumphed, and the Emperor removed him from command; thereupon, Wallenstein moved his camp from Pilsen to Eger and began negotiations with the Swedes. To Colonel Butler, the commander of a regiment of dragoons, the Emperor had confided the task of securing the person of Wallenstein, but the officer was unable to accomplish this purpose; after the

arrival of the Duke at Eger, Butler sent an Irish officer named Devereux to break into the house of Wallenstein and assassinate him, a deed that was accomplished by a pike-thrust in the breast. His estates were confiscated by the Emperor, and portions of them were given to his treacherous officers. Wallenstein was an unscrupulous man, having no religious convictions and extremely tolerant of the beliefs of others. He had a curiously superstitious faith in astrology, which he had studied deeply; on the whole his character is not heroic, he was not really a great soldier, nor a great statesman. His assassination, however, was merely a matter of private vengeance.

Among Wallenstein's officers at Pilsen was Ottavio Piccolomini, a distinguished general who had commanded the regiment which met the last charge of Gustavus Adolphus. He was an intimate friend of Wallenstein, and to him the Duke confided his secret designs against the Emperor and his plans for personal advancement. Piccolomini, however, communicated these plans to the Emperor and for his treachery received, after the death of Wallenstein, a large portion of his estates, and he rose so rapidly in power that in 1650 he was raised to the dignity of a Prince of the Empire.

Taking Wallenstein as his hero, Schiller idealized his character, brought out what good it contained, made him a man of mystery, contrasted him with men of lesser caliber and created such an interest in him that his as-

sassination appears in the play as the judgment of Fate upon a great man for the errors and mistakes he had made.

The first play of the so-called trilogy, *The Camp of Wallenstein,* consists of a single act, and is a vivid picture of Wallenstein's army, the heretogeneous collection of men of all nationalities, held together merely by the powerful influence of the great Duke of Friedland. It is a confused scene with humorous and terrible aspects, wherein the rough soldiers are awed only by their great chief, whose function in the play has been epitomized in a prologue which Schiller wrote for the first presentation of *The Camp:*

> Not He it is, who on the tragic scene
> Will now appear—but in the fearless bands
> Whom his command alone could sway, and whom
> His spirit fired, you may his shadow see,
> Until the bashful Muse shall dare to bring
> Himself before you in a living form;
> For power it was that bore his heart astray—
> His Camp, alone, elucidates his crime.

The second member of the trilogy is *The Piccolomini,* a drama in five acts. For purposes of dramatic interest Schiller uses Maximilian Piccolomini, a fictitious son of Ottavio, an enthusiastic, loyal young man, devoted to the Duke, who throughout the play is seen most vividly in the partial eyes of this young idealist. The love of Maximilian for Thekla, the daughter of Wallenstein, creates some charming scenes that serve to bring out the hate,

vindictiveness and ambition of the other characters and relieve the drama from its otherwise tragic monotony. The hero-worship of Maximilian is proof against all evidence of Wallenstein's treason to the Empire and his dealings with the Swedes, until at the end of the play the youthful idealist hears it from the lips of Wallenstein himself. S. T. Coleridge translates the closing soliloquy of Maximilian as follows:

Ay—this state policy? O how I curse it!
You will some time, with your state-policy,
Compel him to the measure: it may happen,
Because ye are *determined* that he is guilty,
Guilty ye'll *make* him. All retreat cut off,
You close up every outlet, hem him in
Narrower and narrower, till at length ye force him—
Yes, *ye*, ye *force* him, in his desperation,
To set fire to his prison. Father! father!
That never can end well—it cannot—will not!
And let it be decided as it may,
I see with boding heart the near approach
Of an ill-starr'd, unblest catastrophe.
For this great Monarch-spirit, if he fall,
Will drag a world into the ruin with him.
And as a ship (that midway on the ocean
Takes fire) at once, and with a thunder-burst
Explodes, and with itself shoots out its crew
In smoke and ruin betwixt sea and heaven!
So will he, falling, draw down in his fall
All us, who're fix'd and mortised to his fortune.
Deem of it what thou wilt; but pardon me,
That I must bear me on in my own way.
All must remain pure betwixt him and me:
And, ere the daylight dawns, it must be known
Which I must lose—my father, or my friend.

The third part of this colossal ten-act drama, for such in reality it is, is *Wallenstein's Death,* intensely tragic and dramatic throughout. The hero is seen repeatedly enclosed in the network thrown out by his enemies. They have secured documents that prove his treason, and finally in an interview with a Swedish captain he is forced to decide to throw his lot in with the Swedes. His great army dissolves; regiment after regiment leaves him, but still he relies implicitly upon the faithfulness of Ottavio, whose treachery should have been evident. Tragedy stalks in the background. His devoted follower, Maximilian, deserts him, and Wallenstein sees nothing but escape to the Swedes with a few whom he believes he can still trust. He reaches Eger with Illo and Terzky, only to be murdered by Butler, whom to the last Wallenstein had trusted blindly. Schiller adds a touch of poetic irony by closing the tragedy with the appearance of a messenger from the Emperor, who confers upon Ottavio the title of Prince.

The following extract, Scene 3 from Act V, is taken from Coleridge's translation. Maximilian has been killed and his death reported to Thekla, whose sufferings have been extreme. Wallenstein has promised to surrender the citadel to the Swedes and is sitting at a table lost in thought, his head sustained by his hand. The Countess Terzky, his sister-in-law, enters and stands before him for a while unobserved; at last he starts, sees her, and recollects himself:

WALLENSTEIN

Comest thou from her? Is she restored? How is she?

COUNTESS

My sister tells me, she was more collected
After her conversation with the Swede.
She has now retired to rest.

WALLENSTEIN

The pang will soften,
She will shed tears.

COUNTESS

I find thee alter'd too,
My brother! After such a victory
I had expected to have found in thee
A cheerful spirit. O remain *thou* firm!
Sustain, uphold us! For our light thou art,
Our sun.

WALLENSTEIN

Be quiet. I ail nothing. Where's
Thy husband?

COUNTESS

At a banquet—he and Illo.

WALLENSTEIN (*rises and strides across the saloon*)

The night's far spent. Betake thee to thy chamber.

COUNTESS

Bid me not go, O let me stay with thee!

WALLENSTEIN (*moves to the window*)

There is a busy motion in the Heaven,
The wind doth chase the flag upon the tower,
Fast sweep the clouds, the sickle of the moon,
Struggling, darts snatches of uncertain light.
No form of star is visible! That one
White stain of light, that single glimmering yonder,
Is from Cassiopeia, and therein
Is Jupiter. (*A pause.*) But now
The blackness of the troubled element hides him!

(*He sinks into profound melancholy, and looks vacantly into the distance.*)

COUNTESS (*looks on him mournfully, then grasps his hand*)
What art thou brooding on?

WALLENSTEIN
Methinks,
If I but saw him, 'twould be well with me.
He is the star of my nativity,
And often marvelously hath his aspect
Shot strength into my heart.

COUNTESS
Thou'lt see him again.

WALLENSTEIN (*remains for a while with absent mind, then assumes a livelier manner, and turning suddenly to the Countess*).
See him again? O never, never again!

COUNTESS
How?

WALLENSTEIN
He is gone—is dust.

COUNTESS
Whom meanest thou, then?

WALLENSTEIN
He, the more fortunate! yea, he hath finish'd!
For him there is no longer any future,
His life is bright—bright without spot it *was*,
And cannot cease to be. No ominous hour
Knocks at his door with tidings of mishap,
Far off is he, above desire and fear;
No more submitted to the change and chance
Of the unsteady planets. O 'tis well
With *him!* but who knows what the coming hour
Veil'd in thick darkness brings for us?

COUNTESS
Thou speakest
Of Piccolomini. What was his death?
The courier had just left thee as I came.

(WALLENSTEIN *by a motion of his hand makes signs to her to be silent.*)

Turn not thine eyes upon the backward view,
Let us look forward into sunny days,
Welcome with joyous heart the victory,
Forget what it has cost thee. Not to-day,
For the first time, thy friend was to thee dead;
To thee he died, when first he parted from thee.

WALLENSTEIN

This anguish will be wearied down, I know;
What pang is permanent with man? From the highest,
As from the vilest thing of every day,
He learns to wean himself: for the strong hours
Conquer him. Yet I feel what I have lost
In him. The bloom is vanish'd from my life
For O! he stood beside me, like my youth,
Transform'd for me the real to a dream,
Clothing the palpable and the familiar
With golden exhalations of the dawn.
Whatever fortunes wait my future toils,
The *beautiful* is vanish'd—and returns not.

COUNTESS

O be not treacherous to thy own power.
Thy heart is rich enough to vivify
Itself. Thou lovest and prizest virtues in him,
The which thyself didst plant, thyself unfold.

WALLENSTEIN (*stepping to the door*)

Who interrupts us now at this late hour?
It is the Governor. He brings the keys
Of the Citadel. 'Tis midnight. Leave me, sister!

COUNTESS

O 'tis so hard to me this night to leave thee,
A boding fear possesses me!

WALLENSTEIN

Fear! Wherefore?

COUNTESS

Shouldst thou depart this night, and we at waking
Never more find thee!

WALLENSTEIN

Fancies!

COUNTESS

O my soul
Has long been weigh'd down by these dark forebodings.
And if I combat and repel them waking,
They still crush down upon my heart in dreams.
I saw thee yesternight with thy first wife
Sit at a banquet, gorgeously attired.

WALLENSTEIN

This was a dream of favorable omen,
That marriage being the founder of my fortunes.

COUNTESS

To-day I dreamt that I was seeking thee
In thy own chamber. As I enter'd, lo!
It was no more a chamber: the Chartreuse
At Gitschin 'twas, which thou thyself hast founded,
And where it is thy will that thou should'st be
Interr'd.

WALLENSTEIN

Thy soul is busy with these thoughts.

COUNTESS

What! dost thou not believe that oft in dreams
A voice of warning speaks prophetic to us?

WALLENSTEIN

There is no doubt that there exist such voices
Yet I would not call *them*
Voices of warning that announce to us
Only the inevitable. As the sun,
Ere it is risen, sometimes paints its image
In the atmosphere, so often do the spirits
Of great events stride on before the events,
And in to-day already walks to morrow.
That which we read of the fourth Henry's death
Did ever vex and haunt me like a tale
Of my own future destiny. The king
Felt in his breast the phantom of the knife,
Long ere Ravaillac arm'd himself therewith.
His quiet mind forsook him: the phantasma
Started him in his Louvre, chased him forth

Into the open air: like funeral knells
Sounded that coronation festival;
And still with boding sense he heard the tread
Of those feet that even then were seeking him
Throughout the streets of Paris.

COUNTESS

And to *thee*
The voice within thy soul bodes nothing?

WALLENSTEIN

Nothing.
Be wholly tranquil.

COUNTESS

And another time
I hasten'd after thee, and thou rann'st from me
Through a long suite, through many a spacious hall,
There seem'd no end of it: doors creak'd and clapp'd;
I follow'd panting, but could not o'ertake thee;
When on a sudden did I feel myself
Grasp'd from behind—the hand was cold that grasped me—
'Twas thou, and thou didst kiss me, and there seem'd
A crimson covering to envelop us.

WALLENSTEIN

That is the crimson tapestry of my chamber.

COUNTESS (*gazing on him*)

If it should come to that—if I should see thee,
Who standest now before me in the fullness
Of life— [*She falls on his breast and weeps.*

WALLENSTEIN

The Emperor's proclamation weighs upon thee—
Alphabets wound not—and he finds no hands.

COUNTESS

If he *should* find them, my resolve is taken—
I bear about me my support and refuge.

[*Exit* COUNTESS.

XI. "MARY STUART." The tragic history of Mary Queen of Scots is too well known to

require recital here. She was one of those historical personages whose character is liable to be interpreted from the religious standpoint of the individual: to a Catholic, Mary is one thing; to a Protestant, another. It was evidently Schiller's purpose to remove her from political and religious considerations as much as possible and make her the heroine of a domestic tragedy based upon love and jealousy. To accomplish this he created an attempt to escape with a lover, Mortimer, and in so doing she was compelled to become partly responsible for an attempt on the life of Queen Elizabeth. The second invention was a quarrel between the two queens, in which Mary deeply insulted the English Elizabeth. This quarrel and Mortimer's furious passion are by critics considered objectionable in the drama, but when, using these two incidents, Schiller makes Mary a beautiful young woman capable of inspiring passion in the breast of more than one man, he accomplishes his original purpose. However, Mary would still be left a somewhat ignominious character were it not for the long, harrowing last act, in which she takes leave of her attendants and receives the consolation of her religion and forgiveness for her sins.

The action of the play is confined to the last three days of Mary's life, and the scene is laid at Fotheringay Castle. Before the play begins, Mary has been condemned to death, and the action terminates with her execution. With all these considerations in mind, it seems rather

strange that *Mary Stuart* has proved the most widely popular of Schiller's plays and has been produced on foreign stages more than any other. It is probably owing to the sympathetic manner in which the poet has portrayed a beautiful and unfortunate woman.

XII. "JOAN OF ARC." In *Joan of Arc* Schiller selected as his heroine another historic personage, over whose character and deeds there have been endless controversies, and even now it is difficult for any one to feel certain that he knows all the facts of her meteoric career. Schiller knew, of course, the position of Joan of Arc in history, and his somewhat violent alterations of historic truthfulness must have been committed with intent. To a certain extent he followed the course of the historic Joan, at least to the time when, clothed in armor, with a sword in one hand and a banner in the other, she put to flight the army of the British, forced them to raise the siege of Orleans and saw the coronation of Charles VII at Rheims. Thereafter Schiller created his incidents to suit his conception of her character, and makes the renunciation of an early love the secret of her power.

Having overcome in single combat the young English commander, Lionel, she opens his helmet, and as she gazes upon his face her patriotism succumbs to her love and she bids him fly. In the cathedral at Rheims, when her father charges her with being in league with the powers of hell and the roll of thunder seems

JOAN OF ARC, LED CAPTIVE

to sanction his charge, Joan, feeling the burden of her guilt, makes no reply. Her broken vow haunts her, and when she is taken prisoner she is ready to make atonement with her life. When Lionel, now in love with her, protects her and offers an opportunity for escape, she declines to fly and is bound with heavy chains. The battle waxes fiercer and fiercer, and Joan sees the French and Burgundians flying before the victorious English:

Johanna (*throws herself upon her knees, and prays with passionate violence*).
Hear me, O God, in my extremity!
In fervent supplication up to Thee,
Up to thy heaven above, I send my soul.
The fragile texture of a spider's web,
As a ship's cable, thou canst render strong;
Easy it is to thine omnipotence
To change these fetters into spiders' webs—
Command it, and these massy chains shall fall,
And these thick walls be rent. Thou, Lord, of old
Didst strengthen Samson, when, enchain'd and blind,
He bore the bitter scorn of his proud foes.
Trusting in thee, he seized with mighty power
The pillars of his prison, bow'd himself,
And overthrew the structure.
Soldier. Triumph!
Isabel. How?
Sold. The King is ta'en!
Johanna (*springing up*). Then God be gracious to me!

(*She seizes her chains violently with both hands, and breaks them asunder. At the same moment rushing upon the nearest soldier, she seizes his sword and hurries out. All gaze after her, transfixed with astonishment.*)

This signalizes the turn in the tide of the battle, and France is saved, but Johanna, the savior of her people, alone, quite unsupported, with her banner illumined by a rosy light, makes her final plea as she sinks lifeless on the ground before her King and the speechless attendants:

> See you the rainbow yonder in the air?
> Its golden portals Heaven doth wide unfold,
> Amid the angel choir she radiant stands,
> The eternal Son she claspeth to her breast.
> Her arms she stretcheth forth to me in love.
> How is it with me? Light clouds bear me up—
> My ponderous mail becomes a winged robe;
> I mount—I fly—back rolls the dwindling earth—
> Brief is the sorrow—endless is the joy!

XIII. "The Bride of Messina." The effect of Schiller's classical studies and the change that had come over his spirit and inclination in a dramatic way is shown by the unusual tragedy, *The Bride of Messina, or The Hostile Brothers.* Not only did he commingle two classical tales for his plot, but he attempted to introduce on the modern stage an archaic chorus, or rather, two choruses, each composed of the followers of one of the brothers, that spoke, rather than chanted, their words. Beautiful as are the lyric lines of these choruses, the whole idea was an anachronism and contributed not a little to the failure of the drama.

Prior to the beginning of the play a medieval Prince of Messina has had a curious dream in which he saw a lily growing up between

two trees. Suddenly the lily caught fire, and in the conflagration which followed everything around was destroyed. Called upon to give an interpretation of the dream, an Arabian has declared that the dream signifies that a female child, still unborn, will cause the death of the two sons of the Prince. The mother, trusting also to a dream, for which a monk has given a more satisfactory interpretation, was ready, when the daughter was born, to disobey her husband, who had commanded that the child should be thrown into the sea. Consequently, she has sent the child to be brought up in a monastery, where, at the opening of the play, she has grown into beautiful womanhood.

When the father dies, the two sons are at enmity with each other, and Isabella, the mother, thinks that the time has come to prove the accuracy of the interpretation which was placed upon her dream. Accordingly, she tells her sons, Caesar and Manuel, that they have a sister in existence, and in return for this secret the brothers confess that each has chosen a bride. This news, however, gives but a short-lived pleasure to the mother, for a terrible situation soon develops. Both sons are indeed in love, but both are in love with the same woman, and, blinded by jealousy, Don Caesar kills Don Manuel, only to find that his chosen bride is his sister, who has been carried away from the convent. The tragedy concludes, in the translation of A. Lodge, as follows:

Don Caesar (*on seeing her, covers his face with his hands*)
My mother!
What hast thou done?
Isabella (*leading* BEATRICE *forward*).
A mother's prayers are vain!
Kneel at his feet—conjure him—melt his heart!
Oh! bid him live!
Don Caesar. Deceitful mother, thus
Thou triest thy son! And wouldst thou stir my soul
Again to passion's strife, and make the sun
Beloved once more, now when I tread the paths
Of everlasting night? See where he stands—
Angel of life!—and wondrous beautiful,
Shakes from his plenteous horn the fragrant store
Of golden fruits and flowers, that breathe around
Divinest airs of joy;—my heart awakes
In the warm sunbeam—hope returns, and life
Thrills in my breast anew.
Isabella (*to* BEATRICE). Thou wilt prevail!
Or none! Implore him that he live, nor rob
The staff and comfort of our days.
Beatrice. The loved one
A sacrifice demands. Oh, let me die
To soothe a brother's shade! Yes, I will be
The victim! Ere I saw the light forewarned
To death, I live a wrong to Heaven! The curse
Pursues me still:—'twas I that slew thy son—
I waked the slumbering furies of their strife—
Be mine the atoning blood!
Cajetan. Ill-fated mother!
Impatient all thy children haste to doom,
And leave thee on the desolate waste alone
Of joyless life.
Beatrice. Oh, spare thy precious days
For Nature's band. Thy mother needs a son;
My brother, live for her! Light were the pang
To lose a daughter—but a moment shown,
Then snatched away!

Don Caesar (*with deep emotion*). 'Tis one to live or die,
Blest with a sister's love!
Beatrice. Say—dost thou envy
Thy brother's ashes?
Don Caesar. In thy grief he lives
A hallowed life!—my doom is death for ever!
Beat. My brother!
Don Caesar. Sister! are thy tears for me?
Beat. Live for our mother!
Don Caesar (*dropping her hand, and stepping back*).
For our mother?
Beatrice (*hiding her head in his breast*). Live
For her and for thy sister!
Chorus (BOHEMUND). She was won!
Resistless are her prayers. Despairing mother,
Awake to hope again—his choice is made!
Thy son shall live!

(*At this moment an anthem is heard. The folding doors are thrown open, and in the church is seen the catafalque erected, and the coffin surrounded with candlesticks.*)

Don Caesar (*turning to the coffin*). I will not rob thee, brother!
The sacrifice is thine:—Hark! from the tomb,
Mightier than mother's tears, or sister's love,
Thy voice resistless cries:—my arms enfold
A treasure, potent with celestial joys,
To deck this earthly sphere, and make a lot
Worthy the gods! but shall I live in bliss,
While in the tomb thy sainted innocence
Sleeps unavenged? Thou, Ruler of our days,
All just—all wise—let not the world behold
Thy partial care! I saw her tears!—enough—
They flowed for me! I am content: my brother!
I come!

(*He stabs himself with a dagger, and falls dead at his sister's feet. She throws herself into her mother's arms.*)

Chorus, Cajetan (*after a deep silence*).
In dread amaze I stand, nor know

If I should mourn his fate. One truth revealed
Speaks in my breast;—no good supreme is life;
But of all earthly ills the chief is—Guilt!

A. W. Schlegel, in his *Dramatic Art and Literature,* says:

Least of all am I disposed to approve of the principles which Schiller followed in *The Bride of Messina,* and which he openly avows in his preface. The examination of them, however, would lead me too far into the province of theory. It was intended to be a tragedy, at once ancient in its form, but romantic in substance. A story altogether fictitious is kept in a costume so indefinite and so devoid of all intrinsic probability, that the picture is neither truly ideal nor truly natural, neither mythological nor historical. The romantic poetry seeks indeed to blend together the most remote objects, but it cannot admit of combining incompatible things; the way of thinking of the people represented cannot be at once Pagan and Christian. I will not complain of him for borrowing openly as he has done; the whole is principally composed of two ingredients, the story of Eteocles and Polynices, who, notwithstanding the mediation of their mother Jocaste, contend for the sole possession of the throne, and of the brothers, in the *Zwillingen von Klinger,* and in *Julius von Tarent,* impelled to fratricide by rivalry in love. In the introduction of the choruses also, though they possess much lyrical sublimity and many beauties, the spirit of the ancients has been totally mistaken; as each of the hostile brothers has a chorus attached to him, the one contending against the other, they both cease to be a true chorus; that is, the voice of human sympathy and contemplation elevated above all personal considerations.

XIV. "Wilhelm Tell." In spite of the critics who bewail the lack of unity and the weakness of the fifth act of *William Tell,* Schlegel and many others regard it as Schiller's

greatest work, and it was received with greater enthusiasm and has enjoyed as great popularity as any of his previous dramas. It was the last completed work of the great poet, who, however, left behind him fragments that showed his intention of writing others. The historic account upon which the play was founded is a Swiss chronicle of the sixteenth century by Tschudi, who also gives the legendary account of his national hero, William Tell, practically in the form familiar to all:

The first three cantons of Switzerland are under the tyrannical rule of the House of Austria, and for an act of insubordination toward the provincial governor, Hermann Gessler, Tell is condemned by the tyrant to shoot an apple from the head of his son in the marketplace of Altdorf. Tell's remarkable archery is successful; the apple is cleft in twain, and the boy is saved. The governor, however, has seen a second arrow drop from the belt of William, and he asks the purpose of its concealment. Tell fearlessly confesses that if he had killed his son, the second arrow would have been buried in the heart of the tyrant. Accordingly, Tell is put in chains and thrown into a boat to be carried to Küssnacht. On the way a storm arises, and Tell is released from his bonds to steer the boat. Aided by the darkness, he runs close to the shore, leaps to safety, and abandons the crew to their fate. Gessler escapes death by drowning only to meet it later on by an arrow from Tell.

Wilhelm Tell is the only one of the last group of Schiller's plays that is not a tragedy, and although the hero is the leading character in the play, yet Schiller's intention was evidently to make the whole Swiss nation and its successful struggle for liberty the leading idea and the chief subject of dramatic interest. In fact, if that intention is held in mind, the play is unified even with the inclusion of the weak fifth act. Poetic as is his language, Schiller has made of this great drama a simple, direct, sincere exposition of the spirit of Swiss liberty, and it is this play, more than any other one, that has given the author his reputation as the poet of freedom. Union, independence, self-reliance and popular rights join together in creating dramatic interest. It is not the wild fury of a French mob nor the romantic theories of literary enthusiasts, but the steady progress of a people determined to be free and to rely upon themselves in securing that freedom. That such a spirit should appeal to the Germans can be understood, and the permanence of Swiss ideals has made the play enduring.

The following extract, from the translation by Theodore Martin, gives the famous scene in the market-place of Altdorf:

Tell. What monstrous thing, my lord, is this you ask?
That I, from the head of mine own child!—No, no!
It cannot be, kind sir, you meant not that—
God, in His grace, forbid! You could not ask
A father seriously to do that thing!

Gessler. Thou art to shoot an apple from his head!
I do desire—command it so.

From an Old Print

WILLIAM TELL

Tell. What, I!
Level my crossbow at the darling head
Of mine own child? No—rather let me die!
Gessl. Or thou must shoot, or with thee dies the boy.
Tell. Shall I become the murd'rer of my child!
You have no children, sir—you do not know
The tender throbbings of a father's heart.
Gessl. How now, Tell, so discreet upon a sudden.
I had been told thou wert a visionary,—
A wanderer from the paths of common men.
Thou lov'st the marvelous. So have I now
Cull'd out for thee a task of special daring.
Another man might pause and hesitate;—
Thou dashest at it, heart and soul, at once.
Bertha. Oh, do not jest, my lord, with these poor souls!
See, how they tremble, and how pale they look,
So little used are they to hear thee jest.
Gessl. Who tells thee, that I jest?
[*Grasping a branch above his head.*
Here is the apple.
Room there, I say! And let him take his distance—
Just eighty paces,—as the custom is,—
Not an inch more or less! It was his boast,
That at a hundred he could hit his man.
Now, archer, to your task, and look you miss not!
Harras. Heavens! this grows serious—down, boy, on your knees,
And beg the governor to spare your life.
Furst. (*aside to* MELCHTHAL, *who can scarcely restrain his impatience*).
Command yourself,—be calm, I beg of you!
Bertha. (*to the governor*).
Let this suffice you, sir! It is inhuman
To trifle with a father's anguish thus.
Although this wretched man had forfeited
Both life and limb for such a slight offense,
Already has he suffer'd tenfold death.
Send him away uninjured to his home;
He'll know thee well in future; and this hour

He and his children's children will remember.

Gessl. Open a way there—quick! Why this delay?
Thy life is forfeited; I might despatch thee,
And see, I graciously repose thy fate
Upon the skill of thine own practic'd hand.
No cause has he to say his doom is harsh,
Who's made the master of his destiny.
Thou boastest of thy steady eye. 'Tis well!
Now is a fitting time to show thy skill.
The mark is worthy, and the prize is great.
To hit the bull's eye in the target;—that
Can many another do as well as thou;
But he, methinks, is master of his craft,
Who can at all times on his skill rely,
Nor lets his heart disturb or eye or hand.

Furst. My lord, we bow to your authority;
But oh, let justice yield to mercy here.
Take half my property, nay, take it all,
But spare a father this unnatural doom!

Walter. Grandfather, do not kneel to that bad man!
Say, where am I to stand? I do not fear;
My father strikes the bird upon the wing,
And will not miss now when 'twould harm his boy!

Stauffacher. Does the child's innocence not touch your heart?

Rosselmann. Bethink you, sir, there is a God in heaven,
To whom you must account for all your deeds.

Gessl. (*pointing to the boy*).
Bind him to yonder lime tree straight!

Walt. Bind me?
No, I will not be bound! I will be still,
Still as a lamb—nor even draw my breath!
But if you bind me, I can not be still.
Then I shall writhe and struggle with my bonds.

Har. But let your eyes at least be bandaged, boy!

Walt. And why my eyes? No! Do you think I fear
An arrow from my father's hand? Not I!
I'll wait it firmly, nor so much as wink!
Quick, father, show them that thou art an archer!

He doubts thy skill—he thinks to ruin us.
Shoot then, and hit, though but to spite the tyrant!

[*He goes to the lime tree, and an apple is placed on his head.*

Melchthal. (*to the country people*).
What! Is this outrage to be perpetrated
Before our very eyes? Where is our oath?
Stauff. 'Tis all in vain. We have no weapons here;
And see the wood of lances that surrounds us!
Melch. Oh! would to Heaven that we had struck at once!
God pardon those, who counsel'd the delay!
Gessl. (*to* TELL).
Now, to thy task! Men bear not arms for nought.
'Tis dangerous to carry deadly weapons,
And on the archer oft his shaft recoils.
This right, these haughty peasant churls assume,
Trenches upon their master's privileges.
None should be armed, but those who bear command.
It pleases you to wear the bow and bolt;—
Well,—be it so. I will provide the mark.
Tell. (*bends the bow, and fixes the arrow*).
A lane there! Room!
Stauff. What, Tell? You would—no, no!
You shake—your hand's unsteady—your knees tremble.
Tell. (*letting the bow sink down*).
There's something swims before mine eyes!
Women. Great Heaven!
Tell. Release me from this shot! Here is my heart!
[*Tears open his breast.*
Summon your troopers—let them strike me down!
Gessl. I do not want thy life, Tell, but the shot.
Thy talent's universal! Nothing daunts thee!
Thou canst direct the rudder like the bow!
Storms fright not thee, when there's a life at stake.
Now, saviqr, help thyself,—thou savest all!
[TELL *stands feafully agitated by contending emotions, his hands moving convulsively,*

and his eyes turning alternately to the governor and Heaven. Suddenly he takes a second arrow from his quiver, and sticks it in his belt. The governor watches all these motions.

Walter. (*beneath the lime tree*).
Come, father, shoot! I'm not afraid!
Tell. It must be!
[*Collects himself and levels the bow.*
Rudenz. (*who all the while has been standing in a state of violent excitement, and has with difficulty restrained himself, advances*).
My lord, you will not urge this matter further.
You will not. It was surely but a test.
You've gained your object. Rigor push'd too far
Is sure to miss its aim, however good,
As snaps the bow that's all too straitly bent.
Gessl. Peace, till your counsel's ask'd for!
Rud. I will speak!
Ay, and I dare! I reverence my king;
But acts like these must make his name abhorr'd.
He sanctions not this cruelty. I dare
Avouch the fact. And you outstep your powers
In handling thus an unoffending people.
Gessl. Ha! thou grow'st bold, methinks!
Rud. I have been dumb
To all the oppressions I was doom'd to see.
I've closed mine eyes, that they might not behold them,
Bade my rebellious, swelling heart be still,
And pent its struggles down within my breast.
But to be silent longer, were to be
A traitor to my king and country both.
Bertha. (*casting herself between him and the governor*).
Oh, Heavens! you but exasperate his rage!
Rud. My people I forsook—renounced my kindred—
Broke all the ties of nature, that I might
Attach myself to you. I madly thought,
That I should best advance the general weal,

By adding sinews to the Emperor's power.
The scales have fallen from mine eyes—I see
The fearful precipice on which I stand.
You've led my youthful judgment far astray,—
Deceived my honest heart. With best intent,
I had well nigh achiev'd my country's ruin.

Gessl. Audacious boy, this language to thy lord?

Rud. The Emperor is my lord, not you! I'm free
As you by birth, and I can cope with you
In every virtue that beseems a knight.
And if you stood not here in that King's name
Which I respect e'en where 'tis most abused,
I'd throw my gauntlet down, and you should give
An answer to my gage in knightly fashion.
Ay, beckon to your troopers! Here I stand;
But not like these [*Pointing to the people.*
—unarmed. I have a sword,
And he that stirs one step——

Stauff. (*exclaims*). The apple's down!

[*While the attention of the crowd has been directed to the spot where* BERTHA *had cast herself between* RUDENZ *and* GESSLER, TELL *has shot.*

Rossel. The boy's alive!

Many Voices. The apple has been struck!

[WALTER FURST *staggers, and is about to fall.* BERTHA *supports him.*

Gessl. (*astonished*).
How? Has he shot? The madman!

Bertha. Worthy father!
Pray you, compose yourself. The boy's alive.

Walt. (*runs in with the apple*).
Here is the apple, father! Well I knew,
You would not harm your boy.

[TELL *stands with his body bent forwards, as though he would follow the arrow. His bow drops from his hand. When he sees the boy advancing, he hastens to meet him with open arms, and embracing him passionately*

sinks down with him quite exhausted. All crowd round them deeply affected.

Bertha. Oh, ye kind Heavens!

Furst. (*to father and son*). My children, my dear children!

Stauff. God be praised!

Leuthold. Almighty powers! That was a shot indeed!
It will be talked of to the end of time.

Har. This feat of Tell, the archer, will be told
While yonder mountains stand upon their base.
[*Hands the apple to* GESSLER.

Gessl. By Heaven! the apple's cleft right through the core.
It was a master shot, I must allow.

Rossel. The shot was good. But woe to him, who drove
The man to tempt his God by such a feat!

Stauff. Cheer up, Tell, rise! You've nobly freed yourself.

Rossel. Come, to the mother let us bear her son!
[*They are about to lead him off.*

Gessl. A word, Tell.

Tell. Sir, your pleasure?

Gessl. Thou didst place
A second arrow in thy belt—nay, nay!
I saw it well—what was thy purpose with it?

Tell. (*confused*). It is a custom with all archers, sir.

Gessl. No, Tell, I cannot let that answer pass.
There was some other motive, well I know.
Frankly and cheerfully confess the truth;—
Whate'er it be, I promise thee thy life.
Wherefore the second arrow?

Tell. Well, my lord
Since you have promised not to take my life,
I will, without reserve, declare the truth.
[*He draws the arrow from his belt, and fixes his eyes sternly upon the governor.*
If that my hand had struck my darling child,
This second arrow I had aimed at you,
And, be assured, I should not then have miss'd.

The
WRITINGS
of
MANKIND
SYLVESTER
GREEN
LAND
A ME RI CA
PACIFIC
OCEAN
ATLANTIC
OCEA

NORWAY
SWEDEN
RUSSIA
EUROPE
GERMANY
POLAND
FRANCE
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
PERSIA
ARABIA
EGYPT
INDIA
CHINA
AFRICA
EAST INDIES
INDIAN OCEAN